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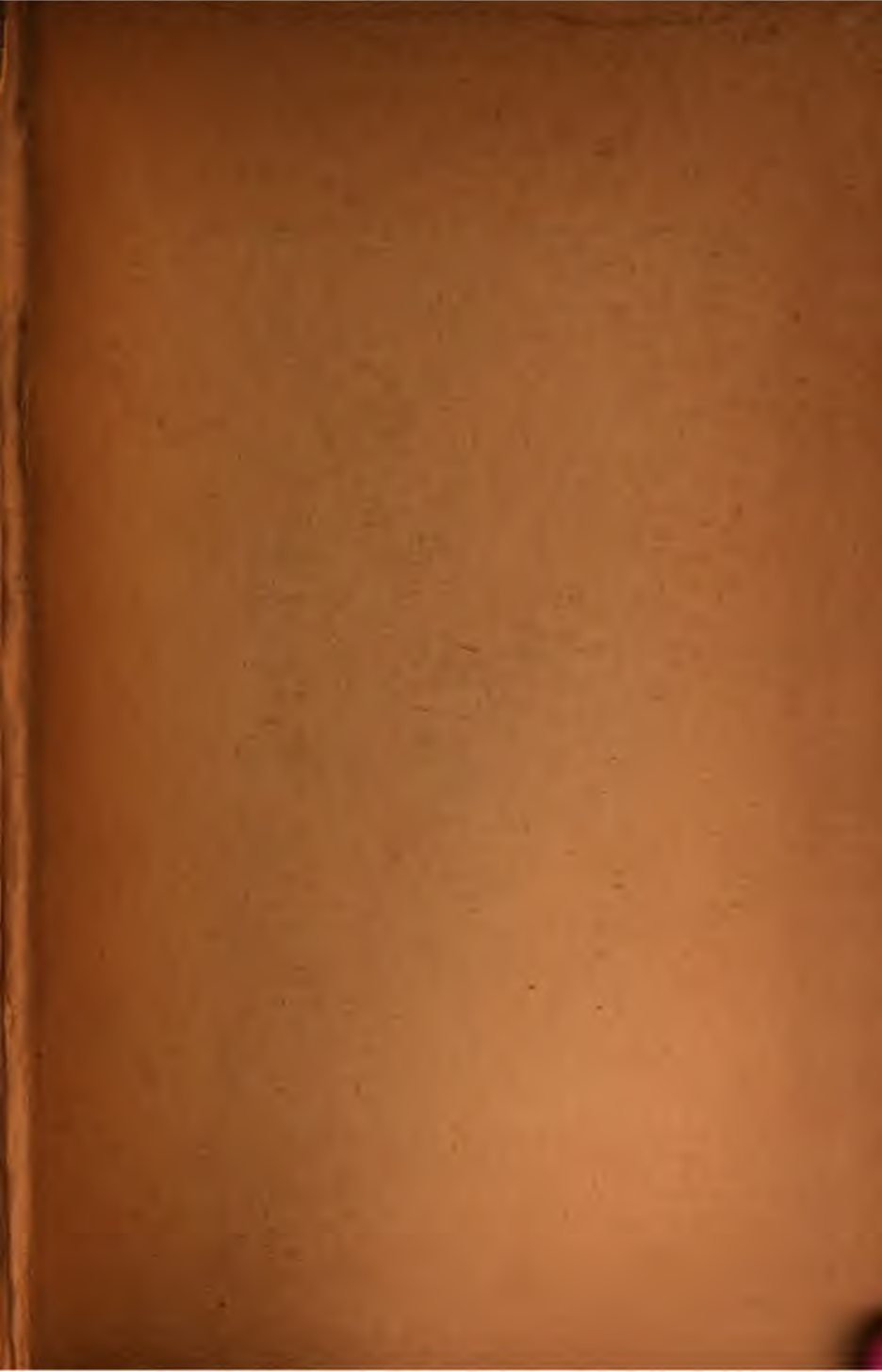
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CELEBRATED FRIENDSHIPS

BY

MRS. THOMSON

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH"
"LIFE OF GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM" ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

AND

SIR FULKE GREVIL.

THOSE who, passing by the main road from Leamington to Warwick, pause on the wide arched bridge which extends across the River Avon, and gaze on the scene below them; — the broken arches of the ancient ivy-mantled bridge just at the castle foot, the old, strongly-built walls; and then, rising on its foundation of rock, view the fair rather than grand old castle, crowned, indeed, with two stately towers, Guy and Cæsar; those who thus ponder on that placid scene, the white swans below, on the river's bosom, adding one of the features of serene life to the grim characters of antiquity; — may well realise the fact that never has that antiquated pile known a bombardment, nor suffered a siege; that its possessors have been favoured by fortune, esteemed by monarchs: yet more prudent than loyal; powerful, no less than brave.

Warwick, it is said, had its Earls in the time of King Arthur (thus Rous hath it): but Joseph Edmonson, Mowbray Herald, writing in 1766, sneers at old John Rous, and hints that these fabulous Earls (Rous even names the first, and calls him Arthgale) were only substitutes for the Earls of Mercia, within whose jurisdiction the Earldom of Warwick lay. They were, he declares, officers of the crown: men without jurisdiction; subordinates who did not receive the "third penny in the county," as would have been the case had they been "Earls in fee."

From the first, Warwick Castle was destined to stand unscathed, to remain as a memorial, which has — we thank the Fates — escaped what is almost worse than decay, restoration. The discretion of one of those grim warriors, whom we can only fancy with his visor down, his lance in its rest, his steel-clad legs bestriding a charger, — Turchilo, son of Alwyne, one of the *vicecomes*, who then presided over the castle, — first saved the edifice. Far from aiding the ill-fated Harold, he quietly submits to Duke William, who, when King William, leaves him in peaceable possession of the town and castle : both of which are fortified by the sagacious conqueror's orders.

William also enlarges forthwith the castle ; for that which is now the pride of England, was then merely a dungeon, and was even so called ; since it had been erected, in 915, by order of Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred, upon a hill of earth artificially raised by the side of that river which is made classic by Shakspeare's memory and Garrick's verse :

“Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal our Shakspeare would dream ;
The fairies, by moonlight, danced round his green bed,
For soft was the turf that pillowed his head.”

The Earls now succeeded the poor *vicecomes* (as Edmonson calls them) in the wardenship of the castle. It is almost useless to say that it was given to one of William's followers, and Henry de Newburgh, taking his surname from his paternal castle of De Newburgh, in Normandy, but actually a Northman, being lineally descended from one of Rollo's Saxon followers, took at once possession of Warwick, and was created Earl of Warwick.

How the coveted possession passed to the Beauchamps, the Nevills, the Plantagenets, the Dudleys, the Riches, and finally to the Grevils, or Grevilles, it is not our purpose to show. Let the grandeur of the lineage suffice : take it in one mass ; sum up the antiquity of all these various races ; combine them into

one; add to their united accomplishments, virtues, feats of arms, acquired honours, chivalric dispositions; and unite the whole in one gallant personage: Fulke, or Foulke Grevil (as he wrote himself), the friend of Philip Sidney. Fulke or Foulke, the second of that name in the family, is derived by Camden from *Folc*, the Saxon word for people: "as though," he adds, "it were the same with *publius* of the Romans, and only translated from Publius, as beloved of the people and commons." And, in this sense, it was truly applicable to Fulke Grevil. It is pleasant to think that before Fulke Grevil was born, George Plantagenet Duke of Clarence, a great builder and lover of Malmsey wine,—in a butt of which (we *will* believe it, discover what they may) he was drowned,—had strengthened and beautified the castle. He lived there, poor man, until that fatal day on which, after offering his mass penny in the chapel of the Tower of London, he was soaked in the fatal butt, his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, assisting with his own hands to drown him.

Many good designs had the Duke of Clarence cherished for improving Warwick; amongst others, one which was carried out before the Grevils came into possession. Some fields across the water, and opposite the castle, were lands belonging to the Knights Templar; those George Plantagenet wished to im-park; death stopped his projects; but, by a happier possessor of the place, that grand improvement was effected in after years; and the beautiful park we now see was the result.

It was by the marriage of Elizabeth, the sole surviving daughter and heiress of Lord Brooke, with a Grevil, that the Warwickshire estates came into the possession of that family, who still flourish in that county.

The young heiress had been entrusted to the guardianship of Sir Fulke Grevil, of Milcote, in Warwickshire: this was in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Sir Fulke wished her to marry his eldest son, John; but, says a certain chronicler in an old MS., "She refused, saying that she did like better of

Foulke, his second son. He told her that he had no estate of land to maintain her, and that he was in the King's service of war, beyond the seas, and therefore his returne was very doubtful. Shee replied, and said that shee had an estate sufficient both for him and for herselfe; and that she would praye for his safetie, and wayte for his comyng. Upon his return home, for the worthy service he had performed, he was, by King Henry, honoured with knighthood, and then he married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Lord Brooke's son."

This pretty little story of true love was the origin of the fortunes enjoyed by the Greville family. This disinterested lady, who was "seized" of more manors than we could like to enumerate, was the grandmother of our hero, Sir Fulke Grevil.

Philip Sidney and Fulke Grevil were born in the same year, 1554. We have seen somewhat, though imperfectly, into the antecedents of Fulke Grevil's origin; let us now, since the lives of these two men ran in a course together till death took one of them away, take a survey of Sidney's parentage; glance at his hereditary advantages; start him, as it were, in life; and then delineate, as best we may, the friendship that grew with his growth, and strengthened with his years.

The Sidneys, like most of our ornamental English worthies, came from Normandy, but were not known until the reign of Henry II., when William de Sidney became chamberlain to that monarch. The old people in the vicinity of Penshurst, still call it Pencester Place—a faint trace of Stephen de Pencestre, a warden of the Cinque Ports, and constable of Dover Castle, whose seat it was until Edward the Sixth granted it to Sir William Sidney and his heirs.

The first impression produced by this old residence, as we enter its lofty hall, is one of disappointment. We find few traces of a wealthy and favoured race in the rude architecture of the fabric; but as we proceed, and as we reflect on what we see, welcome is it to the lovers of old times, the searcher into old customs, the dreamer of romantic temperament, to

see a house which presents, not the warlike and stately, but which brings before us, forcibly and perfectly, the high untitled aristocracy of the period: the country gentleman, his home, his haunts, his family pictures, and — if we choose to trace it — his family history. Even Ben Jonson, — poor Ben, who adored aristocracy, could not forbear allowing that Penshurst was not embellished with “works of marble, with polished pillars, or a roof of gold, but with something far better.” Neither has it a commanding situation, like Warwick, — nor a romantic scene around it, like Chepstow. All one can say of the vicinity of Penshurst is, that it is pleasant and salubrious. To quote Ben Jonson :

“Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport,
The Mount to which the dryads do resort;
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree of which a nut was set
At his great birth, when all the Muses met.”

The “taller” tree, although when at Penshurst you are expressly invited to go and look at it, exists no longer. It was cut down, cruel Dr. Zouch tells us, by hands that should have been for ever proscribed from cutting down any other tree; hands, cousins germane, we will venture to say, to those which felled Shakspeare’s mulberry, in the year 1768. The last century was an age of desecration, of stupid squires, who pulled down their old houses and ruined themselves to build up new ones; of churchwardens who whitened over Caen-stone pillars; and last, not least, of Sidneys who gave orders to have the finest tree in their park destroyed.

Why, even Waller had written about this tree; his passion for Sacharissa had prompted the lines:

“Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney’s birth.”

Moreover, it was planted by Philip Sidney’s father, by that

fine specimen of humanity, Sir Henry Sidney, the most accomplished gentleman, we are told, in young King Edward's court; the friend in whose arms the royal youth, the hope of England, expired at Greenwich. How touching is the short account: "When the pangs of death came upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms, 'I am faint; Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit!' And thus he breathed out his innocent soul."

Sir Henry retired, full of mournful forebodings for his country, to Penshurst. I am grieved to record, that he named his eldest son Philip, out of compliment to the iniquitous consort of the (pardon me, gifted sisters Strickland) hard, cruel, infatuated Mary. This seems a sad blot on Sir Henry's character; but when it is stated that, through the influence of Philip, the royal mercy was extended to the children of the attainted Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, we forgive the act.

One of these children, the Lady Mary Dudley, was Philip Sidney's mother.

Let us remember Sir Henry Sidney, then, as the great-minded, generous benefactor of Ireland, where he was, during eleven years, Lord Deputy; as the courteous, beneficent head of that disjointed society; as the grave assertor of the laws, which he first caused to be printed, whereas before they had been only in manuscript, scarcely seen, scarcely known, but in the tyrannical use and abuse of them over a hunted, starved, and murderous population.

What a perfect model of an English gentleman was Sir Henry Sidney! So disinterested, that he had not one foot of land either in Ireland or Wales, where he had been President; so great minded that, whilst he gave to all men their due, he honoured science and learning above rank; so wise and true, that he used to say, "I will never threaten; if I menace my enemy I instruct him; to threaten a superior is to endanger my own person; to threaten an inferior is to disparage myself."

And, like himself, he married into an attainted, half-ruined family — that of Dudley; but in this he showed his wisdom. Lady Mary, saddened by early vicissitudes, was eminently good, religious, and intellectual. She devoted herself to the education of her four children; she inculcated principles of religion and of honour; she raised the standard of moral excellence so high that Mary, her daughter, was the brightest ornament of an age celebrated for its noble and accomplished women; and Philip, her son, was the very model of courtesy;— and of a chivalry that had its deep foundations in an earnest and vital piety.

He was a child of no ordinary promise, and thus his friend Fulke Grevil wrote of him:—

“Of his youth,” he says, “I will repeat no other but this, that though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such a steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught; which eminence by nature and industry, made his worthy father style him, in my hearing (though I unseen), the *bright ornament of his family*.”

These words were written after the grave had closed over Philip Sidney, and the dreary void created by such a loss had been felt by Fulke Grevil, as well as by the disconsolate sister, whom Philip so fondly loved. Thus fortified, “my litell Philippe,” as Sir Henry called him, went, in 1669, to Oxford, where he was admitted into Christ Church, then renovated by the care of its Chancellor, the ambitious and unscrupulous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose merits as a promoter of learning and as a restorer of the greatness of Oxford, have been lost in the contemplation of his criminal and suspected career.

Those were great days for Oxford. Dr. Thomas Thornton, who was the encourager of "poor students of great hopes and parts," and the tutor of William Camden, was Sidney's preceptor. One day a vast assembly of noblemen, gownsmen, and Heads of Houses met, probably in Christ Church Hall, to hear a disputation between Mr. Richard Carew, of Cornwall, a kinsman of Sir Walter Raleigh's, and young Philip Sidney. Carew, though a gentleman commoner of three years' standing, was, we are assured, only fourteen years old; Sidney could not be much more than sixteen. Ambrose Dudley, and Robert, his two uncles;—Earls of Warwick and Leicester, sat by to hear the disputation: a scholastic exercise in which it appears Philip was triumphant, since Carew declared that he had been selected to engage in it "from a wrong conceived opinion touching his sufficiency."

Fulke Grevil, who, with his friend Philip Sidney, had been prepared for his academical career at Shrewsbury, was also with him at Oxford. His kinsman Philip was, we have it on his own authority, his "darling;" the man with whom he took sweet counsel; the man in whose great qualities he delighted, and whom he loved and honoured to the last. From Oxford the cousins went to Cambridge, and after staying some time at Trinity College, set forth on their travels.

Both these young men were highly qualified to derive advantage from the *grande tour*. Fulke Grevil was already esteemed an "ingenious person;" and of Philip it was said that he cultivated not one art or science, but the whole circle. "Such," says Fuller, "was his appetite for learning, that he could never be fed fast enough therewith; and so quick and strong his digestion, that he soon turned it into wholesome nourishment, and thrived healthfully thereon."

Queen Elizabeth was, in one respect, as despotic as the present Emperor of Russia, or his predecessors. No one was permitted to leave the kingdom, except merchants and sol-

diers, without her leave. Young men had a passion in those days, either for seeing foreign courts in the train of ambassadors, or of joining in battles, and witnessing sieges, under famous generals, or of making voyages to the East and West Indies, or in the discovery of new countries, or attacks upon the great national enemies of those times, the Spaniards. Poor Fulke was mad with a desire to fight under Don John and Duke Casimir, in the Low Countries:— he set off — shipped his horses with the queen's permission, at Dover — but was stopped just as he was about to sail. He went, however, the next time without the royal cognisance, to France, in order to join the train of Secretary Walsingham on his embassy to Flanders. On his way home he visited the great William of Nassau, Prince of Orange. Yet, though thus worthily employed, he was severely admonished on coming back, and was forbidden the queen's presence for many days.

Philip Sidney was his "loving brother and beloved Achates;" and to him he soon imparted another scheme: this was, to sail with Sir Francis Drake to America, attack the Spaniards, whom all good Protestants hated, and to found a colony in the New World. No one, one would have supposed, could have disapproved of this scheme; but the queen sent her agents to Plymouth to stop them, and if that could not be done, to stop the fleet. So the two disappointed youths were forced to remain at home, and to stand Queen Elizabeth's frowns as best they might.

Philip, however, pursued his travels: he was in Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew; for, in 1572, the queen had been graciously pleased to allow him to go out of England beyond seas, and to remain for the space of two years, in order to learn foreign languages; and he was to take with him — for she regulated even that — three servants and four horses. So away went Philip with a tender recommendation from the Earl of Leicester to Walsingham: "he is young and rawe," quoth the earl, following

the practice of most relations, who generally say something of one that one would rather were left unsaid.

Young Philip was received by that master of dissimulation, Charles IX., with courtesy, and made gentleman of his chamber. Everything wore a smiling aspect: the pitfall was indeed covered with flowers; Paris was full of Huguenots to witness the marriage between Margaret de Valois and Henry of Navarre. Six days after the nuptials, the bell of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, a church within the precincts of the Court, gave the signal for the massacre. It was the festival of St. Bartholomew — that twenty-fourth day of August. Ten thousand Protestants were massacred with every addition of barbarity. Europe looked on, not in horror, but in approval. Writers defended it, painters at Rome commemorated it; a poet celebrated it; and Philip II. of Spain enjoyed the recital of the horrors. Even Strada, the historian, praised the punishment by a vigorous hand of a faction, whilst a medal was struck in Paris — cruel Paris henceforth — to commemorate it. One dare not say how just may be the remark that the French seemed after this demoniacal day, to have changed their character, and that the massacre of St. Bartholomew brought out that latent cruelty in their nature that had heretofore not been recognisable, but which was doomed never to die away, but to come forth with fury in the first Revolution.

Well might the English Court, then in the old palace of Woodstock, thus receive Salignac de la Mothe Fénélon, the ancestor of the Archbishop of Cambray. He thus described the audience:—

“A gloomy sorrow sat on every face. Silence, as if in the dead of night, reigned through all the chambers of the royal apartment: the ladies and courtiers were ranged on each side, all clad in deep mourning; and as I passed through them, not one bestowed on me a civil look, or made the least return to my salute.” The ambassador declared himself ashamed of the name of Frenchman; and when Charles IX. ordered him to explain to the queen his reasons for permitting the massacre, replied:

‘I should make myself an accomplice in that terrible business, were I to excuse it. Your Majesty had better address yourself to those who advised it.’”*

Philip Sidney, who had taken refuge in the house of Francis Walsingham, was ordered forthwith to return home. He visited, nevertheless, before his return, Germany, Hungary, Italy, and Belgium: at Frankfort he had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Hubert Languet, the friend of Melancthon, of William of Orange, and of Thuanus.

The friendship of such a man was, indeed, a blessing for Sidney. “That day,” he said, “on which I first beheld him with my eyes, was propitious to me.” Their friendship has been compared to that of Mentor and Telemachus.

Fortified by communion with such a mind, Philip was protected against low company and idle pleasures. He learned horsemanship, he practised tilting, he improved himself in the game of tennis, and in all diversions of trial and skill; he studied music; for all these were deemed acquirements essential to form the character of a perfect cavalier, and were by no means regarded as matters of secondary importance. He passed from Venice to Padua. “Do not,” Languet wrote to him, “neglect your health, lest you should resemble a traveller who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse.” At Padua he is supposed, rather than *known*, to have become acquainted with Tasso, who was then printing some cantos of his *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

His friend Fulke, meantime, was still kept in a sort of honourable bondage at home; not but that the bold bird tried to escape from his cage, and fly abroad. There was no conquering a Tudor. The Earl of Leicester, indeed, gave Fulke the command of a hundred horse in his expedition into the Low Countries. No matter; go he should not, and, chafing, he staid behind. Soon, however, hearing that there was to be a battle fought between Henry III. of France and Henry of Navarre, “he shipped himself over,” trusting no one but the

* Zouch, 45.

generous-tempered Earl of Essex with the secret, which was not discovered by the queen for six months. She found it out, and he was ordered home; and forthwith employed under Sir Henry Sidney, in the marches of Wales, much on the same principle that a restive nobleman at St. Petersburg is sent off to Siberia to cool himself.

Philip, his "Achates," favoured by court interest, was spending meantime three happy years, instead of two, in foreign countries. He came home to delight even Queen Elizabeth with his dignity, his courtesies, his fluent talk in French, in Italian, and Spanish. The queen received him graciously, and called him "her Philip," in contradistinction to his brother-in-law, whom she hated; and Fuller declares that his home-bred abilities had been perfected by travel, whilst a "sweet nature set a gloss upon both." "He was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a compleat master of matters and language." We have spoken of the banishment of Fulke Grevil, meantime, to Wales; it appears, however, to have been a lucrative, if not a pleasant exile. At that time his uncle, Sir Henry Sidney, was Lord President of Wales. Amongst other beneficial schemes, Sir Henry endeavoured to lessen the number of attorneys in the marches of Wales, and for this end he wrote a letter to the Privy Council, beseeching them to regulate that body by an officer or two, "by patent from her majesty," and recommending Fulke Grevil and Mr. Molyneux to these appointments. Eventually Fulke was made Clerk of the Signet to the Council in Wales, and afterwards, by another patent, Clerk of the Council, to be executed by himself or his deputy, and these offices are said to have brought him in nearly two thousand pounds; and with this, in those days, large revenue, Grevil had ample means of appearing in splendour at the court of his gracious Sovereign.

An opportunity soon presented itself. Notwithstanding the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Catherine de Medici, who

was an apt pupil of Machiavel, resolved to attempt forming an alliance between the crowns of France and England, with a view to a future union of the two great kingdoms. The treaty of a marriage between the youngest son of Catherine, Francis, Duke of Alençon, and afterwards of Anjou, drew from Sir William Cecil that remarkable judgment of the French character which every successive generation seems to have confirmed. It might have been written in the present day—

“When they made peace, it was only that they might grow in strength and renew hostilities with greater efficiency. As their national resources were immense, they soon recovered from disaster and defeat, and it was not possible for them to be poor and peaceable for many years.”

The formation, therefore, of any closer bonds seemed most distasteful; and it was a matter of surprise that the mere idea could be suffered after all that had occurred. The very notion of an alliance with France called forth the strongest feeling in England. The essential interests of England were concerned, and Philip Sidney, with respectful boldness, addressed a letter to her majesty on the subject. Hume has pronounced this composition to be written with great force of reason and unusual elegance of style. It was at first intended to be private, and submitted only to the queen's merciful eyes; and, indeed, the remonstrance was couched in terms of so much boldness that one almost wonders at its being avowed, and printed.

The kingdom was divided, as Sidney, in his letter states, into two mighty factions, and those factions bound upon the “never-dying knot of religion:” the one consisting of those to whom her happy government had granted the “free exercise of the eternal truth.” “These, or their souls, live by her happy government, so they are her chief, if not her sole strength, who can look for no better conditions than those which they now enjoy. Then how their hearts will be galled, if not aliened, when they shall see you take a husband, a

Frenchman and a Papist, in whom the very common people will know this, that he is the son of the very Jezebel of our age; that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacre of our brethren in belief; that he himself, contrary to his promise and all gratefulness, having had his liberty and principal estate by the Hugonots, did sack *Lacharists* and utterly spoil them with fire and sword."

The other faction to whom Sidney referred were the Papists, men of "great numbers, great riches, and of united minds."

By *Lacharists*, be it observed, Dr. Zouch thinks is meant "La Charité," a town in France, situated on the River Loire, where the "Matins of Paris," as horrible as the "Sicilian Vespers," were repeated. The town was surprised, and left to the fury of the persecutors. Those who knew Elizabeth well, could scarcely dread her forming an union with France; "not," she said, "that I do condemn the double knot, or judge amiss of such as, forced of necessity, cannot dispose of themselves to another life," yet often had she declared with protestation that no passion, no affection could lead her to marriage; and, independently of all these considerations, the opinion of her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was then strongly opposed to such an alliance. In the poem called "*Leycester's Ghost*," his counsels are thus represented:—

"That I was once a traytor I denye,
But I confesse that I was *Monsieur's* foe,
And sought to breake the league of amity
Which then betwixt my Prince and him did grow;
Doubting religion might be changed so,
Or that our laws and customs were in danger
To be corrupt, and altered by a stranger."

Leycester's Ghost.

The queen, it seems, had sometimes spoken of this matter to Sidney. "Oft," he says, "have I heard you with protestation say, no private passion or self-affection could lead

you to this." So great was his influence, so dauntless his courage in thus addressing his royal mistress.

In conclusion, Sidney thus wrote :—

"As for this man, as long as he is but *Monsieur* in might, and a Papist in profession, he neither can, nor will, greatly shield you; and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax's shield, which rather weighed them down than defended those that bare it. Against contempt, if there be any, which I will never believe, let your excellent virtues of piety, justice, and liberality, daily, if it be possible, more and more shine."

These arguments were supposed to have determined Queen Elizabeth to break off the negotiation; but it is far more likely that they were written in accordance with her known sentiments, and were regarded as a manifesto from the powerful Protestant party. It is plain that Sidney incurred no risk by his boldness. "He kept access," we are told, "to her Majesty as before," and freely conversed and mingled with the French. "He was revered," Sir Fulke Grevil tells us, "amongst the worthiest of them for himself, and born in too strong a fortification of nature for the less worthy to offend, either with question, familiarity, or scorn."

The queen, however, did not brook from others the just censures upon an union which, if carried out, would have sunk this country into an oppressed province of France. A member of Lincoln's-Inn, named Stubbs, was condemned to lose his hands for what the authorities chose to consider a libel, namely, a tract on the dreaded marriage. He stood the cruel sentence firmly. As one hand was cut off he raised the other, crying out, "God save the Queen." Page, who had printed "The Gaping Gulfe," as the tract was called, had no sooner undergone the same amputation than he cried out, "There lies the hand of a true Englishman." Such was the government of one of the mildest and wisest of the Tudor monarchs.*

* Zouch, 129.

She delighted in shows and tournaments, and Philip Sidney and Fulke Grevil, both in the spring time of life, were favourite cavaliers, owing probably as much to their relationship to the Earl of Leicester as to their personal accomplishments. The queen, amongst her various acquirements, was versed in Italian literature. It was the passion of the court, and took the lead of all other tongues, and all who wished to succeed with "Blest Eliza" cultivated it with the same assiduity that English is now read and spoken at the Court of Napoleon the Third. Elizabeth spoke Italian with great purity; we can therefore readily believe how great a pleasure she found in the society of Philip Sidney, just returned from Italy, and fresh from conversing with Tasso. John Florio, the original, according to Warburton, of *Holofernes*, in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," was the great instructor of the court. He affronted the English dramatists by declaring "that the plaies they plaie in England are neither right comedies nor right tragedies, but representations of history, without any decorum." His pedantry and dogmatism furnished Sidney with the character of Bombas in a masque acted before the queen in Wansted Garden. Florio's talents, such as they were, however, were well paid. He was pensioned by Lord Southampton, and on the accession of James I. received a stipend of 100*l.* a year for teaching Queen Anne—no easy task one would think, with her Danish accent—the Italian language.

The queen, therefore, found society indeed *maimed* when Philip Sidney was absent. She loved also, like her father, the "Tilt and Tournament," those yet lingering relics of chivalry. The tournament, in her reign, was subsiding into the joust, or tilting-match, or a succession of combats between two knights, in which the spear only was used. The queen was known to be so fond of this spectacle, (for she certainly, as was said of her, "was somewhat more than a woman, though less than a man") that Sir Henry Lee,

Knight of the Garter, swore that whilst health and strength lasted he would every year enter the list when she commanded it. This vow led to annual contentions in the lists: twenty-five men of rank, among them the Earl of Leicester and Sir Christopher Hatton, established a society of arms for this purpose, and the presidency of that gallant association, held at first by Sir Henry Lee, was deemed one of the greatest honours of the court.

It must, indeed, have been a gallant show when the French ambassadors came over, commissioned by Catherine de Medici, to ask the hand of the queen, and, followed by many of the French nobility, were entertained at Westminster, having been first "nobly banquetted" with the "martial exercise of Tilts and Tournaments;" and among the combatants none shone, it was declared, with greater reputation than Sir Fulke Grevil. His friend and kinsman Philip Sidney was also in the list. How little could the brave and generous Grevil have foreseen that in six years afterwards he should be carrying the funeral pall of the accomplished, virtuous friend then in all his youth and vigour!

Fain would we record, were it possible, every part of that famed scene:—what lady's favours Sidney wore on his arm, who distinguished him:—how gratified spectators uttered loud acclamations, whilst

"The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed."

And perhaps before our knights began that day's sport at the "noble banquet" spoken of, each had sworn on the roasted peacock or pheasant which, as the custom was, had been served up on a golden dish by ladies, severally to every knight who had thus solemnly made the vow he had chosen with great solemnity. Now we treat such matters with ridicule. Then, in what we perhaps in our utilitarian days

should call the half-emancipated times, when the picturesque features of Romanism still haunted the homes of the most rigid Protestants, such rites were looked at with interest and reverence.

Fulke Grevil, if we may judge from his portraits, was made of sterner stuff than his friend Philip, whose refined, rather than handsome face, delicate build of form, and long type of countenance are not combined with the appearance of much force; yet he thus refers to his own prowess in his poem of *Astrophel and Stella*:—

“Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet en’my France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Townfolk my strength, a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance.”

Thus does he vaunt his rising celebrity in the various sports, without address in which a young man could scarcely hold his place in society. Nevertheless, when in 1580, Philip, Earl of Arundel, seconded by Sir William Drury, challenged all comers to try their skill in feats of arms, and when Sidney, Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, Frederick, fourth Earl of Windsor, and fourteen others engaged, the prize was adjudged by Elizabeth to the Earl of Oxford. Already had that fortunate nobleman gained, on a previous occasion, the victory, and been led armed by two ladies into the presence chamber, there to be rewarded by the queen herself. The earl was a poetaster as well as a valiant joustier. “He was one of the most fashionable courtiers in a court where so much was required from all whom the queen favoured. A dispute, however, between him and Sidney soon occupied the attention of the great world, and penetrated even to foreign courts. It arose at tennis. Sidney, whose allusions to this arduous

and difficult game show the interest that he took in it, was playing one morning, when in comes my Lord Oxford, set up, it would seem, with his glory in the tilt-yard, and orders the courtier Sidney to leave the court, in such a manner, "with so over-mastering a manner of pride, as a generous heart could not brook."

Sidney refused, as one might expect; thence followed a dispute: the court was soon filled with a crowd of observers, and, among them, the French ambassadors; noticing whom, Sidney, out of respect for what was *next* to a royal presence, withdrew, and, Lord Oxford having refused to apologise, sent him a challenge. Then the council of the queen interfered, and endeavoured to procure a reconciliation. This Sidney again declined. The queen herself privately reproved him: "the nobility, she hinted," were a kind of rampart between the populace and the throne. Sidney, not in any mean spirit of revenge, but as an honourable gentleman, answered her: "First, that that place was never intended for privilege to wrong; witness herself, who, how sovereign soever she were by throne, birth, education, and nature, yet was she content to cast her own affections into the same model as her subjects did, and govern all her right by the laws."

Again, he entreated the queen to consider that "though Lord Oxford were a great lord by birth, alliance, and grace, yet he was no lord over *him*; and therefore the difference of degrees between free men could not challenge any other homage than precedence." A bold assertion in those days; but Sidney well knew the enlightened mind of her whom he addressed, and he appealed, as he was aware, to an hereditary sense of what was due to influential commoners in the queen's predecessors.

The gentry, he reminded her majesty, had, in the time of her royal father, Henry VIII., free appeal against the oppressions of the 'grandees, "whose power, if not repressed by that just policy," might be tempted by still coveting

more. To these arguments Elizabeth listened without displeasure, although they were offered with great energy and courage.

It appears from certain inedited papers in the State Paper Office, that Sidney's dislike to the earl was perfectly well grounded. In 1581 charges were preferred against the Earl of Oxford by Henry Howard; and, among a long list, "his practice to murder Sidneie in his bedde, and to escape by barge ready for the purpose," is specified: he is also accused of designs against the lives of Walsingham, of the Earls of Leicester and Essex, and others. The amount of crime is perhaps too great, and charges so monstrous nullify themselves.*

There is also, among the same papers:—"A true declaration by Chas. Arundel, of the E. of Oxford's Vices, &c. &c. &c. &c." "I will now from my owne knowledge shew his intended murthers against divers, at what time the quarrell fell out betweene this unconscious Villayne and Mr. Sidney, he employes Clarke and my selfe wth a message to this effect that the question myght be honorablie ended. Mr. Sidnie accepted gladlie thereof, and desired muche it might not be deffered, whiche when he heard,† . . . any thinge leste as after it appeared, told us playnelie he was not to hazard himselfe, hauinge encountered such an inimie, and therefore he had a safe course, and that was to have him murthered in his lodging."‡

At this time also, Sir Henry Sidney seems to have been beset with many troubles, and exposed to much intrigue from those around him. The following letter from Sir Philip shows his acute and thoughtful mind, and attests the judgment on which even his father was not ashamed to rely. The letter is also curious as showing the style of the times.

* No. 57, Inedited State Papers: Domestic, 1581.

† Erased in the original.

‡ No. 45, 1581, Domestic Papers.—State Paper Office.

[From the original, at Penshurst.]

Sir Philip Sidney to his Father Sir Hen: Sidney.

“Right honourable my singular good Lorde and Father,

“So strangely and dyversely goes the Course of the Worlde by the enterchanginge Humors of those that governe it, that though it be most noble to have allewayes one Mynde and one Constancy, yet can it not be allwaies directed to one Pointe; but must needes sometymes alter his Course, accordinge to the force of others Changes dryves it. As now in your Lordship's Case, to whom of late I wrote, wishinge your Lordship to returne as soone as conveniently yow mighte, encouraged thereunto, by the Assurance the beste Sorte had given me, withe what honorable Considerations yowr Returne sholde befall: Particularly to yowr Lott, it makes me change my Style, and wryte to your Lordship, that keepinge still yowr Minde in one State of vertuouse Quietnes, yow will yet frame yowr Cource accordinge to them. And as they delay yowr honorable Rewardinge, so Yow by good Meanes to delay yowr Returne, till either That ensue, or fitter Tyme be for This.

“Her Majestie's Lettres prescribed yow a certaine day I thinke; the Day was paste before Pagnam came unto yow, and enjoyned to doe some-things, the Doinge whereof muste necessarily requyre some longer Tyme. Hereuppon yowr Lordship is to wryte back, not as though yow desyred to tarry, but onely shewing that unwillingly yow muste employ som daies thereaboutes; and if it please yow to add, That the Chaunceillours Presence shall be requisite; for by him yowr Lordship shall either have honourabler Revocation, or commandement of further Stay at leaste till *Michelmas*, which in it selfe shall be a fitter Tyme; consideringe, that then yowr Tearme comes fully out, so that then yowr Enemies can not glory it is their Procuringe. In the meane Tyme yowr

Friendes may labor heere to bringe a better Passe, suche your reasonable and honorable Desyres, whych Tyme can better bringe forth the then speede. Amonges which Friendes, before God there is none proceedes either so thoroly or so wysely, as my Lady my Mother. For myne owne Parte, I have onely Lighte from her. Now restes in your Lordship to way the Particularities of yowr owne Estate, which no man can know so well as yowr selfe; and accordingly to resolve. For myne owne parte (of which Mynde your beste Friendes are heere) this is your beste Way. At leaste whatsoever yow resolve, I beseeche yow with all speede I may undrestand, and that if it please yow with yowr owne Hande; for truly Sir, *I muste needes impute it to some greate Dishonestie of some aboute yow, that there is little writtne from yow, or to yow, that is not perfittly knowne to yowr proffessed Enemies.* And thus muche I am very willinge they shoulde know, that I doe wryte it unto yow. And in that Quarter, yow may as I thinke, loke precysely to the Savinge of some of those Overplussages, or at leaste not to goe any furdre; and then the more Tyme passes, the better it will be blowen over. Of my beinge sente to the Queen beinge armed with good accounts and perfitt Reasons for them, &c.*

“April 25, 1578.”

To regain his serenity of mind, Sidney now retired to Wilton, where the companionship of a sister whom he tenderly loved awaited him. We boast with some appearance of justice of the education of women in our time; but, inasmuch as the higher classes are concerned, it has greatly deteriorated. Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the religious, the learned, the friend of all good men, the patroness of merit, was fully competent to enter into the pursuits of her brother, and to aid

* In Sir Philip Sidney's handwriting, at Penshurst Place, without his name, but indorsed by Robert second Earl of Leicester, as follows:—"To my Grandfather from my Vnclce."—*Sidney Letters*, vol. i. p. 247. *Zouch*, 113.

them by the critical power derived from a training which we should now deem fit for a Graduate at an university, but which was then given alike to women and to men — one tutor often educating both sons and daughters in their homes.

To her, Sidney went; in the retirement of Wilton he wrote his "Arcadia;" he retreated, in fact, not only for leisure and quiet to Wilton, but also to avoid the danger which he encountered in the state of public opinion, the court of Elizabeth being still divided into two factions, the one, French, in favour of "*Monsieur*," the other, to which Sidney belonged, eminently Protestant.

The "Arcadia" was the production of the domestic life in which Sidney passed a small portion only of his youth. It was scribbled off carelessly, as the pastime of easy hours, in his sister's presence, on loose sheets of paper; and when the brother and sister were separated it was sent to her in the same form. To Mary, the guiding star as she was of his pursuits, the noble poem was dedicated. In that affectionate address to her, Sidney entreated her not to let this composition "walk abroad;" he required her to read it at her leisure; not to blame, but to laugh at the idle follies which her "good judgment" might discover. Before his death, he is stated to have desired that the "Arcadia" might be burnt, a statement which is alluded to in the following lines by Dr. Young:—

"Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wished unwrote
The sprightliest effort of their wanton thought;
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame."

The "Arcadia" was not printed in the lifetime of Sidney. After his death his sister, sorrowing as she collected the scattered leaves, corrected these verses; she also referred them to the judgment of others; for, like most carefully-educated women, Mary, Countess of Pembroke, was diffident of her own judgment. The world of letters, however, did the effort of a young, high-minded man justice. That Shakspeare read the

"Arcadia," and often referred to it in his works, seems almost fame enough for one effort to acquire. Milton and Waller read it; and approved: fourteen impressions were successively made of the "Arcadia," and it was translated into several modern languages. It had its enemies. Men judged of it according to their own feelings and prejudices: the enthusiast, more especially, delighted in the chivalric sentiments it breathed. Even the hard, caustic Fuller could not condemn it. "I confess," he says, "I have heard some pretended wits cavil at the 'Arcadia,' because they made it not themselves. Such who say that his book is the occasion that many precious hours are otherwise spent no better, must acknowledge it also the cause that many idle hours are otherwise spent no worse, than in reading thereof."

But Dr. Heylin gives the "Arcadia" still higher encomium, not only as a work full of excellent language, rare contrivances, and delectable stories, but as affording "notable rules for demeanour both private and public."

Horace Walpole has passed severe strictures on the "Arcadia," and, on account of the Latinisms introduced into the style, he calls it "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through." To minds such as that of Horace Walpole all elevation of sentiment, all tenderness of feeling, must appear puerile and feeble. He judged, too, of literature by the taste of his own day, which was execrable, in letters as in art. The fine descriptions, the nice delineations of character, the thoughtful lessons on government, will always give value to the production to which Cowper refers as the "poetic prose" of Sidney.

It is refreshing to find the mind so finely constituted descending to minor matters. Robert Sidney, Philip's brother, was then on his travels. Philip's injunctions to him by letter are very characteristic of the refinement which then pervaded the best society in England. "Now, sweet brother,"

writes Philip, "increase your music; you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times." He begs him to write a better hand, to take care of his diet and his complexion. Yet the loved younger brother was not to turn out a mere carpet knight. Witness the following instructions for manly exercises:—

"When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed tiches and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs; and use as well the blow as the thrust; it is good in itself; and besides exerciseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First, in any case practice the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise; the rest study and confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord, how I have babbled. Once again farewell, dearest brother."

The youth thus kindly admonished distinguished himself in after times, and was made, on the accession of James I., a baron by the title of Lord Sidney, Baron of Penshurst in Kent, and afterwards Viscount Lisle and Earl of Leicester.

We have shown Sir Philip Sidney in all his brightest colours. That he was impetuous, like most men of noble natures, impatient of contradiction, even at times imperious, the following letters show. They were addressed, in 1578, to Edward Mollineux, Secretary to Sir Henry Sidney, who was at that time Lord Deputy in Ireland. What would now be thought of a young man who wrote such a letter as the following to any one of her Majesty's liege subjects?

"Mr. Mollineux,

"Few woordes are beste. My Lettres to my Father have come to the Eys of some. Neither can I condemne

any but yow for it. If it be so, yow have plaide the very Knave with me; and so I will make yow know if I have good Proove of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure yow before God, that if ever I know yow do so much as reede any Lettre I wryte to my Father, without his commaundement, or my consente, I will thruste my Dagger into yow. And truste to it, for I speake it in earnest. In the meane Time farwell. From Courte, this last of May, 1578.

“ By me,

“ PHILLIPPE SIDNEY.”

(Endorsed) “ Mr. Philippe Sidney to me, browght
1578, by my L. Chauncellor; received the 21st
June.”

This letter was written in consequence of his hearing of some private information, which he had sent his father. Mollineux returns, with a just reproof, an answer pleading innocence, but at the end says, “ Howbeit, if it had pleased you, you might have commaunded me in a farre greater matter, *with a farre lesse penaltie.*” *

Some years later a gentle tone is adopted towards the humble but influential Secretary, and the name of Fulke Grevil appears in the correspondence.

Sir Philip Sidney to Ed^d Molyneux, Esq

Sir Philip writes:—

“ I pray yow, for my sake, yow will not make yowr self an Instrument to crosse my cosin Fowkes (Grevill) Tytle in any Part, or Construction of his Letters Patentes. It will turne to other Boddies Good, and to hurte him willingly weare a foolish Discourteisy, I pray yow, as yow

* Sidney Papers.

make Account of, lett me be sure yow will deale heerein according to my Request, and so I leaue to God. At Bainards Castell this 10th of April, 1581.

“ Your louing Frend,

“ PHILIPP SIDNEY.”

Sir P. S. to Edm^d. Molyneux, Esq^r.

“ Mollineaux, —

“ I pray thee write to me diligently. I wouold yow came down yowr self. Solicitt my Lord Treasurer, and M^r. Vice Chamberlain for my beeing of the Cownceill. I wouold fain bring in my Cosin Conningesby if it wear possible : Yow shall do me muche Pleasur to labour it. Farewell, even very well, for so I wish yow. From Hereford this 23rd of Juli, 1582.

“ Your Louing Frend,

“ PHILIP SIDNEY.”

The famous joustings and tournaments at Westminster of the year 1581, were the last public occasions on which Philip Sidney and Fulke Grevil appeared together. It was to celebrate the arrival of ambassadors from France, with an attempt to renew the treaty of marriage between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou, that the gorgeous spectacle was afforded to the Court at Westminster.

“ Maister Philip Sidneie,” as Holinshed calls him, came into the lists in armour, partly blue, partly gilt and engraven. He was followed by four pages in cassock coats and Venetian hose, all of cloth of silver, with gold lace, the two metals being often mixed in the costumes of those days, and wearing hats with gold bands and white feathers. These youths, who were doubtless of gentle blood, rode on four “spare” horses, richly caparisoned, *en suite*.

Thirty gentlemen and yeomen, and four trumpeters somewhat similarly dressed, followed; each, Holinshed fails not to relate, having on a pair of pure white buskins: each wearing in his "cassock coat" a scrowl or band of silver coming scarf-wise over his shoulder and under the arm. This one "posie," or sentence, being written upon it: "*Sic nos non nobis.*"

The retinue which followed "Maister Fulke Grevil" was fewer in number; they appeared in gilt armour, and the livery was of tawny taffeta, with loops and buttons of gold; the feathers in their hats were yellow, their worsted stockings yellow, their hats were of tawny taffeta. Thus an agreeable variety of colours prevailed, and the combatants, among whom were the Earl of Arundel and Lord Windsor, entered the tilt-yard in gallant array. A rolling trencher was impelled before them; it stopped, of course, before the queen, and "they passed," says the well-paid and subservient chronicler, "as though they would behold the fortresse of beautie, and so went about the tilt."

Languet, to whose precepts Philip Sidney owed so much of that elevated sense of duty which lesser minds would pronounce romantic, was now no more. He had visited England, had seen the youth of promise unfolded into a gallant manhood; he had pronounced England to be the happiest nation upon earth, and had returned to Antwerp. There, attended by the exemplary Madame du Plessis in his last illness, he declared to her that he had only wished to live longer in order to see a reform in manners in the world, but since he saw men growing worse he died without regret.

His advice still influenced Sidney. One of his counsels had been to the young man to marry. The advice was then essential, for Elizabeth's example had made it almost the fashion at Court to praise and practise celibacy. For some time there had been a treaty of marriage between Philip

Sidney and Penelope, the daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, but the negotiations fell through, and Lady Penelope was wedded to Robert Rich, afterwards Earl of Warwick, a contrast to Sidney in manner and character. A happier destiny awaited the beautiful and amiable Frances Walsingham, the sole surviving daughter of the Ambassador Walsingham, who had protected Philip Sidney during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This young lady was blessed, first, in the noble disinterestedness of her father, the Aristides, as he was termed, of his age. Of Walsingham, Fuller observes, it may be said, as of St. Paul, "he was, though poor, yet making many rich." He died, to the disgrace of Elizabeth and of Burleigh, in poverty. Secondly, Frances was blessed in the union with the pattern of all virtue, Philip Sidney. They appear to have been well suited to each other, for Frances had imbibed from her father a love of the learned and the good; she was gentle, as well as beautiful, and the brief union, so soon cut short by death, was happy.

Ben Jonson celebrated the charms of Mistress Philip Sidney in these lines: —

"I must believe some miracles still bee,
 When Sidney's name I hear, or face I see;
 For Cupid, who at first took vaine delight
 In meere out-formes, until he lost his sight,
 Hath changed his soul, and made his object you,
 Where finding so much beauty met with virtue,
 He hath not only gained himself his eyes,
 But, in pure love, made all his servants wise."

Still there were impediments to the marriage which perhaps few parents except Walsingham would, in that venal age, have disregarded. Sir Henry Sidney, like many public men, had lost, not gained, by his prominent station. The following letter from him to Walsingham refers to troubles which it ill became Queen Elizabeth to allow so excellent a servant to endure.

Sir H. Sidney to Sir Francisco Walsingham, 1582.

Deare Sir, —

“ I haue understande of late that couldnes is thought in me in proceedinge in the matter of marriage of our children. In trouth (Sir) it is not so, nor so shall it ever be founde for compromittinge the consideration of the Articles to the Earles named by yo^u and to the Earle of Huntington. I most Willingly agree and protest I ioy in the Allyanse wth all my harte. But syns by yo^r l^{ives}* of the thirde of January to my great discomforte I fynde there is not hope of relief of her Ma^{tie} for my decayed state in her highness seruice (for synce yo^u geve it over I will never make more meanes but say ‘Spies et fortuna valet’) I am the more carefull to kepe my self able by parte of that which is lesse, to ransome me out of the servitude I lyve in for my debts: For as I know, S^r, that it is the vertue w^{ch} is or that you suppose is in my sonne that yo^u made choice of him for yo^r daughto^r (refusinge haply farre greater and farre richer matches then he); so was my confidence great, that by your good meane I might have obtained some smale reasonable sute of her ma^{tie} and therefore I nothinge regarded any p^{re}s^{ent} gayne, for if I had I might have receaved a great some of money for my good will of my sonnes marriage greatlie to the relief of my p^{re}d^{te} bytinge necessitie, for trulie (S^r) (I respect nothinge by pi^ucon or preven^{con} of that w^{ch} may come hereafter). As this I am not so vulustie (valueless) but that I may be so imployed as I may have occa^{con} to sell lande to redeeme my selfe out of prison, nor yet am I so oulde norr my wief so healthie, but that she may die, and I marie agayne and gett children or thinke I gett some. If such a thinge shoulde happen Goddes lawe and mannes lawe will that both one and the other be provided for. Many other accidents of regarde might be alledged, but neither the fore w^{ri}ten nor any that may be thought of to

* Letters.

come, do I respect, but only to stay lande to sell, to acquite me of the thraldome I now lyve in for my debte."

The following reference to Lady Mary Sidney is certainly somewhat plain speaking. It heightens the picture of distress:—

"Here some may object upon the same kepe my Wief and her followers. True it is, she is now wth me and hath bene this halfe yere, and before not in many yeres, and if both she and I haue our food and house roome free (as we haue not) in conscience we have deserved it, for my parte I am not idle, but euery day, I worke in my function and she for her ould ſvice [service] (and Marks yet remayinge in her face) takes in the same, meriteth her meat. When I went to Newgate I lefte her a full faire ladie, in myne eye, at least, the fayerest, and when I returned I finde her as fowle a Ladie as the small pox would make her, w^{ch} she did take by contynuall attendance of her Ma^{ties} most ꝑcious * person (sicke of the same disease), the skarres of w^{ch}, to her sore discomforture, in fyne, hath, and doth remayne in her face, so as she lyveth solitarilie. '*Sicut nicticorax in domicilio suo*' more to my charge then if we had boorded together as we did before that euil accident happened." And then he speaks of his being henchman to Henry VIII., the Prince Henrie, and finishes with—"And if you will vouchsaf to bestowe a blessing upon the young knight S^r Philip," &c.†

"H. SIDNEY.

"1st March, 1582."

It appears, also, from another inedited paper in the State Paper Office, that there was a serious impediment to the marriage between Philip and Frances Walsingham, besides that of inadequate means, and that a previous contract with another was brought forward. The curiously-worded petition here given is endorsed by Walsingham himself in these words:—"Desires to be enlarged *after my long im-*

* Precious.

† State Papers, Domestic, 1582.

prisonment, that I would not any longer continue my dislike of his contract with Mrs. Fraunces." This singular endorsement relates to the case of one John Wickerson, who, it seems, had entered into a contract of marriage with Frances Walsingham.

Then comes the petition:—

"To the righte Honb^{le} Sir Frauncis Walsingham, Knight,
principle Secretorie to the Queenes most excellent
Ma^{tie} and of her highnes most hon^{or}abl priue coun-
selle.—

"In all humb^lnes beseecheth you^r good hono^r charitable compassion (you^r humble Sup^{ts} John Wickerson in greate distresse, about two yeares in the Marshallsea upon you^r hono^r conc^t to his losse of kine & hinderance, appealinge to you^r hono^r wonted clemency & mercy to Concearne the best of him, and will not over slightly passe ouer the great cause of contien^c that he hath taken upon him by his rashe contract wth M^{rs} Frauncys; w^{ch} to relinquish wilbe a p^{er}petual [perpetual] scropple & Worme in contien^c & hazard of Bodye & Soule, (w^{ch} is more to be regarded then all the goods in this trancytorie wourld). May it theirfore please you^r good hono^r of you^r unspeakable goodnes and godly consideration to thinke, & have remorse vnto his p^{er}itous state, and Vouchsafe now at the lenght to grant you^r consent & goodwill for pformance of their said contract in the holy state of matrimony, that their bodies remayne not in continuall lovtinies, & to the losse of the inestimable grace & mercy of God by liuinge in adultery & theirby psent [present] a Scornfull Spectakle & mockinge stoke to the Wourld; and grāt you^r good hono^r fauo^rable Warāt [warrant] for his liberty, that he be not utterly vnder imp^{er}sonmēt. And so shall for ewer be most specially bound to pray for the p^{er}sperous [prosperous] pservation and increas of you^r most honble stat." *

What the secret history was to which this singular petition

* No. 84, 1583, Feb. Dom. Papers, Eliz. vol. clviii.

refers is not disclosed. There appears, nevertheless, to have been a formal contract, a bond very difficult in those times to annul. Betrothal, or plighting of troth, was observed occasionally in this country until the time of Shakspeare. Sometimes it was a private rite, when an interchange of rings took place. When public, the public celebration, or espousals, inevitably precede a marriage, as in the present day on the Continent. There was one circumstance equally essential to the contract, viewed as a legal obligation, as the joining of hands and interchange of rings, and that was the testimony of witnesses.

"A contract of eternal bond of love," therefore, required publicity to confirm it; yet even a private contract was sometimes sufficient to invalidate a marriage, as we see in the plea set up by Anne Boleyn in her trial relative to the contract with Lord Percy. The formal troth-plighting usually preceded the marriage forty days. It is, therefore, most probable that the petitioner whose case is stated in the preceding document may have inveigled "Mistress Fraunces" into a secret contract, and been imprisoned for that offence.

The nuptials, nevertheless, between Philip Sidney and Frances Walsingham took place in 1583, and, in the same year, Queen Elizabeth bestowed on Philip Sidney an honour which she gave with frugality, that of knighthood, at an installation of Knights of the Garter at Windsor. Sir Philip represented the Prince Casimir, Palatine of the Rhine, who was invested with the order. Elizabeth signalled her political value for Casimir or her esteem for his proxy, or both, by fastening with her own hands the Garter, an honour done by her to no other knight that day.

Endowed with worldly gifts, blessed in his wife, honoured by his country, Sidney had yet another prize to compete for: he was named, in 1585, as among the candidates for the Elective Crown of Poland. What might have been the destinies of that unhappy country had an Englishman swayed them — had English families followed the Elected Monarch there — had

English notions been disseminated — it is impossible to say. All these speculations existed, probably, in the minds of many, even at that period. They were set at rest by the refusal of Queen Elizabeth to allow her favoured subject to leave her kingdom; or “to further his advancement,” not, as Sir Robert Naunton says, “only out of emulation, but out of fear to lose the best jewel of her times.”

According to another authority Sidney declined to stand in the contest. “I prefer,” he said, with graceful policy, “to be a subject of Queen Elizabeth, rather than a sovereign beyond seas.”

Well did he understand how to do homage to her, who, with all the jealousy of her Tudor relatives, would not allow “that her sheep,” as she said, “should be marked with a stranger’s mark, nor follow a stranger’s whistle.”

This “sheep,” however, this chief jewel of her realm, was destined to be sacrificed to the cause of a foreign prince, — rather let us term it, to the interests of the great Protestant and national party.

Elizabeth, in her conduct on this signal occasion, merits the gratitude peculiarly of this our own generation, when England alone, thanks to her sound religious and political principles, has stood firm amid many revolutions. The storm which had lowered burst forth, and the queen’s assistance in the Low Countries was solicited and obtained. She had repeatedly refused to gratify the martial disposition of Sir Philip Sidney; she, at last, indulged that thirst for honourable distinction which formed so integral a part of his lofty character. She constituted him Governor of Flushing. Sir Philip was now one of the happiest private individuals in England, yet he left willingly his loved home, his cherished pursuits, the lovely Frances and her infant daughter. Penshurst and Wilton beheld him no more; the favours of Elizabeth were the harbingers of his doom.

His friend, Fulke Grevil, meantime, was rising in his career as a civilian. In 1583 he had been constituted

Secretary for the principality of North and South Wales, and the office was afterwards bestowed on him by James I. for life. Still his hopes of warlike distinction had been crushed by Elizabeth ; perhaps wisely, for she found in him a valuable servant of the crown in civil affairs.

Sir Philip Sidney, taking with him William Temple as his secretary, arrived at Flushing in November. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, with an army of 5000 foot and 1000 horse, was despatched in command of this auxiliary force : nothing, he was instructed before setting out, was to be attempted unworthy of the country or the sovereign whom he served. His soldiers were commended to his care, not only for discipline but for moral restraints. He was to see that "they served God and demeaned themselves religiously." Sir Philip Sidney at last beheld his hopes of renown realised ; a life of inaction was abhorrent to him. The enterprises of Drake, and of Frobisher, had once incited him to nautical undertakings ; that had been prohibited ; he now gladly joined his uncle, with an enthusiasm and energy that marked, in that era, the English character.

One fatal result of the war in the Low Countries is for ever to be deplored. Hitherto, according to Camden, the English had been, of all northern nations, the "least drinkers ;" in this campaign, they learnt from the Flemings "to drown themselves," he mournfully says, "with immoderate drinking ; and ever since," he adds, "the vice of drunkenness hath so spread itself all over the whole nation, that in our days came forth the first restraint thereof by severity of laws."

It proved to be a melancholy campaign for the brave, sagacious Sidney. At the very first, the incapacity of the handsome minion Leicester was evident, and to no one more than to his nephew Philip. The death of William of Orange was a terrible disaster at this critical period ; his son Maurice, a youth of eighteen years of age, succeeded him, and in conjunction with Sir Philip Sidney, took a town in Flanders

without the loss of a man. Sir Philip's address to his soldiers on this occasion, was that of a man of strong determined views, who knew the temper of those whom he addressed. They were, he said, to fight against an enemy of a false religion, equally hostile to God and to his church. They were "opposing the powers of Antichrist;" that term, as applied to the Pope, being the great watchword of the Reformation, though now we hesitate before we apply the expression. The tyranny and cruelty of the Roman Catholic party had, however, exasperated against them all those who advocated civil and religious liberty.

His address was eloquently spoken; and the brave auxiliaries were so "linked in that service," it is declared, that "they would rather die in it than live in the contrary."

In the assault under which Axell fell, Sir Philip revived the ancient discipline and silence of the army. The fortress was taken by means of scaling-ladders; a brave "forlorn hope" climbed in that way, in the dead of night, into the town, and forced their way into the market-place.

The attempt was successful: but the failure of his attack upon Steenburg, which he had often urged his uncle to assault, was owing to a sudden thaw in the month of February. That on Gravelines proved also unsuccessful, from the treachery of the governor, La Motte, who had given Sir Philip a hint that the town should be surrendered on his approach. The sagacity of Sir Philip had nearly saved his army the repulse which ensued. Suspicious that all was not right, he ordered some of the officers to throw a cast of dice on a drum-head, and thus decide who was to venture on this dangerous service. The lot fell on Sir William Brown, his own lieutenant, who set forward with his company on their march: but no sooner had they entered the town than a discharge of shot from the windows warned them of their danger. Brown, as commanded, threw down his arms, and was taken prisoner; whilst only eight of the brave men who had followed him escaped.

Meantime, misfortune had fallen on the family at Penshurst, and on the excellent Sir Henry Sidney. He died at Worcester, and his remains were conveyed to Penshurst and interred with great solemnity. His heart was buried in the tomb of his daughter Ambrosia, who had died in 1574. We now shrink from the surgeon's knife, even when it is to reveal some deep mystery of the dead, even when it is to tell us there was no hope, nor power to heal,—that all was done. Even then, there is something desecrating in the investigation of the loved and lost slumberer in the bed of death. Formerly, it was otherwise; and often were the heart and the bowels, the head and the body dismembered, and separately intombed.

Lady Mary Sidney did not long survive her husband, and in the August of the same year she, "most zealously, godly, and penitently," prepared herself for death. She addressed those around her in earnest and heartfelt exhortations to repentance; her discourse, it is declared, "amazed and astonished the hearers," although she had before been admired for her "good speech, apt and ready conception, excellency of wit, and notable delivery."

Sir Philip, therefore, never saw again parents to whom he owed the brightest examples, the most perfect combination of hereditary excellence. His qualities, when we consider his parentage, seem strongly to confirm our belief in the superiority or inferiority of certain *races*. Those who knew human nature in diversified forms, have, usually, a similar faith in the great distinction of good or bad hereditary dispositions.

Amongst the monstrous cruelties of the Spaniards at that period, the siege of Zutphen, a town seated on the banks of the river Yssel, was most notorious. The butchery of five hundred inhabitants, who surrendered to the Duke of Alva, was one of those facts that one blushes for human nature almost to record.

On the 26th of September, 1586, a battle was fought between the English and a convoy of Spaniards who were going to Zutphen. A decisive victory was obtained by the English, but it cost Sir Philip his life. Having had one horse killed under him, and having mounted a second, he was continuing to fight, when seeing Lord Willoughby in danger, he rushed forward to help him. The rescue was effected; Lord Willoughby was safe, but a bullet entered Sidney's left knee, a little above the bone, which it broke and splintered, and then passed up into the body, where it was only found after the brave Sidney was no more. "Thrice," said Stowe, "had he charged the enemy in one skirmish."

He was carried towards the camp, to the tent of his uncle. "As he was returning from the field of battle," relates his friend, Fulke Grevil, "pale, languid, thirsty, with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought, and had no sooner approached his lips, than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice, speaking those ever memorable words, 'This man's necessity is greater than mine.'"

He was carried into the tent of his uncle: "O Philip," Leicester exclaimed, "I am sorry for thy hurt." "This have I done," the hero replied, "to do you honour and her Majesty service."

Sir William Russell, coming to him, kissed his hand, and bursting into tears, said, "O noble Sir Philip, there was never man attained hurt more honourably than ye have done, or any served like ye."

He was placed on a barge, and carried to Arnheim, in Guelderland. He had enjoined the surgeons who attended him, "to use their art with freedom, whilst his strength was yet entire, his body free from fear, his mind able to endure;" so calm was the spirit sustained by the consciousness of a Divine presence, and of a pitying Father in heaven. Conscious that his wound was mortal, he composed an ode, which was lost.

He suffered long; but his wife, who had accompanied him into Zealand, watched over him, and nursed him with the devotion of unavailing care and affection. For sixteen days he survived; hope still prevailed amongst his friends, hope still supported the spirits of those in England, who honoured his heroism. His friends could not bear to think that his wound was mortal. A rough soldier, Count Hohenloe, was amongst those who could not brook any word of ill omen. Hohenloe was the Lieutenant-General and brother-in-law to Prince Maurice, and the instructor in the art of war of that brave prince. When one of the surgeons expressed his fears that Sir Philip's life would not be spared: "Away, villain," cried the bluff soldier (like Uncle Toby who swore that Lefevre should not die); "never see my face again till thou bring better news of that man's memory, for whose redemption many such as I were haply lost."

Those were not days in which the appliances of skill were perfected, as they seem now, so as, at least, to master agony, if they cannot avert death. The gallant Sidney suffered fearfully in that interval which it pleased God to permit him to prepare, not for death alone, but for a farewell to those who endear life to us. His very bones were worn through by lying in the posture directed by the surgeons; for his frame was delicate, and the emaciation fearful. At last he declared that he perceived around him the smell of death. His attendants tried to convince him that he was mistaken; but he was right; mortification had taken place.

His mind was still entire, collected, elevated. He prepared for death; he wrote a long letter in pure and elegant Latin to Bellarius, an eminent divine — so excellent that it was afterwards shown to Queen Elizabeth. He spoke often of the immortality of the soul; he wrote to his friend, Johannes Aeierus, physician to the Duke of Cleves, urging him to come to him in these terms: "My life is in danger, dead or alive, I will never be ungrateful; I can write no more, but I earnestly entreat you to come without delay. Fare-

well!" He made his will: "To his dear friends" — these were his words — "Mr. Edward Dier and Fulke Grevil, he bequeathed all his books." On the seventeenth of October, his spirit returned to Him who gave it. His death was like his life, sanctified. As he lay expiring, he called for music. Like all good men, full as he was of faith and hope, he had yet a dread lest the pains of death should prove so grievous that he should lose his understanding; "and this fear did disturb him."

He died in the arms of his secretary, William Temple, with broken speeches, exhorting his brothers who stood near him, "in loving manner," and bidding them farewell. As he lay gasping, and at last speechless, he still motioned with his hand that they should talk to him, pray for him. "Sir," said one of his attendants, "if you hear what we say, and if you have inward joy and relation to God, lift up your hand." "With that," says the eye-witness, "he did lift up his hand, and stretched it forth on high." Then he folded both hands on his breast, in the attitude of prayer, and there they remained, till stiffened in the grasp of death.

Thus died, aged thirty-two, one of the noblest of his name and country. The source of Philip Sidney's greatness, was his earnest piety, his religious convictions; hence his devoted zeal for the cause of the Church; hence his blameless youth, his unselfish, generous, elevated character. He had so complete a belief in the Special Providence that watches over us, that on being carried from the field of battle into the camp, and being placed on a tent, "he lift up his eyes," says Giffard, one of his attendants, "towards the heavens, not imputing it unto hap or chance, but with full resolution affirmed that God did send the bullet, and commanded it to stryke him."

In after times, another brave man, though cold and hard, — King William III., — used to say that every bullet had its billet; its particular direction assigned to it by Providence, where it should strike.

Dudley, Earl of Leicester, though accused wrongfully of having failed to relieve Sidney in the battle near Zutphen, mourned passionately for his loss. Philip, he said, was, of all things in the world, next to her majesty, his greatest comfort, and could he buy his life, he would give all things that he had, even to his shirt. He added, "I never did hear of any one that did abide the dressinge and setting his bones better than he did."

Sidney's body was conveyed to England, although the States had earnestly requested to have the honour of burying it at the national expense.

In old St. Paul's the remains were therefore entombed. Thirty-two poor men followed him to the grave; his brother Robert was chief mourner. His uncle, Lord Leicester, and five other noblemen, and his friend Fulke Grevil, held the pall.

On a pillar in the choir of St. Paul's there hung a tablet containing a rude inscription. No other monumental memorial was ever placed over his remains.

But Spenser's well-known lines form the best epitaph:—

"England doth hold thy limbs, that bred the same;
Flanders thy valour, where it last was tried:
The camp, thy sorrow, where thy body died;
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy virtues' fame."

Sir Philip Sidney's friend, Fulke Grevil, survived him many years, and enjoyed, till his tragical death, unvaried prosperity. Queen Elizabeth trusted him, and King James still more manifestly favoured him, creating him a Knight of the Bath. Two years after the accession of James, Warwick Castle was bestowed on Sir Fulke. He found it in a ruinous condition, the towers and dungeons being used as a common gaol for the county. He rebuilt and adorned it at the expense of 20,000*l.*; making it, as Dugdale declares, "not only a place of great strength and extraordinary delight, but the most princely seat within the midland part of the realm."

He imparked the Temple lands, remembering the design of poor George, Duke of Clarence, and he planted it with stately trees, suitable to the noble structure around which the park lay. Assiduously cultivating the favour of King James, when the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, soon after the king's accession, was known, Sir Fulke evinced his loyalty by the following letter, addressed to Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, whose broken health attested the anxieties contingent on his high station.

" Sir F. Grevil to Earle of Salisbury.

1606, Feb. 12.

" Right honorable and my very good Lord,

" I have receaved the comfortable news of this late conspiracy discovery^d and the honour your wisdom and diligence hath won you in it, but wth all the servants wryte to me that your Lordship hath never since bene well w^{ch} makes me perseume to send this bearer only to knowe how you do. I can offer your Lordship no more than this humble service that it seems is unfortunate as they that wishe him worst^e would have him and so desiring God to send you many happy dayes and more worthy frinds, I most humbly take my leave. From Norrold's park this 12 of July.

" Your honour's humble frend and Servant

" FFULKE GREVILL." *

James next advanced Sir Fulke to the dignity of a baron, by the title of Baron Brooke of Beauchamp Court, in the county of Warwick ; and in 1614 made him under-treasurer, and chancellor of the exchequer. It was whilst in office that Sir Fulke assisted in forming a park around Theobald's. Little respect was then paid to the rights of possession. The following letter is a curious specimen of the mode taken to

* Additional MSS. 6178, fol. 787. S. Papers.

gratify a monarch, and to oppress his subjects, in the seventeenth century:—

“May it please yo^r Ma^{tie}.

“Now after my apologie, to giue me leaue for truth's sake onlie, to shew yo^r what was donne, betwene my last lres written to Sir Thomas Lake and these which instantlie I receaued.

“Treswell being formerlie appointed by my Lo: and me to sollicit this busines for Theobald's, now as I was sealing up these, bring's me worde, that he hath spoken with M^{rs} Farington againe, one of those freeholders I wrote of; who, after some earnest womanishe refusalls, is perswaded to yeeld house and Lands up to yo^r Ma^{ty} pleasure. For Hale, my Lo: and I resolute, if he contynue obstinate, so that neither intreatie, money nor dutie will moue him, to promise him his So^mers-habita^{co}n within yo^r Ma^{ties} parke; wherein his decrepite age, if he should begin this yeare, will never suffer him to proue an entermuer in it. Walcott, like a shadowe, follows his grandfather; denyes not, and yet dare not goe before him in consent. Touching the Co^moners, I have taken order, that before the money be receaued which is giuen by yo^r Ma^{tie} to the poore, S^r Thomas Dacres shall treat with them, for their generall consent in these La^mas-groundes also. So as yo^r owne Farmers hauing yeelded themselves, when I was last at Theobald's, only reseruing time to Time their Harvest, and provide their families of habita^{co}n; and this copie of a letter alredie sent to my Lady Oxenbridg for provision of pale, with other pointes in it concerning this inclosure; will I hope shewe to yo^r Ma^{tie} that amongst the many other businesses here, there hath been no greate omission of time or dutie, even in this.

“In all which particulars, I humbly beseech yo^r Ma^{tie}, vouchsafe to acquaint my Lord Tre^sorer, what yo^r please to allowe, or what you will have altered; and withall to pardon

this presumption in me, who (God knows) values nothing within yo^r Princelie power so highlie as I doe my Soveraign's favour. In which mynde I will constantlie liue and dy.

"Yo^r Maties most humble Vassall,

"FULKE GREVILL."

Indorsement: — "To the Kinge's most Excellent Matie."

And 20 April, 1617: — "To his Matie, from Mr. Chancelor of the Exchequer." *

Sir Fulke's fee for his office of chancellor, was forty marks, and twelve pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence: besides this he had his "livery." As under-treasurer he enjoyed as his fee one hundred and seventy-three pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence; livery, and four pounds six and eight-pence.

The smallness of these sums was amply made up by grants of lands in various parts of the county of Warwick, and by many perquisites, which even the most honest of ministers in those days did not scruple to exact.

Sir Fulke was a noble patron of learning: he founded a lectureship of history in Cambridge: he introduced Camden to Queen Elizabeth, who made him Clarencieux King-at-arms, at his request: he took John Speed from a mechanic employment, and helped him till he was made historiographer:—finally, he wrote the life of his beloved friend Sir Philip Sidney; thus leaving an imperishable record of a great and good man.

His other works were voluminous; for he devoted himself to *home service*, after the queen had precluded his going beyond seas:—and became a model of an English peer. Yet his later years had their troubles. Among the commoners of England whom James I. noticed and elevated, were the family of Fermor in Northamptonshire. At their seat of Easton-Neston, James and his queen had been "royally "

* No. 44, vol. xci. Jas. I. Domestic Papers.—S. P. O.

entertained in June 1603, and, on that occasion, his majesty knighted the son of his host, as well as his host himself, Sir Hatton Fermor. The youth thus honoured, succeeded his father in his estates in 1612; he seems also to have had a considerable partiality for the estates of others, if we may rely upon the indignant representation made in the following epistle addressed by Sir Fulke to Sir Edward Conway.

“Sir,

“I send of purpose touching the business of S^r Hatton Farmor’s, wherein I troubled yo^r before; and fear he comes now again to court in some disguise or other to gett his surreptitious grant confirmed. The cause w^{ch} moues this doubt, together with his manner of proceeding with mee this terme, I presume to leave to this bearer’s relation. And shall think it a hard misfortune in my old age after 80 yeares quiett possession and a sute of 3 yeares standing brought by S^r Hatton whoe may goe to tryall when he please, that hee should by misinforming my Soueraigne get his Lane Grant confirmed, and I not see much as heard to speake for myself.

“Noble Cousin, Doe by your absent friends in this as I will doe by any Servant of yo^r, w^{ch} is, to have respect to the honor of my M^r and to doe him right that neuer proceeded in soe shifting a manner wth any man living. If my Soueraigne be but prouisionally made acquainted with it, I am confident both in his favour and iustice. And for this fauo^r of yo^r will remajn^e

“Yo^r Loving friend and Cousin

“to doe yo^r Service

“F. BROKE.

“Brookhouse this 26th of No: 1624.”

Indorsed: — “To the right hon^{ble} Sir Edward Conway, Knight, Principal Secretary of State, &c.” *

Amongst other literary undertakings, Sir Fulke dev himself to the task of correcting Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and a copy carefully corrected was sent by hi Lady Walsingham. His death was a violent one. N having married, Sir Fulke cut off the entail of all es to which he had succeeded, and settled them on his co Robert Grevil. On the twenty-seventh of February, 1 he made his will. Among the witnesses to it, was one R Heywood, a gentleman who had been long in his ser Sometime afterwards a codicil was made to this will- which Heywood had been named — revoking specially a quest to that individual. Heywood, disappointed at alteration, one day, being in his lord's chamber in Br House, Holborn, entered into a furious discussion on subject; and his reproaches were severely reprimanded Sir Fulke. The miscreant, irritated to frenzy, stabbed master, then escaped into another room, and locking hin in, committed suicide with the same knife or sword which he had murdered his excellent and honoured pat Sir Fulke languished for a few days. It appears that intellect was clear during that dread interval of agony; calling for his will, he added to it handsome legacies to surgeons, and to those who had attended him, in his illness. He was an aged man for that time, being t seventy-five years old. He died on the thirtieth September, 1628, in the same year that witnessed the death of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham.

His body was removed from Warwick Castle to the great church of St. Mary's, on Monday, the twenty-sixth of October, 1628, with Heralds bearing Banners, Chester King-at-Arms officiating. Then followed the coffin and pall-bearers; next came the mourners:

Verneys and Grevil:

The Mayor and Bailiffs of Warwick,

The Citizens,

and others of the household of the deceased.

In this state it was carried to St. Mary's, where the following "style" was proclaimed by heralds over the grave:—

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to call forth the of this transitorie life to his divine mercy the late Right Honb^{le} S^r Foulke Greville, Knt. of the Bath, and Baron Brook of Beauchamp's Court, Sometime Chancellor of th' exchequer, gent of the Bedchamber and Councelor of Estate to Kinge Jas. of Blessed Memory, as also to our Sovereign Lord King Charles, whom God long preserve, &c.*

"27 Octr. 1628."

On the tomb, composed by himself, these words are engraved:—

FULKE GREVILLE,
SERVANT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH,
COUNSELLOR TO KING JAMES,
AND FRIEND TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.
TROPHÆVM PECCATI.

Beloved by Sidney, esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, and extolled by Lord Bacon, the character of Fulke Grevil stands out nobly in the catalogue of those who form the staple of England, her true working classes; for, be it remembered, that well born, easy in circumstances, elevated in royal favour, Philip Sidney and Fulke Grevil were men who knew the value of every moment and employed it well. Their boyish affection was cemented by their common interests for the welfare of others: their friendship was enhanced by their benevolence and their good and great designs. "I find," says Sir Robert Naunton, after a quaint eulogium on this excellent man, "that he never sought for nor obtained, any great place or preferment in court during all the time of his attendance; neither did he need it, for he came thither backed with a plentiful fortune, which, as himself was wont to say.

* No. 45. vol. cxix. Charles II. Domestic Papers. — State Paper Office.

was the better held together by a single life, wherein he lived and died, a constant courtier of the ladies."

It is melancholy to add Sir Fulke Grevil to the list of incomparable bachelors, whose homes have been uncheered by female society; but celibacy was in vogue then. To what point of excellence he might have arrived if married, it is difficult to conjecture.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

AND

CHARLES LAMB.



CHARLES LAMB AND SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE CONSIDERED AS FRIENDS. — DESCRIPTION OF EACH. — THE TWO COTTLE'S. — SOUTHEY'S APPEARANCE IN COTTLE'S SHOP. — COLONIZATION SCHEME. — PUT ASIDE IN HOPES OF ATTAINING LITERARY SUCCESS. — COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY FALL IN LOVE. — CHARLES LAMB'S LIFE AND MISFORTUNES. — HIS LOVE FOR HIS SISTER. — TRAGIC EVENT IN HIS HOUSE. — HIS LINES TO HER. — HIS OWN MIND BREAKS DOWN. — HE GIVES UP ALL HOPES OF MARRIAGE, AND DEVOTES HIMSELF TO HIS SISTER. — SUPERIOR TO COLERIDGE IN MORAL TONE. — ADVENTURE AT CHEPSTOW. — "MARRYING ON POETRY" NOT SUCCESSFUL. — LAMB'S FRIENDSHIP FOR MISS ISOLA. — HER DAILY TRIALS. — COLERIDGE GOES TO KESWICK. — TRAVELS WITH MR. THOMAS WEDGWOOD. — JUDGE TALFOURD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE COTERIE AT LAMB'S HOUSE. — COMPARED WITH THAT AT HOLLAND HOUSE. — COLERIDGE'S HABITS. — LAMB'S ERRORS. — DEATH OF EACH — MR. GILLMAN'S HOUSE. — HIS SKILL AND KINDNESS. — LINES ON CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

AND

CHARLES LAMB.

“ALTHOUGH contemporary events obscure past events in a living man’s life, yet as soon as he is dead, and his whole life is a matter of history, one action stands out as conspicuous as another.” Thus says Samuel Coleridge, or he is made to say so, in his “Table Talk.” It is not on this principle that the following picture of a friendship existing until death between two gifted men, is written. As poets, or philosophers, as essayists, or dramatists, we scarcely glance at Coleridge and Lamb. We call up their image in domestic and friendly intercourse: we record them but as *friends*—friends in every sense, if intimacy, confidence, regard, admiration, sympathy, make up the sum of friendship.

Never were two men so unlike in person, more especially in countenance, as were these two friends. Coleridge, as a young man, had the face of a large boy, broad, fat, with a full mouth, round chin, and open countenance. Charles Lamb, to judge by the likeness made in 1791, when he must have been about sixteen years of age (since Judge Talfourd tells us that in 1795 he was twenty), depicts a handsome young man with decided features; a straight, firm profile; a large, and somewhat aquiline nose; marked eyebrows; a mouth of feminine beauty,

with its short upper lip above, its rounded chin below; whilst masses of rich hair curled over a forehead which, though half concealed, we can detect to have been noble. Time taking away the roundness of Coleridge's face, made it angular; care and bad habits wore furrows on his cheeks; opium coloured his complexion with an ashy hue; his flowing locks, raven black, were thin and straggling; the intellectual fire still burned; but the *physique* was manifestly impaired even before the poet had passed middle life.

It was in the year 1794 that Joseph Cottle, a bookseller at Bristol, who wrote much about Coleridge and much also about himself; was first informed by Robert Lovell, an intelligent young quaker, of the famous scheme of colonisation formed by some young enthusiasts from Oxford and Cambridge. Considering what has since been done by emigration, we cannot now look upon this scheme with the same indignant contempt as Joseph Cottle of that ilk did when it was first announced to him. The plan was this: Samuel Taylor Coleridge from Cambridge, Robert Southey and George Burnet from Oxford, and Robert Lovell the quaker, were to freight a ship, to carry out ploughs and every other needful instrument of husbandry, to sail away to America, and to settle upon the banks of the Susquehanna. But now came the weak part of the system; the young enthusiasts were to form a social colony; property was to be in common; selfishness proscribed; a new sphere of society to be created, free from all human dross; an example of high virtue and perfect bliss to be given to the world; and Joseph Cottle, having funds, probably, was asked to join in the enterprise. After this, it will be no matter of surprise to hear that three of the sanguine projectors were still at college; a supply of common sense was wanting, and, happily, Robert Lovell was included in the proposed coadjutors. And, after telling everything to Cottle, added young broad-brim, "I shall introduce all my young friends to you as soon as they come to Bristol."

One morning, Cottle beheld Lovell enter his shop, accompanied by one of those noble specimens of human nature, that, once seen, are never forgotten. Those who remember Mr. Lough's incomparable monument of Southey: the recumbent figure, tall, and, even in death-like sculpture, majestic; the grand, symmetrical, mournful face; the features not so perfect, but of a fine type; will readily conceive what Robert Southey must have been in his youth. Cottle was mute in admiration. The countenance of one who was, beyond a doubt, not the greatest poet, but the greatest prose writer of his day, was full of kindness. Those eyes which seemed to search into your very soul, were beaming with intelligence and sweetness. Southey's manners, too, were courteous. Such was the man, destined, as he believed, to wander on the far off shores on Susquehanna's side; destined to dig and plough, to cut down trees, and build up log houses. "I gave him at once the right hand of fellowship," Cottle writes; "and, to the present moment, it has never, on either side, been withdrawn."

Coleridge was introduced soon afterwards; his eye, his brow, his whole countenance, were at once, the worthy Cottle thought, "indicative of a commanding genius;" but how much more astonished must he have been by the eloquence, which was a natural gift both in speaking as in writing, bestowed upon this man of extraordinary mental power?

"Throughout a long-drawn summer's day," writes the editor of Coleridge's "Table Talk," "would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonising all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without any reflection on others,

save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse; without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position; gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point, in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow student, and the companion of your way, so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye."

Of honourable birth, Coleridge would have made a signal addition to Fuller's Worthies of Devon, in which county he was born in 1772. His father, the Reverend John Coleridge, was vicar of Ottery St. Mary, and master of the Grammar School founded in that town by Henry VIII. Thus Coleridge added one to the many instances of the sons of schoolmasters becoming eminent in literature.

As a back ground to this brilliant pair, came Lovell and Burnet; Lovell, a poet, and a quaker of the wettest description; Burnet the honest, good-humoured son of a Somersetshire farmer; destined by his parents to the Church. He was, there can be little doubt, likely to be the most serviceable member of the Pantisocratical Scheme.

If Burnet had all the physical activity of the gifted schemers, Cottle had — what was more wanted still, the very sinews of the whole — means. Whilst he was full of anxiety lest his friends should rush madly on their expedition, he was startled one day by an application from Coleridge for a "small advance." "To pay the voyagers' freight or passage?" asked Joseph. No: "*lodgings*." Never did the bookseller lend money "with such unmingled pleasure" (singular man!). Henceforth, Cottle was no longer haunted with that word which had been his despair. The ship! The ship! was

the theme of Coleridge's burning eloquence. Pantisocracy brought down torrents of eloquence from his lips; the voyage was a kind of *cauchemar* to poor Cottle; his relief was infinite; without funds, how could they sail? A complete barrier was thus placed between the gifted friends and Pantisocracy; of what avail to share everything in common when they had nothing to share? Cottle, a man of business, could not conceive how youths destitute of cash, could contemplate forming a colony. He had yet to learn that Coleridge lived in a visionary state; began life upon a capital of brains, and dreamed away existence. The plan was given up, and Coleridge became despondent. Happily he had a generous friend: what have publishers not in their power? Perhaps they are the most potent men of this day, and of any other of modern times. By one act of a publisher's, Coleridge's whole existence was swayed. Finding his young friend depressed, Cottle, who himself had at that time a small volume of poems in the press, advised him to publish his poems. "Oh," replied Coleridge, "that expedient is of no use. I offered my works to several publishers in London, who would not even look at them, the reply being (we quote Cottle's narrative), 'Sir, the article will not do.' At length one more accommodating than the rest, condescended to receive my MS. poems, and after a deliberate inspection, offered me for the copyright, six guineas, which sum, poor as I was, I refused to accept." "'Well,' said I, 'to encourage you, I will give you twenty guineas.' It was very pleasant to observe the joy that instantly diffused itself over his countenance. 'Nay,' I continued, 'others publish for themselves, I will chiefly remember you. Instead of giving you twenty guineas, I will extend it to thirty; and without waiting for the completion of the work, to make you easy, you may have the money as your occasions require.' The silence and the grasped hand, showed that, at that moment, one person was happy."

To Southey, also, Cottle offered thirty guineas for his

"Joan of Arc;" and, encouraged by this liberality, "Pantisocracy" appeared in less enchanting colours. The friends gave up Susquehanna, abjured ploughshares, and began to give lectures; Coleridge on political and moral subjects, Southey on history. Their *locale* for the delivery of these lectures was not grand, nor the price enormous. "The Plume of Feathers" in Wine Street was the scene of Coleridge's first appearance: entrance, one shilling. Then he lectured at the Corn Market; sometimes, with inimitable humour, on the hair powder tax; then on the slave trade; then on the distinguishing marks of the French and English revolutions; and on the liberty of the press. He afterwards gave a series of theological lectures.

Although Coleridge had relinquished, to quote his own words:

"Freedom's unclouded dell,
Where toil and health, with measured love, shall dwell,
Far from folly, far from men,
In the rude romantic glen,
Up the cliff and through the glade,
Wand'ring with the dear lov'd maid;"

he was devoted to the cause of freedom, and alive to the wrongs of the unhappy, living or dead. His enthusiasm for Chatterton was enhanced by the notion that that ill-fated genius would have joined the Susquehanna scheme had he been spared. Witness these lines:

"O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive,
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love with us the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful freedom's undivided dale.
And we at sober eve would round thee throng,
Hanging enraptured on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young eyed Poesy,
All deftly masked as hoar antiquity.

.

"And I will build a cenotaph to thee,
Sweet harper of time-honoured minstrelsy !
And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind."

To his monody on Chatterton, Coleridge had added a somewhat bitter note on Dean Mills. "On this note being shown to me," Cottle relates, "I remarked, that Captain Blake, whom he occasionally met, was the son-in-law of Dean Mills. 'What,' said Mr. Coleridge, 'the man with the great sword?' 'The same,' I answered. 'Then,' said Mr. C. with an assumed gravity, 'I will suppress this note to Chatterton; the fellow might have my head off before I am aware.' To be sure there was something rather formidable in his huge dragoon sword, constantly rattling by his side! This Captain Blake was a member of the Bristol corporation, and a pleasant man, but his sword was prodigious. 'The sight of it,' Mr. C. said, 'enough to set half-a-dozen poets scampering up Parnassus, as though hunted by a wild mastodon.'"

Charles Lamb, meantime, was living in lodgings with his parents and his sister Mary, in Little Queen Street, Holborn. His position was even more depressing than that of Coleridge. His father, respected as an old servant of the Mr. Salt, a bencher of the Middle Temple, was in a state of dotage; his mother had lost the use of her limbs; his sister, with a mental infirmity that afterwards deepened into insanity, was laboriously working at her needle, in order to help the family by the produce of her industry, and, at the same time, attending night and day upon her mother. An old maiden aunt, who resided with them, paid a small board. These resources, and Charles's salary as a clerk of three years' standing at the India House, comprised their whole subsistence.

It was at such a juncture, when thoughts of matrimony appear almost insane, that young poets usually think proper

to fall in love. Coleridge was enamoured of Miss Fricker, whose sister was married to Robert Lovell; and Lamb formed an attachment to a young lady living near Islington, and wrote verses on "the fair-haired maid." His hopes, however grounded, were blighted by the scourge of insanity which broke out in his own home and family, when he conscientiously gave up for ever all design of marrying, all hope of loving and of being beloved.

Coleridge, "full of boundless ambition, love, and hope,"* was his friend. They had parted with regret, Coleridge, to perfect, as he thought, his Pantisocratic scheme, had left London for Bristol; Lamb remained in the capital. Lamb was desolate, poor, hopeless. The loss of his friend's society fell heavily upon his heart, The sight of continual privation, of mental weakness, and of bodily suffering at home, weighed him down. Added to this there was a continual dread, sad as the condition was of his home, of its becoming worse. His sister's flickering reason had often been overclouded, whilst, at the same time, her intellect was strong, her heart affectionate. He loved this poor girl with a fondness such as it is the lot of few who trouble their relations as poor Mary Lamb did, to inspire. There was a family tendency to madness; and at length poor Charles's sensitive spirit gave way. How could it be otherwise? Privation, if not want, disease, imbecility, within doors! Queen Street, Holborn, without! These harrowing words were written by Lamb to Coleridge in the spring of the year 1796:—

"Coleridge! I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got rational now, and

* Talfourd.

don't bite any one. But mad I was! and many a vagary my imagination played with me."

He had, however, a resource that was invaluable,—poetry. Coleridge had encouraged him to join him in writing a volume of poems, and Lamb had extended the number of his sonnets to nine, and was beginning a poem in blank verse. His friend was in his thoughts, whether in calm reason, or in the paroxysms of mania.

"Coleridge!" he again exclaims, "it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy."

Lamb's first sonnet was addressed to his unhappy sister. It was written, as he informs Coleridge, "in his prison house in one of his lucid intervals."

"TO MY SISTER.

"If from my lips some angry accents fell,
 Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
 'Twas but the error of a sickly mind,
 And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well
 And waters clear of reason; and for me
 Let this my verse the poor atonement be —
 My verse which thou to praise wert e'er inclined
 Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
 No blemish. Thou to me did'st ever show
 Kindest affection; and would'st oft-times lend
 An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
 Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
 But ill the mighty debt of love I owe —
 Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend."

From this time until his death, forty years afterwards, the "dark hour" never visited, in its afflicting force, Charles Lamb. It passed away wholly, and left him the most enduring, the most elastic, vigorous-minded, and hard-working of men. No man had a greater capacity of happiness than

Charles Lamb. Few men have suffered more. The trials of Coleridge were chiefly the effect of his own imprudence; those of Lamb were "direct afflictions from Heaven." His existence was one life-long combat with misery from external causes. He combated adversity nobly, and it chastened his spirit; though, in habits, as in fortitude, it finally broke down, not his principles, but his resolution.

The superiority of Lamb's moral tone to that of Coleridge appears in a very early stage of their correspondence. The poet at Bristol writes to the poet in London, in some uneasiness about the bill of a tailor named May. The generous Charles Lamb writes back word. "Dear C.—Make yourself quite easy about May. I paid his bill when I sent your clothes. I was flush of money, and I am still so, to all the purposes of a single life, so give yourself no further concern about it. The money would be superfluous to me if I had it."

Not long afterwards, Lamb again writes: "I have one more favour to beg of you, that you never mention Mr. May's name in *any* sort, much less think of repaying. Are we not flocci-nanci — what-d'ye-call-em-ists?" Coleridge *may* have repaid Lamb, but even the great poet's most ardent admirers must doubt if he did so. He had a large conscience as to repayments; the sentiment of honour was strong at his heart, but the nicety of its practice in money matters was early broken down in his mind.

The beautiful character of Lamb grows upon us as we read his "Memorials" by one who loved him well. A slight passing allusion sometimes appears in his letters to the subject of the following poem; but after his attack of lunacy, a mournful silence respecting the subject of matrimony, prevails in Lamb's letters. On revisiting a spot, where the scene of his first sonnet was laid, he wrote the following lines:

"When last I roved these winding wood-walks green,
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
Oft times would Anna seek the silent scene,
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade;
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where in happier days
I held free converse with my fairhaired maid.
I passed the little cottage which did once my all contain,
It spoke of days that ne'er must come again;
Spoke to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
Now 'Fair befall thee, gentle maid,' said I,
And from the cottage turned me with a sigh."

Henceforth Charles Lamb's unselfish heart was bound to his duties, his labours, his resignation; and soon a domestic tragedy cast a fearful shadow over a home, one would have thought, even sufficiently gloomy.

Coleridge, meantime, was falling in love at Bath with Sarah (poetically termed Sara) Fricker, the sister-in-law of his friend Lovell. Whether owing to this all-engrossing passion, or to his native eccentricity and absence of mind, does not appear evident: but, whatever the cause, he soon became the talk of certain circles at Bath, for his singularity. For instance, one day, an eminent medical gentleman invited him to dinner and assembled a large party to meet the lion. The dinner waited; was served at last, cold — and the host, hot, with rage; but the poet never appeared. Another evening, a lecture on "The Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire" was announced, by Mr. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge. The appointed hour arrived; the room was thronged—no Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Half an hour passed away; no Mr. Coleridge. At last it was announced that "a circumstance exceedingly to be regretted would prevent Mr. Coleridge from lecturing that evening." "Some family misfortune," said one; "some fearful acci-

dent," cried another; but his friends knew better, and believed that the poet-lecturer was then calmly smoking his pipe at No. 28, College Street, his often unpaid-for lodgings.

The same indifference to engagements which went through the whole character was exhibited also on a more signal occasion. Years afterwards, the great, the gay, the *précieuses* among the fair sex, the critical among the other, were crowded one fine spring day at Albemarle Street, to hear Coleridge deliver a lecture on the Belles Lettres. A long line of carriages blocked up the streets. Peers, M.P.'s, ladies of rank, blue-stockings, dandies, belles, were all seated. Two o'clock struck,—no Coleridge; half-past two, gentlemen began to look at their watches; a quarter to three, men who were to go down "to the House" at five, moved uneasily in their seats; some went out, others stood up; the eyes of all were turned towards the door. At three, he came; his lanky, black hair all in disorder, his face more wan than usual, his dress less seemly. He took his place on the rostrum. Now, thought the assembly, something eloquent will come at last: he looked round; a deep silence followed. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have no lecture, — no lecture;" he waved his hands, attempted no false excuse. "But let us remember," he added, "that the Nine Muses were all old maids for want of a dowry." The random shot produced a laugh, and then he went on: the effect of that burning eloquence was marvellous. For an hour he spoke: on the power of his wonderful oratory, given out, even on that occasion, with colloquial ease, the editor of "The Table-Talk" must again be quoted.

"You came to a man," he says, speaking of Coleridge, "who had travelled in many countries and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks, and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to

whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar."

"There were, indeed," the same writer candidly owns, "some whom Coleridge tired — some whom he sent asleep. It would occasionally so happen, when the abstruser mood was strong upon him, and the visitor was narrow and ungenial."

* * * * *

"Likely enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy." *

How delightful soever Coleridge's wanderings may have been, he was sternly condemned by the more conscientious Southey for breaking his engagements. It was during a delightful excursion down the Wye that an unseemly dispute between the two social reformers took place. One fine morning, Southey, Coleridge, with the ladies of their hearts, — the two Miss Frickers, — with Mr. Cottle (Joseph, not *Amos*,) — crossed the Severn, and proceeded to Chepstow, where they dined. After dinner, Southey expressed to Coleridge his great vexation at the failure, on his part, to deliver the appointed lecture; adding that if he did not intend to fulfil his promise, he ought not to have undertaken to lecture. High words ensued: the friends who, on the far-off banks of the Susquehanna, were to set an example of perfect harmony, and of primitive communion of goods, could not help falling out on the banks of the Severn; Southey was punctuality itself; all one's approval must go with him: the dispute was vehement, and was only temporarily quieted by the ladies interfering, and joining the hands of the belligerents. The party then set off to Piercefield; Cottle riding discreetly, for the other four paired off, — Coleridge

* Preface to "Table Talk," p. xv.

with Sara, Southey with *his* future bride. Fortunately for the more complete restoration of harmony, they all lost their way; dangers and difficulties bring even those who hate each other into unison; necessity not only makes strange bed-fellows, but it keeps fellow-travellers in order; so, at last—not to follow Mr. Cottle in his narrative up hill and down dale, through wood and through valley—the travellers arrived at the sign of the “Tobacco Pipe,” then the only inn in Tintern. Let us merely relate that they were not too much tired to visit the ruins by torchlight. But, as they entered the sacred pile, and the huge doors unfolded, the “horned moon,” writes Mr. Cottle, inspired by the recollection,—“appeared between the opening clouds, and shining through the grand window in the distance. It was a delectable moment; not a little augmented by the unexpected green sward, that covered the whole of the floor and the long-forgotten tombs beneath; whilst the gigantic ivies, in their rivalry, almost concealed the projecting and dark turrets and eminences, reflecting back the lustre of the torch below.”

The deep calm of the evening was disturbed by a number of daws, aroused by the torch-light; they issued forth from the dense masses of ivy, and the nooks and crevices of the edifice, and mounting up into the skies formed a dark cloud, whilst their harsh notes seemed to reproach the disturbers of their rest. On the return of the party to the inn, Mr. Cottle, having heard that there was an iron foundry in the neighbourhood, proposed going to see it. It was never seen, the indefatigable Joseph said, in perfection, but at night. Coleridge and the ladies, tired out, refused to stir; it was very characteristic of the author of “*Thalaba, the Avenger*,” that he instantly assented, and set forth to view the miniature *inferno*.

On the following day, after an excursion, the reality of which exceeded the promise, the friends returned to Bristol,

having seen, indeed, nothing but the hackneyed features of that exquisite country which can only be really known by those who traverse its byways as well as its highways; Llandogo, its pretty falls—near which stands the residence of one now following, with historic pen, the fortunes of Garibaldi; Redbrook, a small hamlet on the shores of the Wye, where the river's course reminds the traveller of the Meuse, near Namûr, excite little but a passing remark from the tourist: then how wild, in the days of Coleridge, before the close of the eighteenth century, must the population have been; what a study for a poet the rude dwellers on the Great and Little Doward, whereon, until lately, even in our own times, men, women, and their children dwelt in holes, with leaves for their beds, a hole for the smoke to issue out of the cavity, where, Godless, almost garmentless, they lived, winter and summer, like savages.

Cottle had the honour of publishing Coleridge's first volume of poems, concerning which the following characteristic letter (dated July 25, 1795) was written:—

“Dear Cottle,

“By the thick smokes that precede the volcanic eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, and Hecla, I feel an impulse to fumigate, at (now) 25 College Street, one pair of stairs room; yea, with our oronoco; and if thou wilt send me by the bearer four pipes, I will write a panegyrical epic poem upon thee, with as many books as there are letters in thy name. Moreover, if thou wilt send me ‘the copybook,’ I hereby bind myself, by to-morrow morning to write out enough copy for a sheet and a half.”

Never did bard more thoroughly plague his publisher than Coleridge did Cottle. Paid by anticipation before the works went to press, Coleridge was perpetually finding excuses in his “brain-crazing circumstances” for his delays; the printer complained that “his types, his leads, and his

forms" were locked up day after day, week after week. "How much copy to day?" asked Joseph Cottle. "None to-day, but to-morrow you shall have some." To-morrow came: a very devil in the form of rheumatism had got possession of the poet's left temple, cheek, jaw, throat, and shoulder. "I write in agony!" Sometimes Coleridge cannot even order his own dinner, but begs Cottle to send his servant into the market to buy a pound of bacon and two quarts of broad beans; which were to be conveyed to College Street (one pair of stairs). Coleridge confessed that he had very little "finger industry," although his mind was "always on the stretch."

Cottle was, in truth, the most lenient of publishers. Lord Byron, who indulged in an unworthy satire on Joseph and Amos Cottle, had no conception of the kind hearts that he wounded, when he wrote those lines:—

"Bæotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast," —

alluding to "The Fall of Cambria," by Joseph Cottle. There was this meanness in the character of Lord Byron: professing a love of equality and liberalism in every point, he associated with literary men of lower origin than his own; whilst friendly, all distinctions of rank were apparently forgotten; when a coolness arose, Byron stood on his lordship: it is the very moment when a *true* gentleman casts away all conventional differences, and enters the lists as man with man. The Cottles, however, fell under his lash and Joseph avenged the attack by retorting on Byron's scepticism. Amos Cottle, whose name Byron ridiculed*, was an amiable, intelligent young man, educated as a scholar and a gentleman, at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He died soon after leaving the University, and Byron's sneer was therefore the more keenly felt. We are accustomed to sneers in these days;

* "Amos Cottle! Heavens! what a name!"

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

but, in 1800, the pungent articles of Jeffrey were in embryo; and the fearless wit of Byron came like a surprise, even at a later period, upon the public; and the two excellent Cottles shared with others the effects of the brilliant satire on "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Joseph Cottle was indirectly the cause of Coleridge's early, and it is said, infelicitous marriage. "Aware," writes the worthy man, "of his narrow circumstances, and not doubting the anxieties he must feel, in the prospect of his altered condition, and to render his mind easy, in pecuniary affairs, as the extreme case would admit; I thought it would afford a small relief to tell him, that I would give him one guinea and a half (after his volume was completed), for every hundred lines he might present to me, whether rhyme or blank verse."

This offer appeared of more consequence in the estimation of Mr. Coleridge than it did in his who made it, for when a common friend familiarly asked him "how he was to keep the pot boiling?" he very promptly answered, that "Mr. Cottle had made him such an offer, that he felt no solicitude on that subject."

A cottage was taken at Clevedon, in Somersetshire: on the 4th of October 1795, Coleridge was married to Miss Sarah Fricker. The espousals were performed in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol: an edifice interesting to Coleridge as connected with Chatterton.

Singular accounts have been given of domestic difficulties, on the commencement of Coleridge's housekeeping. He still raved about "Susquehanna!" yet found the Clevedon cottage with little furniture, at first, very far from comfortable. "Send me down," he wrote to Cottle, "with all despatch:— A riddle slice, a candle box, two ventilators, two glasses for the wash-hand stand, one tin dustpan, one small tin tea kettle, one pair of candlesticks, one carpet brush, one flour-dredge, three tin extinguishers, two mats, a pair of slippers, a cheese toaster, two large tin spoons, a bible, a keg of porter,

coffee, raisins, currants, catchup, nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, rice, ginger, and mace."

The kind Joseph Cottle instantly complied with his request, and went down the next day to see the couple. The house, or cottage, was at the extremity of the village; it was only one story high; the drawing-room, looking into a pretty flower garden, was only white-washed; but Joseph sent down an upholsterer the very next day, and had it papered with a "sprightly paper." The rent of this dwelling was only five pounds a year: so Coleridge delighted in saying that by mounting his Pegasus only for a week, he could pay the whole rent for the year. At first, the poet and his bride were enchanted with their home; but Coleridge soon found that he was too far from Bristol for society—out of the way. They removed to Bristol, but afterwards accepted an invitation to visit a friend, Mr. S. Poole, of Stowey, in Somersetshire, where they remained some time.

The usual, the almost inevitable effects of relying on poetry as a means of subsistence, were now beginning to be experienced. Coleridge felt that he would have been thankful to have been a shoemaker, rather than an "author by trade." He was in a quick-set hedge of embarrassment,—which ever way he turned, a thorn ran into him. "So am I forced to write for bread! write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife!" "The future," he added, in his anguish, "is cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread, looking up to me! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste. I am too late! I am already months behind! I have received my pay beforehand! O wayward and desultory spirit of genius! Ill canst thou brook a task-master!

"The tenderest touch from the hand of obligation, wounds thee like a scourge of scorpions!"

He had been writing in the fields, came home, and found a "refresher" from his publisher. "I have not seen it, but I guess its contents. *I am writing* as fast as I can." Poor Coleridge! The kind Joseph Cottle sent him money, and they met. "No thick cloud," no "thorn," to sadden a delicious evening,—Coleridge in his most brilliant mood. He used to say, in his despondency, that he had no "friend" in the world to whom he could apply for a guinea. Chatterton, to whom Coleridge has been, we think *not* very happily, compared, had the love of his poor clinging family, though the world loved him not, nor he the world; Coleridge was at variance with his friends. At last, Cottle induced him to dedicate a volume of poems to his brother George. These beautiful lines, in the dedication, are peculiarly touching.

"To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and a different mind —
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while,
Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills."

Whilst Coleridge, at once a projector and a procrastinator, was following his vocation as an author at Bristol, his friend, Charles Lamb, was combating with a far sterner adversity in London, than any that had then been allotted to his friend.

It was not merely Lamb's own malady; the sufferer refers to *that* as affording him, strange to say, "many, many hours of pure happiness:" it was not even the "tide of melancholy" which, Lamb declares, "rushed in upon Coleridge's departure from London," and did its worst mischief by overwhelming his reason: not but that the void to Lamb was great, not but that he recalled vividly, "the little smoking room at the Salutation and Cat," where through the "winter's night they beguiled the cares of life with poesy." Coleridge's pleas and fancies had indeed "cheated" his friend of "his grief."

Lamb had letters to console him, to rouse him as he said, "from his lethargy, and make him conscious of existence." Coleridge was soothing and sympathetic to one of the most afflicted of human beings: and had sent

"Many an holy lay,
That, mourning, soothed the mourner on his way."

But, at length, a trial came that even the closest friendship could scarcely mitigate or console.

It was on the 22nd of September, 1796, that the family in Little Queen Street were on the point of sitting down to dinner. Mary Lamb, worn out by attending on her mother, and by working at her needle, had, a few days previously, shown symptoms of approaching insanity. Suddenly, on that terrible day, she seized a case knife which was on the table, and pursued a young girl, her apprentice, round the room, with it in her hand.

Her mother screamed out to her to desist; she then turned her attack towards that unhappy parent.

In vain did the child who had been first pursued shriek for aid: the frantic Mary Lamb pierced her mother to the heart: then hung over her lifeless form, whilst her aged father, bleeding at the forehead, owing to a wound from one of the forks which she had been furiously hurling about the room, stood weeping by her. What a scene for the kind, gentle-hearted brother to behold. Alas! he only came in time to wrest from his sister's hand the knife — but not to save the maniac girl from being her own mother's destroyer. But Charles Lamb, reared in poverty, trained in self-denial, had a wonderful command of feeling; a most valuable common sense. "God," he wrote to Coleridge, in telling him of this domestic tragedy, "has preserved to me my senses, — I eat and drink and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound." "Thank God," he adds, "I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do." An

nquest sat : a verdict of *lunacy* was given. The poor girl had treated her mother with great affection ; and her task had been a hard one. That mother, as Charles expressed it, *never understood* her daughter : she loved her — as she loved her other children—with a maternal affection, but met poor Mary's caresses and assurances of love, with coldness and repulse. No act of duty nor of kindness had, however, ever been omitted, until the mind grew dark and desperate, and the daughter took away the mother's life.

"Write as religious a letter as possible," Charles Lamb wrote to Coleridge, "but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me the former things are passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel."

He braced himself up for the conflict with destiny, and henceforth devoted himself heart and soul to her who was far more to be commiserated than the poor exacting mother who had died by violence. There is a touching postscript to his first letter after this event to Coleridge. "Mention nothing of poetry ; I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initials, and never send for a book, I charge you." The iron had entered into his soul : he believed, as we all do in our anguish, that he could never again return to the habits and pleasures of calmer hours.

His sister's reason was soon restored ; and, with a strength of character most remarkable, whilst feeling a dreadful and awful recollection of what had occurred, she was able, by religious resignation, and a sound judgment, to distinguish between an act of frenzy and a deliberate murder.

"I have seen her," her brother wrote : "I found her this morning, calm and serene ; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity ; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confi-

dence enough in her strength of mind and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity."

Was it sin, or presumption, Charles Lamb asked his friend, to say it was *religious* principle that first supported *him*? He felt he had something to do besides to feel. That evening his aunt lay, miserable, like one dying; there sat his father, his head plaistered, but so wholly unconscious of all that had happened; in the adjoining room the corpse of his murdered mother lay extended. "I closed not my eyes that night," poor Charles wrote, "but lay without terrors and without despair." And, as usual, on the unselfish member of the family, the whole burden lay — for Charles's brother, on the plea of a bad leg, took no trouble with age and infirmities.

The gentle, fragile looking Charles struggled against useless sensibility, and his efforts prove how much may be effected even by persons hereditarily subject to insanity, to ward off the malady. His excellence had its reward; by his self-control, by his exertions, he maintained, or helped to maintain, his reason. Cowper did much also to struggle against the foe; but Cowper was enervated with early self-indulgence, and early prosperity; by sympathy, and, as Southey said of him, by "living too much with pitying women." Cowper was the spoiled idol of a *coterie*; Lamb had the *real* lessons of stern adversity to fortify his character, and he rose greatly to the occasion. His misery was great. Two friends, really true, Mr. and Mrs. Norris of Christ's Hospital, comforted the afflicted family by solid acts of kindness; *twenty* acquaintance rushed in from curiosity, and were unfeeling enough to sit down supping in the room. They asked Charles to eat with them: "To eat," he wrote, "I never refused. I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was

lying in the next room — the very next room ! A mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. 'Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good.' Added to these details, there was the old man playing at cards, and talking as if nothing had happened, whilst the coroner's inquest was going on.

Alleviations came ; a gentleman sent the family twenty pounds ; an old lady, a gentlewoman of fortune, took away the aged aunt, and promised to make her comfortable to the end of her life ; and the aunt, generous, as poor people generally are, gave up the interest of all her little money to Charles and Mary Lamb, which made up the income of the family to £180 or £190 a year, out of which £50 or £60 a year could easily, Charles thought, be allotted for poor Mary, in order to keep her from going into an hospital. "I know," he wrote, "John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital."

Often had Mary, the gifted, the gentle Mary, said as she used to pass the Bethlehem Hospital, "I know I shall have to end my days there ;" that one of her brothers would have it so, that the other would be obliged "to go with the stream," for, from a certain flightiness of head, and from her former sad experience, Mary was perfectly sensible of her disposition to mania. Perhaps, had the dreaded necessity occurred in the present day, it is possible that benefit would have arisen. No private institutions can compete in management with Bedlam, St. Luke's, and Hanwell. More cures are effected in those hospitals than can ever be proportionately numbered

in private madhouses. The great benefactor of the lunatic, the benevolent, philosophic, accomplished John Conolly, lived not indeed, in those days, but Haslam and other humane physicians, presided over public charities with zeal and science.

Cure, however, in Mary Lamb's case, was never much more than temporary; amiable, even when in a state of aberration, she was, save in that fearful paroxysm of mania to which her mother fell a victim, always gentle; whilst her intellect, in the intervals of reason, was vigorous and clear.

Happily poor Mary found, in the "good lady of the mad house," a friend; in her daughter, "a sweet elegant young lady," a companion whom she loved, and who liked her. To know that his sister was in an asylum, was as great a happiness to Charles, as it is to many to be assured that near relations are in gay and great houses. In vain did his brother John, a domestic tempter, play upon the weaknesses of human nature. "Charles, you must take care of yourself." John liked his ease and pleasure; Charles had a higher tone of mind. The sweetness of his nature was known to all who knew him; the heroic aspect of his character, was, as Talfourd said, suspected by few of his friends. He saw the excellence of his unhappy sister, and pitied, as angels pitied those of old possessed by devils, the maniacal, unhappy girl. Unestranged not only, but loving her with an intense affection, he took the poor outcast back to his home; his heart gave up for her sake, that he might cherish and protect her, that less ennobled affection, those dear hopes which had been so precious to his youthful heart, and carried "the spirit of the hour in which he first knew and took his course to the last." He assumed no virtue as a martyr, nor took out repayment "by small instalments of long repining."* Of his sister he always spoke as of his "wiser self," as of his greatest good,

* Talfourd.

his companion, adviser, his benefactress. To say all that he knew of her, he declared, would be more than any one could believe or understand.

Thus, by a gentle submission, coupled with great energy, he constituted for himself a happiness peculiarly his own. "Charles and Mary Lamb," exclaims Mr. Gillman in his *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of Coleridge*, "what recollections pleasant and painful do those twin names recall . . . No man that I have ever known was so well fitted to attract and engage the sympathies, the love, the affectionate regards, and the respect of ingenuous natures. To all others his heart was (I will not say closed) unresponsive. To you, my dear children, the impression made by the remarkable appearance of this *model man*, his kindness, his expressive and pensive face and figure, must, and ever will remain; would that I could even faintly shadow out the more admirable qualities of his mind."

Coleridge felt deeply for his friend. He wrote to him, it seems, in the true spirit in which sorrows so awful as those of Charles Lamb should be viewed; not taken heavily, so as to crush the bruised flax, not taken lightly, as matters to be borne philosophically, and cast off lightly. Such griefs must have their purpose. Let them be ever borne as corrective mercies. "I was in danger," Lamb wrote to his friend, "of making myself too happy; your letter brought me back to a view of things, which I had entertained from the beginning. I hope (for Mary I can answer), but I hope that I shall through life never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression of what has happened, than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means, may *both* of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty!"

With manly independence, as well as humanity, Lamb

disregarded the advice of hard friends who thought that Mary should be placed in life-long durance. "What has she done? Where is the necessity of such an hardship? I see not.—Do you?" Lamb wrote to Coleridge. There were many who thought harshly of poor Mary; but Coleridge and Sara judged gently and kindly, and Lamb thanked them for it. The future destiny of this most gifted brother and sister were often clouded, yet gleams of sunshine irradiated the gloom.

"But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?" *

"To most men experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed." Charles Lamb, however, was the "track," and the stern-lights shed their full power on him. At twenty-one years of age he set out in life with little more than 100*l.* a-year *cheerfully*; he was bound, as it were, to a long journey, full of the dread of adventures, and he girded himself for the toil. His father died; his old aunt, returned upon his hands, died also; and Mary, saved by his firmness from being tried, on her recovery, by the parish authorities, sank again and again into madness. When she was threatened with a trial, Charles gave certain persons in office a solemn guarantee that he would take her under his care for life: and he kept his word. It was a fearful pledge. When the old aunt expired, Mary, exhausted by her attendance on her, became again insane. She was removed, and Charles was left alone with nothing but "Aunt Hetty's dead body" to keep him company. "My heart"—poor Charles!—"is quite sunk, and I know not where to look for relief. We are in a manner *marked*." Thus he wrote in anguish, and then added these

* In Memoriam.

few despondent words: "I almost wish that Mary were dead." He could not always stay in that house of horrors, but slept out at night.

His friend Lloyd, a poet also, came to London, and, taking up his abode at the Bull and Mouth Inn, was with him continually. Lamb wrote to Coleridge in ecstatic delight at this merciful visit, and sent him a copy of verses expressive of his feelings. "But you," he says, "dwell in my heart of hearts. I love you in all the naked honesty of truth." Of Lloyd's appearance he says in one of his stanzas:

"For this a gleam of random joy,
Hath flush'd my unaccustomed cheek,
And with an o'ercharged, bursting heart,
I feel the thanks, I cannot speak."

It appeared, however, as if Charles Lamb was indeed *marked*. Lloyd, too, became deranged. How many gifted ones of that day were a prey to this terrible affliction: Collins the poet, Cowper, Robert Hall, for one year, Lloyd, Charles Lamb. Lloyd believed himself to be, as Cowper did of himself, the peculiar object of Divine wrath. He was placed, but in vain, under the care of the celebrated Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury.

But Lamb's life was cheered by the hope of paying Coleridge a visit at Stowey. Among his other privations, confinement to London was one of Lamb's trials. How beautiful are Coleridge's lines alluding to his friend's checked, but not suppressed feelings:

"Yes, they wander on!
In gladness all, but thou, methinks, most glad,
My gentle hearted Charles, for thou hast pined
And hungered after nature many a year,
In the great city pent, winning thy way
With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
And strange calamity."

.

"My gentle hearted Charles! when the last rook
Beat its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had crossed the mighty orb's dilated glory,
While thou stood'st gazing; or when all was still
Flew croaking o'er my head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant that tells of life."

Coleridge, meantime, was living at Stowey in Somersetshire, in a house rented at seven pounds a year. His son, Hartley, that accomplished, unhappy son, Charles Lamb's "dear, dear Hartley," was born. Charles Lloyd, before the crisis of his disorder, was an inmate of Coleridge's; everything looked like happiness. But there never was a greater warning to man not to marry upon literature than Coleridge's life. Pecuniary difficulties beset and depressed his intellectual powers. His misery was too dreadful to be described.

"So much I felt my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat; nature within me seemed,
In all her functions, weary of herself."

Every mode of life which had seemed to offer him bread and cheese appeared to be snatched away from him. "Ten pounds from Lloyd" indeed kept him from immediate want; but Lloyd, on returning to Stowey, was seized with "agonised delirium." What with bodily toil, in striving to repress his frantic struggles, and what with feelings of agony for his sufferings, poor Coleridge was perfectly unhinged.

Charles Lamb's visit to Stowey must, however, have renovated Coleridge's spirits: they could talk of their school-days, when both were at Christ's Hospital, a presentation to which was given to Coleridge by Judge Buller, who had been one of his father's pupils. "When depressed, moping, friendless, poor, orphan, half-starved," he gave to his friends, as they talked over old times, the impressions

which Lamb transmitted to his "Recollections of Christ's Hospital." How forlorn was, and is, the situation of a country lad, taken from an indulgent home, supplied then with insufficient food, Elia fully shows. Lamb, on the other hand, might be rallied by Coleridge on *his* good fortune; how he, from favouritism, had tea and hot rolls in the morning, "whilst we were fattening on our quarter of penny loaf, and drinking attenuated small beer, smacking of the leathern jack from which it was poured." How over their frugal, but cheerful repast at Stowey would they talk of the milk porritch, blue and tasteless, the pease-soup, coarse and choking. Yet these were their least privations. *The whole day's* leave, a cheerful sound to Lamb, and others who had friends in London; when boys were turned out a live-long day, to go to friends whom they had not, or to pick up all the misery and vice they could in the metropolis — those "friendless holidays" — how Coleridge loathed them. "O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead. The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How in my dreams would my native town come back (far in the west) with its churches and trees and faces!" Such reminiscences may have crept in, and made the real anxieties of life seem less stern. They may have recalled the naturally joyous spirits of Coleridge, when, passing through the cloisters, he used to rivet the attention of casual passers-by, and, like his Ancient Mariner, hold them by a spell. Lamb might say then to him, as he does in Elia, "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column, before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned. How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus

or Plotinus, or reciting old Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents."

No wonder full half Coleridge's time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick ward of Christ's Hospital, ill of rheumatic fever and jaundice; no wonder that the stomach became delicate, and the whole frame enervated and often miserable. Let those who blame Coleridge's age, look at his youth.

When Edward VI. founded Christ's Hospital, he gave it the space upon which the convent of Grey Friars stood — precincts of some extent; open fields, kept jealously so by the city, were on one side—a placid country beyond. Never could the gentle monarch have anticipated that in the midst of smoke, noise, carts, omnibuses, to say nothing of narrow streets, vice, and dirt, the "fatherless children" would have been allowed still to continue.

"I do not shame to say, the Hospital
Of London was my chiefest fostering place."

Then, perhaps, the friends went over Coleridge's college life; how he fell into debt at Jesus College, Cambridge; a debt collegians would think but little of now, — for 100*l.*; owing to imprudently letting an upholsterer furnish his rooms; how, being a freshman, and sport for others, a little bit of the tail of his gown was cut off so frequently, that at last it came into the form of a spencer. How the Master of Jesus College called after him in the Quad., "Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Coleridge, when will you get rid of that shameful gown?" Coleridge, looking round at his diminished skirts, answering courteously, "Why, Sir, I think I've got rid of the greatest part of it already." How revolutionary, how Socinian he had been till twenty-five; how proud, "proud as a Grecian, to speak as a Blue-coat boy," when in companionship with Butler (afterwards of Shrewsbury), Keats (of Eton), Bethell, Bishop of Bangor, he was selected out of eighteen men to stand for the

Craven Scholarship — Dr. Butler getting it. How he gave up college, perhaps not unfortunately, for

“There is a Providence which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Yet he looked back with delight “to the friendly cloisters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever honoured Jesus College.” “What evenings,” a college friend of his wrote, “have I not spent with him there.”*

Then, perhaps, they would pass on, in talk, to Coleridge’s starting off to London, sitting all night on the steps of Chancery Lane, and seeing the next morning an *affiche*, “Wanted, a few smart lads for the 15th Elliott’s Light Dragoons” — enlisting under the name of Cumberback, and being marched off to Reading. How he never got beyond the awkward squad; the sergeant always calling out, “Take care of that Cumberback, or he’ll ride over you,” or how he was recognised by a friend, and persuaded to give up his military career, and go back to Cambridge for a time; all this may, and must, have furnished many a suggestion, for those speculations on life, and things, generally, in which Coleridge and his friend delighted.

Yet often, how often, to both these loving old schoolmates, and life-long friends,

“A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stillèd, drowsy, unimpassioned grief
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear,

would “coil around their minds.”

They had, however, their delights, these two gifted and good men. The visit to Stowey was a balm indeed to the wounded spirit of Lamb. Cottle speaks of the “jasmine arbour,” with its “tripod table laden with delicious

* Life of Coleridge, vol. i. p. 53.

bread and cheese, and a brown mug of the Taunton ale." Above this, "sylvan hut, were the bright blue heavens, around it balmy zephyrs," feathered choristers, dappled sunbeams playing upon the table, social talk of the most intellectual quality — how different to the miserable home in Little Queen Street, full of dark shadows of the past, and terrors of future storms!

Yet there were joyous evenings even in that fated house. In after days, Lamb, finding his level, attracted there the good, the gifted, the fair. A year passed away, and Lamb penned those lines upon the events of that terrible day, his mother's death. He kept the anniversary in prayers such as these: —

"My God, and my Redeemer, keep not thus
My soul in brute and sensual thanklessness
Seal'd up, oblivious ever of that dear grace,
And health restored to my long loved friend;
Long lov'd and worthy known! Thou did'st not keep
Her soul in death. O keep not now, my Lord,
Thy servant's in far worse — in spiritual death
And darkness — blacker than those feared shadows
Of the valley all must tread."

And yet the man who could pen these lines was often lost in the mists and darkness of intemperance; unable to control the fearful indulgence.

Coleridge also, who, as Lamb said, from his youth upwards, "hungered for eternity," of a sensitive nature, a too accusing spirit, — fell.

To return from this digression: in 1801 Coleridge settled at Keswick, so that the friends were separated. Various events good and bad, chequered the life of Coleridge; but one "giant sorrow," his sister's malady, hung like a sword suspended by a hair, over the head of Charles Lamb. Coleridge, through Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, had the good fortune to be introduced to the opulent, intelligent, and liberal family of Wedgwood. The younger members consisted, at that time,

of three sons ; the youngest of whom, Thomas, was an amiable, interesting invalid, doomed to an early death, from a consumptive tendency. It was this invalid, who, whilst staying at Penzance for his health, observed a young man picking sea-weeds and zoophytes from the rocks. Struck by his intelligence, Thomas Wedgwood befriended the youth, and introduced him to Davies Gilbert, and to Beddoes. That young man was Humphry Davy. Beddoes, who had married the sister of Maria Edgeworth, took Davy to be his assistant in his Pneumatic Institution at the Hotwells. The Pneumatic Institution, and all the fanciful theories of Dr. Beddoes, have long since been forgotten ; whilst Davy's fame remains immortal.

Mr. Lambton, the father of the late Earl of Durham, who, with his brother, was a pupil in philosophy of Beddoes, and Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, were both great benefactors to the Pneumatic Institution. Mr. Wedgwood performed another act of kindness, he largely assisted Coleridge, who travelled with him for some time. Coleridge had now changed his religious opinions and abjured Unitarianism. He once, Mr. Gillman tells us, "met Mrs. Barbauld at an evening party." He had not long been present, when walking across the room she addressed him in these words, "So, Mr. Coleridge, I understand you do not consider Unitarians Christians." "I hope, madam," he replied, "that all persons born in a Christian country are Christians, and all in a condition to be saved ; but I *do* contend that Unitarianism is *not* Christianity." "I do not," she replied, "understand the distinction." Nevertheless he regarded with more attention what men *were* than their form of faith. So changed were his tenets that at one time Coleridge had had an intention of becoming the pastor of an Unitarian meeting-house at Shrewsbury, but the project was given up at the suggestion of his best friends, who feared the pastoral duties might interfere with his literary pursuits.

Whatever his creed then was, at a later period Lamb felt that to Coleridge he owed "much under God." Coleridge's conversations had won him to the better cause, and rescued him from the polluting spirit of the world. "Still, Lamb owned he wanted more religion," he was "jealous of human helps and leaning places." "May God at last settle you," he adds; "you have had many and painful trials; humanly speaking, they are going to end; but we should rather pray that discipline may attend us through the whole of our lives."

Coleridge, generous being, had then asked Mary and Charles to visit him; yet Mary was on the very brink of madness." Lamb thought Coleridge would make her "dance on the very brink of the precipice, and that she ought to be with duller fancies, and cooler intellects." He was right; Mary was soon ill again, and "large slices were thus cut out of the time the brother and sister were to be together in this life." "I stroll about," poor Lamb wrote, "but there is not rest but at one's own fireside, and there is no rest for me there, now."

Temptation, however, came to both. Let us linger a little while longer on the placid, the almost brilliant period of Lamb's existence, before we record his misery.

The late Judge Talfourd has drawn a lively parallel between the literary society at Lamb's lodgings at the Temple, in Great Russell Street, and at Islington, and that of Holland House. Parallels are seductive; it seems to us, that though in Talfourd's heart the two *réunions* may have been placed side by side in grateful recollection, they could scarcely be brought into comparison, although the same persons, in many instances, frequented both parties.

Charles Lamb's friends assembled on every Wednesday evening at 4, Inner Temple Lane. Lord Holland's literary dinners often took place on Saturday, when, says Talfourd, "every appliance of physical luxury which the most delicate art can supply attends on each; every faint wish which

luxury creates is anticipated ; the noblest and most gracious countenance in the world smiles over the happiness it is diffusing, and redoubles it by cordial invitations and encouraging words, which set the humblest stranger at perfect ease. As the dinner emerges into the dessert, and the sunset casts a richer glow on the branches, still, or lightly waving in the evening light, and on the scene within, the harmony of all sensations becomes more perfect ; a delighted and delighting chuckle invites attention to some joyous sally of the richest intellectual wit, reflected in the faces of all, even to the favourite page in green, who attends his mistress with duty like that of the antique world ; the choicest wines are enhanced in their liberal but temperate use, by the vista opened in Lord Holland's tales of bacchanalian evenings at Brookes's, with Fox and Sheridan ; until at length the serener pleasure of conversation is enjoyed in that old long unrivalled library in which Addison drank and mused and wrote, where every living grace attended, ' and more than echoes talk along the walls.' "

Lord Holland's dinners—and it was their peculiar charm—were not like parliamentary dinners, such as remind one of a committee of the House of Commons. Poet and painter, at Holland House, mingled with statesmen and peers ; the sculptor sat by the side of the fine lady ; every one remembers Fenimore Cooper at Lady Holland's right hand. " Pray, where did you learn your English," her ladyship inquired, " Mr. Cooper ? " " At Wapping," was the gruff reply. There was no pretentious talk, where no one class had the ascendancy ; and, on looking round the table, it was curious to feel that there was a diffusion of intellect, though in various grades, all round the table ; yet the feast was unlike a *bas bleu* meeting ; no " pipeclay," as they say in the guards, was allowable. All was general, genial, yet distinctive. The common-place features of an ordinary party were never pre-

dominant at Holland House; whilst its host, gracious, but not condescending, seemed to be everybody's best friend.

At No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, which Talford brings forward in his parallel, there was, perhaps, as much enjoyment in a small way. In the first place, it was more accessible. The poor authors could walk in without expense, or further trouble than a clean shirt; even ladies could avail themselves of a *calash*, that good old-fashioned covering, and enter on foot.

The rooms which Lamb inhabited have been described by himself as "delicious;" three on the third floor, and five above, with a staircase to himself. The windows of the best rooms looked into Hare Court, where a pump was always going, and trees "came in at the window, so that it was like living in a garden;" all were newly painted, and thirty pounds a year covered the rent; and in these rooms one might be as happy, perhaps, as in the ancient, familiar, oblong saloons of Holland House, replete with old memories, opening into a deep recess, through the large windows of which, you may fancy you discern the outline of the Surrey hills. Space is a great luxury, however, and it is to be feared that there exist few persons who, if told to "look on this picture, then on that," would not vote for Holland House, *par préférence*.

A low ceiling, old-fashioned, well-worn furniture are lighted up at Charles Lamb's rooms by a bright fire—a clean hearth; order and cleanliness are there. It is Wednesday evening, the company are dropping in. "Lamb himself," Talford writes, "yet unrelaxed by the glass, is sitting with a sort of Quaker firmness at the whist table, the gentleness of his melancholy smile half lost in his intentness on the game; his partner, the author of 'Political Justice,' is regarding his hand with a philosophic, but not a careless eye; Captain Burney, only not venerable because so young in spirit, sits between them, and H. C. R., who alone now and then breaks the proper silence to welcome some in-coming

guest, is his happy partner ; true winner in the game of life, whose leisure, achieved early, is devoted to his friends. At another table sit another four. The broad, burly, jovial bulk of John Lamb, the Ajax Telamon of the clerks of the old South Sea House, confronts the stately but courteous Alsager ; while P., ‘his few hairs bristling’ at gentle objurgations, watches his partner M. B. dealing, with soul more white than the hand of which Lamb once said, ‘M., if dirt was trump, what hands you would hold !’ In one corner of the room you may see Charles Lloyd, discussing of ‘fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,’ with Leigh Hunt ; you will scarcely know which most to admire ; the severe logic of the melancholy reasoner, or its graceful evasion by the tricksome fantasy of the joyous poet. Basil Montagu is pouring into the outstretched ear of George Dyer some tale of legalised injustice, which the recipient is vainly endeavouring to comprehend.”*

Soon the room fills. Hazlitt, Kenney, Miss Stephens, now Lady Essex, Liston—looking very unlike the Dalgetty whom he had just been personating, longs to tell how Sir Walter Scott, enchanted with his acting of that masterly character, came behind the scenes, and half let out the “Great Unknown,” by exclaiming, “Upon my word, Mr. Liston, your performance is admirable ; you have quite caught my conception of the charact—, I mean, the *author’s* conception of the character of Dalgetty.” “Charles Kemble,” to borrow the somewhat stilted language of Talfourd, “mirrors the chivalry of thought, and ennobles the party by bending on them looks, beaming with the aristocracy of nature.”

Meantime, the cloth is laid by Becky ; and Mary Lamb, the most “quiet, sensible, and kind of women,” is superintending the preparation of that meal, on which Mrs. Marsh, in her “Previsions of Lady Eveline,” makes the exclamation, “Suppers, which for our sins we shall see no more !” Pro-

* Final Memorials.

bably, in the form they assumed in the Inner Temple, they will never regain their hold on what is called "good society." Cold roast beef or lamb, smoking roasted potatoes, beer, "*too often*," Talfourd himself acknowledged, replenished "from the best tap in Fleet Street" — hot water and its accompaniments — deadly poisons to some there, enhance Charles Lamb's puns, and Hazlitt's fine criticisms uttered with struggling emphasis. There was an alloy to all this simple festivity; and Mary, as she moves about to see that every one is duly attended to, sighs as she watches her brother mixing his second tumbler. The misery, the humiliation has even then begun. Less familiar guests come, and the conversation, when Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were there, took a higher range. Of Lamb, Hazlitt tells us, that "his serious conversation, like his serious writing, was his best." The same may be said of most great men. "No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen sentences as Lamb; his jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play on words." His conversation is said, by Talfourd, to have "vibrated between the intense and the grotesque." His wildness of mirth was often indulged in to dispel an aching misery, which finally bore him down into degradation. Dr. Dibdin has conveyed an impression of Coleridge's colloquial powers, which will not easily be surpassed in graphic description.

"I shall never forget," he says, "the effect his conversation made upon me at the first meeting." Coleridge was discussing the connection between Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, and a copious field was here afforded for the exercise of his colloquial eloquence. "For nearly two hours he spoke with unhesitating and uninterrupted fluency. As I retired homewards, I thought a second Johnson had visited the earth to make wise the sons of men, and regretted that I could not exercise the power of a second Boswell to record the wisdom and the eloquence which had that evening flowed from the

orator's lips. . . . It drove away slumber; or, if I lapsed into sleep, there was Coleridge, his box, and his kerchief before my eyes; his mildly beaming looks, his occasionally deep tone of voice, and the excited features of his physiognomy. The manner of Coleridge was rather emphatic than dogmatic, and thus he was generally and satisfactorily listened to. It might be said of Coleridge, as Cowper has so happily said of Sir Philip Sidney, that he was 'the warbler of poetic prose.'

This great eloquence was accompanied by many graceful qualities: in his discourse Coleridge was delicate, reverent, and courteous. The manner of this great talker was eminently simple. No "table talk," even of a hundred folios, no encomiums of friends, can give any adequate notion of the charm of that eloquence, which, flowing from the sources of a mind filled with all knowledge, came forth naturally and easily, as if, as Dr. Dibdin remarks, he were abstracted from everything around him, and were "basking in the sunny warmth of his own radiant imagination."

Yet, to some, Coleridge was tiresome. Many, in his late years, went to Mr. Gillman's to hear the poet talk, as they would to hear Mathews, or Albert Smith in a monologue,—and returned no more.

Among his most intimate friends, and frequent associates, were the late Basil Montagu and his beautiful, ever-graceful wife. Montagu was the natural son of the Earl of Sandwich by Miss Rae, who was murdered by Hackman. He gave every one the impression of being descended from an old English race. With fine, aristocratic features, a perfect address, totally devoid of the barrister's impertinence and forwardness, he united good abilities, industry, taste, a very kindly heart; witness his continual efforts, in conjunction with the illustrious Romilly, to mitigate capital punishment. To those exertions the country owed Basil Montagu far more than we can now conceive. "London in the eighteenth cen-

ture" has been well described by Charles Knight to have been the "city of the gallows." Enter it at any point, in the middle and latter end of the century, and you must needs pass a line of gibbets; they were almost as common as drying grounds. Sail up the Thames, — you were sickened by ghastly skeletons dangling and dancing in the breeze, hanging still in chains from gibbets on the banks of the river. Enter the capital by Oxford Street, — there stands at Tyburn the gallows-tree: you might even have one set up before your own door in any part of the town. After the riots of '80, the gallows, Mr. Andrews tells us, "was *carried* about, and suspected persons hanged on the spot." What an unpleasant promenade must the streets thus have afforded! Even if you escaped beholding the sickening elevation of other passengers, turn into Hickee's Hall, or rather do *not* turn in, lest you see a murderer's dead body publicly dissected before a crowd of spectators. You could not, if you took a quiet walk in the neighbouring country, *always* avoid the meeting of four cross roads, and if you came upon the dismal junction, you were sure to see the grave of a suicide; and the stake run into his heart staring before you. The obligations due to those who tried long and eloquently to free *humane* England, not only from the punishment, but from the disgrace of national barbarity are felt now, and they will ever exist.

What remains to be told of Charles Lamb and of Coleridge is very sad.

In the year 1816, the late Mr. Gillman, a medical practitioner residing at Highgate, was requested by Dr. Joseph Adams, of Hatton Garden, to take charge, with a view to cure, of a very "learned, but in one respect very unfortunate gentleman," who was endeavouring in vain to break himself of the habit of taking large doses of opium.

For this habit, Mr. Gillman, in his memoirs of Coleridge, does not blame the poet; he ascribes it to latent disease.

In entering into the home in which he died, Coleridge had the manliness to avow the whole truth, — to point out the remedy. Thus he wrote to Mr. Gillman :

“And now of myself. My ever wakeful reason, and the keenness of my moral feelings, will secure you from all unpleasant circumstances connected with me, save only one, viz. the evasion of a specific madness. You will never *hear* anything but truth from me ; prior habits render it out of my power to tell an untruth, but, unless carefully observed, I dare not promise that I should not, with regard to this detested poison be capable of acting one. No sixty hours have yet passed without my having taken laudanum, though for the last week comparatively trifling doses. I have full belief that your anxiety need not be extended beyond the first week, and, for the first week, I shall not, I must not, be permitted to leave your house except with you. The stimulus of conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind ; but when I am alone, the horrors I have suffered from laudanum, the degradation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me.”

The commencement of what Coleridge in his agony calls “accursed habit” was dated from his having been almost bed-ridden for many months from swellings in his knees. He read in a medical journal that laudanum rubbed in, and at the same time taken internally, would relieve the pain. The remedy was fatally successful. Beset with debts, disappointed, not, it is said, very happy in domestic life, the drug, at first taken as a remedy, was soon used as a stimulant.

His remorse, his agony, his shame are told by him in bitter words ; they will go home to many a heart, not only of the victims of the accursed habit, but to those whose lot it has been to watch the noblest natures, the grandest intellects, borne down by this indulgence.

Disease was no doubt the one moving cause of this pro-

pensity ; but its chief origin was debt—debt, the curse of the good, for the bad evade, or do not feel, its effects ; debt, the demon that prompts evil resources ; debt, the Millpond into which once fallen, few are extricated. To avoid reflection, Coleridge took narcotics.

Reduced at one time even to a plan of taking day scholars at 15*l.* a year, Coleridge had longed even for twenty pounds to procure a week's peace of mind. His agonies were fearful. "Conceive," he wrote to Cottle, "a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others that road to heaven from which his crimes exclude him."

But, thanks to a merciful Providence, and to those human agencies in which we trace the benignity of our Father, Coleridge was saved. His life was prolonged, as it seemed, in mercy to one whose aims had been so noble, whose powers so worthily directed. He died in Mr. Gillman's house, a reformed, respected, regretted old man. Mist had obscured his noon, and tempests long followed him ; he set, serene and in splendour, looking on, through faith in his Redeemer, to that cloudless morning, where his sun shall no more go down.

If ever man were to be excused for falling, inch by inch, into the mire of intemperance, Charles Lamb was that man. He fell, but if too weakly he admitted the excuse, he paid the bitter penalty of conscious degradation. After some time, he left 4 Inner Temple, and removed to Islington, thence to Enfield, and finally to Edmonton, where he died. His letters, during the interval between 1825 and 1834, his last years, were as charming as ever. When Talfourd, in all the enthusiasm of his generous heart, named one of his children after him, Lamb wrote, "I am proud of my namesake. I shall take care never to do any dirty action, pick pockets, or anyhow get myself hanged, for fear of reflecting ignominy upon your young Chrisem." The child survived

his godfather only a year. His gifted father wrote upon his death those beautiful stanzas beginning :

“ Our gentle Charles has passed away,
From earth’s short bondage free,
And left to us its leaden day,
And mist enshrouded sea.”

Charles Lamb’s letters were now full of Miss Isola, a young lady for whom he felt a regard bordering on the tender. She repaid it by an affectionate care of his reputation. How much secret anxiety in those who loved him does her care imply ! When they went to call on a lady at Northam, Emma Isola takes him into a corner and cries, “ Now pray don’t *drink* ; do check yourself after dinner, for my sake : and when we get home to Enfield, you shall drink as much as ever you please, and I won’t say a word about it.” Emma became afterwards Mrs. Moxon.

During the middle and the latter period of their lives, Mary and her brother were often separated ; but never, unless Mary’s malady became unmanageable. What incident can be more affecting than their being met, both weeping bitterly, walking together to the asylum, where Mary was to be left, whilst her brother returned to his dreary home ? Yet never did Lamb’s truly Christian fortitude forsake him. Once when Mary was not ill enough to be sent away, he thus wrote to Miss Fryer : “ In one word, be less uneasy about me. Your admonitions are not lost upon me. Your kindness has sunk deep into my heart. Have faith in me ; it is no new thing for me to be left to my sister. When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. . . . I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her. Her memory is unnaturally strong, and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of

names and things that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me. What took place from early girlhood to her coming of age, principally, live again (every important thing and every trifle) in her brain with the vividness of real presence. For twelve hours incessantly, she will pour out her past life, forgetting nothing, pouring out name after name to the Wadens, as a dream; sense and nonsense, truth and error, huddled together."

"I hope you will bear with me," he adds, "talking of these things; it seems to ease me, for I have no one to tell these things now."

During the last year of their lives the brother and sister were not separated. Never did he murmur; never did he let *her* feel the sacrifice of youth and hope that his life had been for her sake. When the disease was coming on, he was at a loss what to do: being "alone together was bad, going out was bad." Lamb clearly foresaw a coming attack. "You cannot think," he wrote, "the misery of such a foresight. Meantime, she is dead to me."

It was during the intervals of solitude, in his utter loneliness that Lamb used to obtain "the solace of an hour's feverish dream" by stimulants. Nevertheless, he fulfilled every duty of his hard lot. He saved money that Mary might be well taken care of; he struggled with moral courage against the devil by which he was possessed; the inherent tendency to insanity increased the disposition to stimulants; yet slight and fragile, and nervous as he was, when emergency required it, he rose with prompt energy to the occasion. For his habitual economy, the aim of which was to secure a competence after his death for Mary, he deserves infinite credit. He was, as most economists on right motives are, generous and hospitable.

Few men had such virtues; of that one failing, God will judge less sternly than man; it was the failing of despair. Of

his own error he had a deep consciousness. "Never," says Talfourd, "either in writing or in speech, did he purposely confound good with evil."

After Coleridge had been domesticated with Mr. Gillman, he rarely visited Lamb; but his love for Charles and Mary continued to the last, and was one of the strongest of his human affections. It was the poet's habit to write manuscript annotations on the margins of his books. In a volume of his "Sibylline Leaves," near a poem styled "The Lime Tree Bower, my Prison," and against the title, is written as follows:—

"Ch. and Mary Lamb,
dear to my heart, yea,
as it were, *my heart*.
S. T. C. Æt. 63. 1834.
1797
1834
— 37 years.

"The Lime Tree Bower, my Prison," was written during a visit of Charles and Mary Lamb to Bristol, when Coleridge was prevented by accidental lameness from walking with them.

Contrary to all Lamb's anticipations, his sister survived him. A trifling accident, apparently, seemed to be the cause of his death, which took place on the 27th of December, 1834, erysipelas having come on his weakened and always delicate frame. The subject of his last reading was of one of England's noblest characters, Sir Philip Sidney. Mr. Cary of the British Museum had lent him Phillips's "Theatrum, Poetarum Anglicanorum;" when, after Lamb's death, it was returned by Mr. Mason, the leaf was found folded down at the page in which Sidney's death is recorded.

Mary was buried beside her brother in Edmonton Churchyard. Often in an evening had she strolled mournfully to the spot, where she loved to entice any friend to linger. Charles Lamb had, with her, chosen that resting place. He had enjoined, also, that in no vault, in no brick grave, should

his remains be interred. He chose to be buried in that earth, to which it is said our poor frail bodies should return, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes." A few survivors of the circle of friends who had loved the brother and sister, followed the funeral of the gentle being, whose destiny had been so stern a one, to her last home.

"Here sleeps, beneath this bank where daisies grow,
The kindest sprite earth holds within her breast;
In such a spot I would this frame should rest,
When I to join my friend far hence shall go.
His only mate is now the minstrel lark,
Who chaunts her morning music o'er his bed,
Save she who comes each evening, ere the bark
Of watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
A sister's tears. Kind heaven, upon her head,
Do thou in love-like guise thy spirit pour,
And in her aged path some flowerets spread
Of earthly joy, should time for her in store
Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
Him whom she loves in paradise to meet."

No one can read the story of Charles and of Mary Lamb, without echoing with heartfelt fervour the hope expressed in these lines.

FÉNÉLON AND MADAME GUYON.

FÉNÉLON'S BIRTHPLACE AND ORIGIN. — HE WISHES TO GO TO CANADA AS A MISSIONARY. — BECOMES A SULPICIEŒ. — ACQUAINTANCE WITH BOSSUET. — IS MADE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAI. — JESUITS AND JANSENISTS. — REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES. — MADAME GUYON LA CAUBRE. — FÉNÉLON MADE GOVERNOR OF THE DUC DE BOURGOGNE. — PLANS PURSUED IN HIS EDUCATION. — IMPETUOUS CHARACTER OF THE YOUNG PRINCE. — CAREER OF MADAME GUYON. — QUIETISM. — BOSSUET'S OPPOSITION TO IT. — MADAME GUYON'S SUBMISSION. — FÉNÉLON'S FRIENDSHIP FOR HER. — HE WRITES HIS "MAXIMES DES SAINTS." — DISPUTES WITH BOSSUET. — DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN — OF THE DUC AND DUCHESSE DE BOURGOGNE. — GRIEF OF FÉNÉLON. — HIS DEATH. — MADAME DE MAINTENON'S COLD REMARK.

FÉNÉLON AND MADAME GUYON.

WITH the name of Fénélon are associated the most agreeable views of human nature. To elevation of sentiment he united a modest, simple demeanour. Firm in principle, he was meek in disposition ; and in the very centre of a dissolute court he stood erect in integrity and purity. His were not, however, the harsh virtues which repel ; his excellence never drove others to despair ; it beguiled, it encouraged them to imitation. Severe to himself, charitable in his judgments of others, a holiness seemed to pervade every thought, every action. He was venerated whilst yet a young man ; he was beloved after old age had commenced.

The village of Salignac, from which the family of Fénélon derives its title, is situated about two leagues from Parlat, and was in 1460 raised to a Barony. François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénélon was lineally descended from Anthony de Salignac, Governor of Perigord and Limousin, under John D'Albret, King of Navarre. The father of François, Pons de Salignac, was also Count of La Mothe Fénélon ; and the subject of this memoir was born in the castle of Fénélon, in Perigord, on the 6th of August, 1651.

The family of Fénélon was even then distinguished for its antiquity, and the connections formed by Pons de Salignac were likely to raise it in station. Louise de la Cropte de St. Abre, the mother of Fénélon, and the second wife of Pons de Salignac, was of an ancient Perigord family ; her brother, a brave officer under Turenne, bearing the title of marquis.

There was, however, an elder family, and there were half brothers already in the king's service, when the future Archbishop of Cambray came into the world, and shed, as was predicted by his uncle, the Marquis de Fénélon, lustre upon his name and family; and few persons were more sagacious than he who thus augured well of young François. For the Marquis de Fénélon was pronounced by the great Condé to be equally "qualified for conversation, or for the field, or for the cabinet."

One longs to know how such a character as Fénélon's was formed; how ambition of so noble a kind was implanted in his young heart; by whom fostered; by what process such high acquirements were perfected so early that at fifteen years of age he was allowed to preach. Some glimpses at his childhood partly explain the delicacy and thoughtfulness of his character. His father's doting fondness for this child of his old age, his home education, and the feeble health of the ever sensitive François somewhat explains his extreme sensibility; but we are still at a loss to account for the vigour and constancy — for the *iron* in his composition — which we believe in England are alone to be acquired by buffeting with rough playmates, and plain-spoken friends, in a public school. A little of this François experienced, when, at twelve years of age, he was sent to the University of Cahors, then a flourishing institution; and still more, when the Marquis de Fénélon, hearing of his extraordinary proficiency, summoned him to Paris, and placed him at the College of Plessis, to continue his philosophical studies, and to commence those in theology.

Like many younger sons in France, Fénélon was destined for the church; the sacred profession has since ceased to be an aristocratic provision for the cadets of noble families in that country since the revenues of the church have been seized by the state, but, in those days, boys were often imbued with the conviction that the priestly functions were to

be their destiny—even whilst children in their nursery. Bossuet and Fénélon were both boy-preachers; Bossuet was allowed a few moments only to think upon the subject he was to discourse upon, before he broke forth into one of those bursts of eloquence which afterwards electrified the court.

Fénélon in his first sermon made as great an impression as Bossuet, but his good uncle, the Marquis, dreaded the effects of a too early celebrity; and, wishing to save him from the deceitfulness of the world, placed him in the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, there to acquire self-knowledge and humility.

The Marquis was himself a man of exalted piety:—and the director of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, Monsieur Tronson, was celebrated for his virtue and learning: so, with two such friends, we cannot be surprised at the enthusiasm of François, when, after a residence of some duration at Saint Sulpice, he declared his intention of assisting the missions in Canada. Many of the young priests who had been educated at Saint Sulpice had gone out to Montreal, where the society of Saint Sulpice had also a seminary, and François longed to add his efforts to theirs, in the service of conversion and the maintenance of the faith. But his relations strongly opposed this project; they prevailed; and he was obliged to content himself with attending to the duties of the ministry in the parish of Saint Sulpice, an occupation to which he devoted himself for the space of three years. Let us here pause, in order to take a view of some of the various religious communities, which at this period partook of the confidence of the French, and divided public suffrages among them.

The two great rival parties were ranked under the heads of Jesuitism and Jansenism.

“The Institute of the Jesuits,” writes Monsignore de Bausset, Bishop of Alais, the biographer of Fénélon*, “to which no

* Life of Fénélon by C. Butler, p. 12.

other institution ever was or ever could be compared for the energy, foresight, and depth of design with which it was planned and conducted, was calculated to embrace in its vast functions all the orders and classes of society, and all the elements that make a part of its civil or religious powers. Versed in every species of knowledge, its members derived from it that consideration which superior talents and knowledge seldom fail to confer. The confidence which Roman Catholic governments placed in the Jesuits, and the success of their general scheme of education, threw the instruction of youth almost entirely into their hands. The severity of their manners, their temperance, their personal decency and disinterestedness, did them honour as religious men and citizens. These were never contested by their enemies. The organisation of the body was so perfect, that it had neither youth nor age. Immediately on its appearance it formed establishments in every Catholic state, attacked the descendants of Luther in all their subdivisions, and founded missions in the east, in the wilds of America, in the Indies, in China, and in Japan."

The Bishop then draws a portraiture of the Jansenists, or rather, from their residence in or near the Convent of Port Royal, of the Port Royalists: "In every era of the Christian religion," he writes, "the learned and the idle have attempted to sound the abyss of grace and predestination, and consumed their time in vain efforts to reconcile the infinite goodness and wisdom of the Deity with the moral and natural evils he foresees, decrees, or permits."*

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Michael Baius, a theologian of Louvain, and the parent of Jansenism, published a treatise on grace; it was condemned at Rome, and retracted by its author. The lists were entered against him by Molina, a Spanish Jesuit, and during ten years, the

* Butler's Life of Fénelon, p. 14.

disputed doctrines were argued before the Conclave of Cardinals two hundred times, but without any decision being arrived at; undismayed by this drawn battle, Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, after twenty-two years' study, composed a large volume on the subject, opposing decidedly the opinions of Molina. The bishop's work was condemned by the Pope, with the unanimous concurrence of the universal church. Nevertheless the advocates of Jansenism rallied; and, during two centuries a dispute which shook the Church of Rome to its centre, convulsed also the state of France.

Situated in a solitary uncultivated tract of land near Paris, stood the Convent of Port Royal. At that time, the family of Arnaud, who were of distinguished rank, were amongst the most zealous of the Jansenists, and a female member of the family of Arnaud presided as Abbess over the monastery of Port Royal. Several of her relations, men of learning and piety, retired to the same secluded spot, to pass their time in prayer and study; they are said to have written the most eloquent and perfect essays in their language, and to have brought French in their day to its utmost perfection.

The age of Louis XIV., celebrated for letters, produced, it is said, no finer works than the writings of pious men in the wild solitude of Port Royal. But, unhappily, as the world thought, their eloquent compositions were deeply tinged with Jansenism.

Another community, notable in their day, were the Sulpiciens, a society of secular priests, which existed for the space of one hundred and fifty years in France, where they formed with zeal and wisdom, and supported by excellent regulations, establishments in various parts of the kingdom. The Sulpiciens were truly Catholic in principle: avoiding publicity, they devoted themselves to the service of the church, in her humble, obscure, and useful functions; their piety was practical, and therefore vital; it never languished;

never excited the Sulpiciens to fatal extremes, nor prompted mystical doctrines; and it existed therefore in all the fervour of its earliest institution, until swept away by the French Revolution, never to rise again.

Peaceful and moderate, never had the Sulpiciens been subjected to a suit at law, nor cited before a court. It was with these enlightened and holy men that Fénélon, though attracted then towards the Jesuits, associated himself. His spiritual director, M. Tronson, was their superior, and Fénélon's partiality for the Sulpiciens, influenced at first by that circumstance, endured throughout his life.

In the seminary of the Sulpiciens he passed, perhaps, the happiest days of his troubled life. His Sundays and festival days were occupied in giving familiar explanations in the parish church, on the Old and New Testament; for, Roman Catholic as he was, he did not affect to discard, for the writings of men, the Holy Scriptures, the Book of Life. Great designs were often in his thoughts: for his nature was impulsive and enthusiastic.

"Several trifling accidents," he wrote to M. Tronson, during a casual visit to the country, "have delayed at this time my return to Paris; but now at last I set off, and I almost fly. With this voyage in my thoughts, I have a greater voyage in contemplation. All Greece opens itself to me; the Sultan retires in a fright; the Peloponnessus again begins to breathe in freedom. Again will the Church of Corinth flourish, again will she hear the voice of her apostle? I feel myself transported into these delightful regions; and while I am collecting the precious nonentities of antiquity I seem to inhale her true spirit. I search for the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached the unknown God to the wise of the world. But, after the sacred, the profane comes for her turn; and I do not disdain to enter the Pyreum, where Socrates unfolded the plan of his republic; I ascend the double summit of Parnassus; I pluck the laurels of Delphe; I breathe the sweets of Tempe."

It was about this time Fénélon formed the acquaintance of Bossuet: that celebrated theologian, then in all the zenith of his fame, and older by many years than Fénélon. He loved and encouraged the young and saintly François, and some of the most delightful hours of Fénélon's life were passed at Germigny, the country residence of the Bishops of Meaux. There the inmates had stated hours for prayer, for private study, and for relaxation, and there, the Bishop, under the name of conversation, imparted to his young friend his stores of knowledge; happily, Fénélon did not imbibe from Bossuet the persecuting spirit which disgraced that staunch, but most intolerant spiritual adviser of Louis XIV.

Henry IV., truly great, and a Reformer always at heart, had by the Edict of Nantes, granted to the Huguenots the free exercise of their religion, and placed them on an equality of civil rights with the community in general. The ministers of their faith were paid by the state; and every reformed church was permitted to have its deputies, a general assembly of whom regulated their internal affairs. In addition to this wise indulgence, the Huguenots were allowed to hold certain towns, fortified with their own troops, as a security for the observance of the Edict. Unhappily, however, after the death of Henry, discontents were fomented among the Huguenots, who broke out into an insurrection, which was aided by the English. The unfortunate taking of La Rochelle was the termination of that war, so disastrous in its effects, and the Huguenots were obliged to give up their fortified towns.

Louis XIV. confirmed the Edict; and, to a certain extent countenanced the Huguenots; but his greatest desire was to proselytise them; or, if he could not convert, to exterminate the conscientious and oppressed Reformers.

After many acts of direct tyranny; after taking from them or demolishing seven hundred of their churches,

* Butler's Life, p. 21; Reign of Louis XIV.

Louis, in October 1685, absolutely revoked the Edict of Nantes. Then all the horrors of persecution broke out. A second Edict, passed on the day of the Revocation of the first, prohibited all exercise of the Huguenot religion, banished the priests, and enforced the education of Huguenot children in the Catholic faith. This horrible tyranny was enforced by the military, chiefly dragoons, and hence the dreaded word "Dragonade" crept into daily use among the objects of these arbitrary warriors. At this time, two hundred thousand Huguenot families left France, and dispersing themselves over England, Flanders, and sundry parts of Germany, introduced into those countries the arts and manufactures of an ingenious people. Many a French surname meets our ear, not only in ancient English country houses, but in lowly villages—among mechanics, among small shopkeepers, and these are mostly the descendants of the persecuted, conscientious exiles from what they fondly styled "*La Belle France*."

Fénélon, who had, at first, attracted the favour of Louis XIV. by his endeavours to convert certain Huguenots, viewed with horror the blameless confessors intimidated, imprisoned, banished, ruined. He reprobated the endeavour to produce conformity by force: converts made in that manner, he contended, were hypocrites: they would desert in crowds. "When they are ill"—speaking of the Huguenots—"a Catholic officer," he wrote, "may visit them, procure them assistance, and drop on them a few salutary words. If that produce no good, and the sickness continue, one may go a little further, but softly, and without constraint. One may hint, that the ancient is the best church, and derived to us immediately from the apostles. If the sick person be unable to enter into this, you should be satisfied with leading him to make some acts of sorrow for his sins, and some acts of faith and charity, adding words like these: 'O my God! I submit to whatever the true church teaches; in whatever place she resides, I acknowledge her for my mother.'"

Consistently with these views, he recommended to the young Chevalier, Charles Edward, then in Paris, "never to use compulsion in matters of religion." "No human power," he said, "can force the impenetrable retrenchments of the freedom of the mind. Compulsion never persuades, it only makes hypocrites. When kings interfere in matters of religion, they do not protect it, they enslave it. Give civil liberty to all, not by approving all religions as indifferent, but by permitting in patience what God permits, and by endeavouring to bring persons to what is right by mildness and persuasion." Fénélon acted up to these principles. The province of Poitou was the appointed scene of his mission. When he was presented to Louis XIV. he requested that every species of military force might be removed from that province. To Fénélon's advice to the Chevalier, he might have added that the descendants of James II. would have continued to reign over the throne of England had that monarch adopted the merciful, tolerant, Christian views which he advocated so ably.

Among the highest proofs of mind is the power of discerning merit. It is the foundation, in fact, of all private success and public reputation. In common with our great Elizabeth, Louis XIV. possessed this merit of discrimination in no ordinary degree. His grandson, the young Duc de Bourgogne, was the chief object of his solicitude just when Fénélon became the subject of notice and approval. The Duc de Beauvilliers, one of the rare beings whom a court had not corrupted, had been appointed governor to the young prince. Louis XIV. wisely entrusted to his discretion the choice of all those who were to be placed in responsible functions about the Duc; and, on the 17th of August, 1689, the very day after he had received his own appointment, Beauvilliers nominated Fénélon the preceptor of the royal child, and the act was received by all classes of society, even by "all France," as M. de Bausset expresses it, "with a burst of applause and satisfaction."

Much was doubtless due to the personal demeanour of one of the most gentle and refined of men. He obtained, it is declared, an irresistible influence over all who approached him. Neither difference of age, nor superiority of talents and knowledge on those points on which he was avowedly deficient, prevented all who conversed with him, from regarding him as an oracle; and from enrolling themselves among the number of his disciples. He was affable to all, never disputed, and appeared to be yielding, when he was in fact leading his listeners. "Grace dwelt on his lips." "A noble singularity," says the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, "pervaded his whole person." To Fénélon were applied the words of Shakspeare: —

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this is a man."

Such were the attractions of his person, that even the satirical Duc de St. Simon declared, "*Il fallait faire effort pour cesser de le regarder.*" To this singularly attractive exterior the charm of modesty lent indescribable interest. The thoughtful, mild, kindly glance, bespoke a mind every idea of which was chastened and elevated. The gentle humility recommended by the apostles was habitual to the devout Fénélon. It was the principle of every action. "The scope of his comparison," for his standard of self-estimation, was not of this world; it was vast as eternity. To Fénélon the thoughts of a future being were ever present: in him, piety was a vital principle. Hence, under whatever aspect one might regard him, he never disappointed his most enthusiastic admirer.

But all the mental and personal advantages of Fénélon might have been lost to the court had not opportunity brought him into the notice of Madame de Maintenon. The Duc de Beauvilliers had married one daughter of the cele-

brated Colbert. The Ducs de Chevreuse and De Mortemar were united to the other two daughters of that minister. A bright exception to the vices of the age was presented at the Hôtel de Chevreuse, where none but the gifted and the good were ever admitted. Even Louis himself respected and admired this illustrious *coterie*, who never condescended either to flatter him, nor to pay court to the then reigning mistress, Madame de Montespan.

Every week, meantime, Madame de Maintenon dined at the Hôtel de Chevreuse, forming one of that virtuous, united, and intellectual group, of whom Fénélon was the supreme ornament. The following anecdote is related of the first introduction of Fénélon to this circle.

At the church of St. Sulpice, where the Duc de Beauvilliers was a constant attendant, that nobleman had been riveted by the countenance of a tall person, "with eyes," as St. Simon describes them, "pouring fire like a furnace," yet with a brow furrowed by thought, care, study. It was a face which once seen could never be forgotten. It required, as St. Simon avows, indeed, an effort to avoid gazing incessantly on that noble and winning countenance. Grave at first sight, gay the next, it fascinated at once the student and the courtier. The grace, the delicacy, even the gallantry of a high-born man, shone through the sacerdotal character. No pencil, it is said, has ever done full justice to the perfect features of one whose face was at once all intelligence and all harmony. Such was Fénélon.

One may suppose how gladly such an addition to the small *clique* in the Hôtel de Chevreuse was received. The Duc soon invited him to become one of that exclusive society, who met to dine in all the grandeur of the old *régime*, but who, casting aside ceremony, once seated at table, discarded the servants. A bell was placed near the master of the house to recall the domestics when needed, and thus conversation went on in perfect ease. Here Madame de Maintenon

found that repose which her other objects in life must have rendered so delightful to her. Here public interests, private affairs, were discussed in security, the intellect of Fénelon, his delightful manners, his unparalleled conversation, natural yet never trivial, ennobling every subject, improving without effort those near him, and forming their minds into some faint semblance of his own.

Nor was it only by the pure and good that the high qualities of Fénelon were estimated. St. Simon, whose pen was dipped in gall, did him, as we have already stated, full justice. Fénelon, he says, was "gifted with a natural, a mild, and a florid eloquence, with persuasive politeness, but yet dignified and discriminating, and with a fluent, perspicuous, and agreeable power of conversation, which was combined with that precision so necessary for rendering the most complicated and abstracted subjects intelligible. To this rare talent, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, we must attribute the steady fidelity of his friends who remained attached to him all his life, even after his fall, and which, when they were scattered through society, reassembled them together to speak of him, to write for him, and to attach themselves to him more devotedly." *

He had the art of never asserting superiority, "and always appeared to possess only just as much mind as the person he might happen to be conversing with." Thus he put all those with whom he associated at their ease. No one likes to be convicted of inferiority, and the gentleness of Fénelon to others imparted a charm that birth and abilities often fail to acquire.

"Men should be taught as though you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

Such was Pope's dictum; such was Fénelon's practice.

In the course of the next year, Fénelon was promoted to

* Life of Fénelon by de Bausset, vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

the Archbishopric of Cambrai, through the influence of Madame de Maintenon.

"I intend," said Louis XIV., when Fénélon stated his regrets that the cares of Prelacy must call him away from those dear to him, "that you shall still be the preceptor of my grandchildren."

Fénélon answered that the ecclesiastical law would not allow that.

"No, no!" answered the king, "the canons do not oblige you to more than nine months' residence; you shall remain with my grandchildren only three months in the year, and during the rest of the time you can superintend their education just the same as if you were at Versailles."

The very day that he was made a bishop, Fénélon resigned the Abbé of St. Valery, which had been previously conferred on him.

Fénélon possessed one advantage over Bossuet,—he was of noble birth, and Louis XIV. cherished distinctions as a part of his policy, and rewarded with honours those ancient families whose very nobility precluded them from acquiring wealth. In England, our higher professions are mainly composed of the younger branches of old houses; in France, if a peer takes any occupation except in the army, in state employments, the navy, or the church, he loses his rank.

In the seventeenth century these restrictions were at their height. Bossuet, of obscure birth, had never been permitted to sit down at meals with the Dauphin, his pupil, and the father of the Duc de Bourgogne. Fénélon, on the other hand, was allowed to dine at the same table with his pupil and to ride in the same carriage with him. He had, indeed, need for every source of influence over one of the least amiable of children, who was not only passionate, but so furious that it was often feared the very veins in his body would burst. "This excess," says St. Simon, "*I have often witnessed.*" Endowed with brilliant abilities, cursed with

unbridled passions, there was everything to be feared from such a character; everything to be hoped from such extraordinary mental energy in this young Prince. Mankind, in the opinion of this presumptuous child of earth, were all his inferiors, the objects of his piercing raillery, the victims of his fury.

Happily, the admirable plan formed by the Duc de Beauvilliers and by Fénelon for his education was not attempted too late. He was ten years of age when a system, the details of which would, it is said, form a curious work, was adopted. "From that abyss," wrote St. Simon, "issued a prince who was affable, mild, humane, moderate, patient, modest, humble, and austere towards himself; wholly occupied with his future obligations in life, which he felt to be great, and thinking only of uniting the duties of the son and the subject to those which he was himself destined afterwards to fulfil."

The *Fables* and *Dialogues* of Fénelon contain at once the moral which he indicated, drawn with the error which he specially wished to correct. The reclaiming of that almost lost soul from destruction, and the chastening of his passions, required length of time. One hint to parents is to be derived from the method of treatment described in the following passage. It is thought the approved plan, when children are excited and unruly, to vent on their heads a torrent of reproaches and threats. Fénelon took a different course.

"When the young prince broke forth into those violent excesses of passion which were so habitual to him, the governor, the preceptor, the sub-preceptor, the gentlemen in waiting, and all the servants concerted together to preserve towards him the most profound silence. They avoided answering him any questions, they waited upon him with averted looks; or if they directed their eyes towards him, it was with an expression of fear, as if they dreaded to be in the company of a being who had degraded himself by bursts of rage that were incompatible with reason. They

appeared to attend to him only from that humiliating compassion which is shown to people who are insane. They merely performed those offices about him which seemed to be simply necessary for the preservation of his miserable existence. They took from him all his books and all his means of instruction, as if they would henceforth be useless to him, being reduced to such a deplorable state. They then left him to himself, to his own reflections, and to his own remorse. Struck with such an entire desertion, and the distressing solitude to which he was consigned, the penitent prince, convinced of his fault, was eager to fly once more to the indulgence and goodness of his preceptor. He threw himself at his feet, confessed his errors, and declared his firm resolution of avoiding them in future; and he watered with his tears the hands of Fénélon, compassionate, and always open to the repenting child."

The wild bird was long in being tamed. One day when Fénélon corrected him the refractory pupil cried out, "No, Sir; I *know* who you are and who I am." No reply was given to the haughty taunt. Fénélon's fine face was overspread, however, with a melancholy that too well foreboded what the young prince most feared,—a resolution to leave him. On the following day, whilst his pupil was still in bed, his preceptor entered the room. After a grave, a dignified address, he thus concluded: "I am come, Sir, to conduct you to his Majesty, who will appoint another tutor." His words produced a burst of tears; the royal pupil passionately implored forgiveness. It was given at length, and Fénélon heard no more of "who you are and who I am;" and, happily for one who was so early snatched away from a vicious court, he was able still to guide, to reprove, to reform the young prince, who loved him with all the warmth of an impetuous nature. "I have left the Duc de Bourgogne behind the door," he used to say now to his tutor, "and I am only little Louis with you."

By degrees, Fénelon's enlightened religious views influenced, to its peace here, its salvation afterwards, the character that had been so nearly wrecked. Fénelon strove to impress a deep sense of responsibility. He never forgot that his pupil was heir to a throne; he hoped that the young prince would never cease to reflect on that awful day when he should be called upon to render an account of his trust before the throne of grace. By degrees he brought this violent nature into subjection; the very *name* of God would still the angry passions of the boy. One day when he was in a very bad humour, striving to conceal something that he had done, Fénelon urged him "to confess it *before God*." "Why do you ask me to confess it before God?" cried the young Prince, angrily: "very well, since you do so, I must confess:—I cannot deny, that I did such a thing."

In forming this impressionable mind Fénelon passed several of the happiest years of his existence. It was, however, chequered, even in all the splendours of Versailles, by pecuniary difficulties. Hitherto, except the small priory of Carenne, which was almost ruined, he had enjoyed no ecclesiastical preferment, and it was not until 1694 that the King had made him Abbé of St. Valery. The proofs of royal favour were welcome, but the dawn of his sacerdotal greatness was obscured by misfortunes, in which one figure appears before our eyes conspicuously,—that of Madame de Guyon. This extraordinary, mistaken, and persecuted woman was destined to be the cause of a painful episode in the life of Fénelon.

Jeanne Marie Bouvière de la Mothe — Madame Guyon — must have been at this era about fifty-six years of age, having been born in 1648. Her family resided in the town of Montargis, where her chequered life first began, and her origin was respectable. At an early age she married the son of Guyon, celebrated for the construction of the canal of Briare; she was left a widow in 1676, when only twenty-eight years of age, with three infant children, who, one might have

thought, would have retained her in the active duties of the world, and formed a claim upon her most arduous exertions.

Such, however, were not Madame Guyon's views. Before her marriage she had earnestly wished to enter into a convent, to take the vows, and to devote herself to those rites and duties to which the conventual education, almost universal at that period in France, disposes enthusiastic minds. Her friends, however, insisted on her marrying; but the heart of the future Quietist was, still, not in the world, but in a dreamy sphere of her own creation.

As a young woman, she had wit, beauty, eloquence. The eloquence and the wit remained when Fénelon first knew her; the beauty must have passed away years previously: elegance of form, and whatever is most captivating in manner and address, she had; her morals were free from all reproach; she was disinterested and generous; yet, to a modern judge of character, she wants one of the finest instincts of our nature,—maternal love. It was absorbed, she declared, in a higher spiritual love: and soon after she became a widow, just when one thinks that the heart, desolate and softened, would cling the more tenderly to the fatherless infants, she surrendered them into the hands of her husband's family; and, giving up largely of her own fortune for their use, prepared to go her own way in the mission she had adopted.

This was the diffusion of the doctrine called Quietism. This system, reminding the Orientalist strongly of the Yóga system of the Brahmins, wherein to contemplate the divine attributes, to wait for grace, and surrender all the heart, all the mind, and to subject every sense to the one idea of a mute worship, is the essence of piety and object of spiritual life,—Quietism. Madame Guyon declared that the soul which completely abandons itself to the divine will, reserves to itself nothing, "not even in death, or life, or perfection, or salvation, or heaven, or hell: she argued, that man is so worthless, that it scarcely deserves his own inquiry whether he

is to be eternally saved or eternally lost; that God sometimes takes from a soul every gift of grace and virtue; that the duty of a Christian soul in this state is to permit itself to be buried and crushed, to suffer the stench of death, to leave itself to rot, and to try no means of avoiding corruption; that at length it becomes insensible of its own corruption, and accustomed to it so as to remain at ease without hope of arising out of it; then her inanity commences, and she begins to live to God alone." * Such are the words employed.

This condition, to common apprehension, would present a picture of a soul abandoned to despair, and deserted by Heaven; but it is considered by Madame de Guyon as a picture of perfect virtue. "In some parts of her prophetic writings," adds Mr. Charles Butler†, "she assumes a prophetic character. She pretends to see clearly the state of souls, to have a miraculous power over both souls and bodies; she calls herself the corner-stone of the Cross. . . . On some occasions her language becomes so offensive to decency, that her expressions will not bear repeating. In exposing this objectionable part of her writings, Bossuet beautifully apostrophises the seraphs, and entreats them to bring burning coals from the altar of heaven to purify his lips, lest they should have been defiled by the impurities which he had been obliged to mention."

These singular and, we may add, revolting doctrines had been introduced long before the existence of their unhappy proselyte, during the middle ages, in the ecclesiastical history of which Quietism forms a distinguished point. Towards the latter end of the sixteenth century a Spanish friar, Michael de Molinos, residing at Rome, had acquired a vast reputation for his pious reveries. Condemned by the Pope, his disciples suffered persecution; but, during the reign of Louis XIV., they recovered, and distracted by their controversies the Gal-

* Butler's Life of Fénelon, p. 79.

† Ibid. p. 80.

lican Church. They took possession of the spirit of the dreamy enthusiast, Marie Jeanne de Guyon. Her first efforts were indeed directed to the conversion of Protestant families at Gex, under the direction of D'Arenthon, Bishop of Geneva; but that pious office, as she deemed it, did not long satisfy her spiritual ambition. At Gex, unhappily for herself, she became intimately acquainted with Father Lacombe, a Barnabite friar, who had been appointed to superintend the association for the conversion of Protestants. The history of poor Madame Guyon offers a striking lesson to those who venture to entangle themselves in a maze of mystical controversy. Lacombe was, like herself, a wild enthusiast, lost in the illusions of imagination. They had corresponded previously to their meeting at Gex; a special providence, Madame Guyon now believed, brought them into a personal intimacy. Inflamed by the extravagant views of the Father Lacombe, she began to consider herself as one set apart for some extraordinary mystery; she was seized with a desire to found a sort of mystical society. The pious Lacombe, saint as he was, was carried away by her wild and daring flights. The bishop of Geneva began to view their kind of devotion with distrust, and withdrew his sanction from their proceedings. The community at Gex wished Madame Guyon to give up her fortune to them. She refused, dissensions arose, and she left Gex, and followed Father Lacombe to Thonon, in the Chablais.

Henceforth the existence of this ill-fated woman was a course of brilliant efforts, crowned with a fleeting success, but followed by suspicion, persecution, and misery. A woman who mistakes her mission is generally suspected of something morally weak, or criminally wrong. Had Madame Guyon buried herself in a cloistered convent on leaving Gex, the world would have been more lenient to her extravagant conduct. She repaired, it is true, to a convent of Ursulines, but there she was permitted to receive the visits of La-

combe, no longer her spiritual director, but her devoted proselyte.

She now plunged into a public career, and held disputations and gave lectures at Grenoble; even the deep seclusion of the almost unapproachable Grande Chartreuse was troubled by her specious dogmas. Enemies as well as disciples were excited, and at length the Cardinal de Camus, Bishop of Grenoble, banished her from that city. Her labours at Grenoble had been varied by a residence at Turin, where she was respected, if not believed in; but scandal had now attached itself to her name. Her coadjutor Lacombe was suspected unjustly, it is believed, of cherishing for her a passion incompatible with the virtue which he professed; her friends were sufficiently injudicious to print her two works *Moyen court et très-facile pour faire Oraison* and *L'Explication mystique du Canticle des Canticles*. She returned to Paris after an absence of six years spent in travelling, preaching, and arguing; with episodes of pious conferences with Father Lacombe. Her best friends could hardly venture to justify this erratic and extraordinary course of life.

De Harlai, a man opposed to every innovation, was at that time, Archbishop of Paris. He heard of the proceedings of Madame Guyon and Lacombe. The taint of the Quietists, he was led to believe, was mingled with all their fervour and rhapsodies. In October, 1687, Lacombe was by his order arrested and sent to the Bastille. He had written a work called *L'Analyse de l'Oraison*, its doctrines formed the ground of his accusations. Whatever were his errors, he appears to have been sincere; and no fears could induce him to retract his opinions. Nearly ten years of imprisonment, first, in the Isle of Oleron, and then in the Castle of Sourdes in the Pyrenees, were thought necessary to crush the sect which he had contributed to raise up within the pale of the church.

In January, 1688, Madame Guyon was likewise arrested; but her prison in the convent of *St. Marie in the Rue St. Antoine* was a mild form of incarceration. She figured there as a martyr; no investigation could convict her of immorality; her resignation, her piety, her fervour of devotion were therefore edifying to the cloistered devotees by whom she was surrounded. At length such odour of sanctity penetrated even to the Court. Madame de Maintenon, often the protector of the friendless, heard of Madame Guyon, pitied her, and interceded. After eight months the captive was released.

For a time her celebrity was considerable. Gratitude to Madame de Maintenon led her to throw herself at the feet of her benefactress. She became one of the still exclusive *coterie* of the Hôtel de Beauvilliers. The Duc de Chevreuse was her convert. Fénelon, previously prejudiced against her, had been won over by anecdotes of her goodness and piety in early life at Montargis; a small but devoted circle of admirers gathered round the eloquent enthusiast in the Hôtels de Beauvilliers and de Chevreuse.

It was at this time that the Convent of St. Cyr was in the progress of formation; and Madame de Maintenon, its foundress, went even so far as to permit Madame Guyon to stay there occasionally. Quietism emanating from the Hôtel de Beauvilliers was spreading not only all over Paris, but in the provinces, when the French clergy began to notice the innovation with horror. It was denounced. But Bossuet, notwithstanding the influence of Fénelon, was still the oracle of Madame de Maintenon and of the French Church. To him, by the advice of Fénelon, Madame Guyon resolved to submit herself. To him she confided her secret thoughts, her writings, more especially that which was most assailable — the manuscript history of her own life.

“Such another life as that of Madame Guyon,” said John Wesley, who translated that work, “I doubt whe-

ther* the world ever saw: it contains an abundance of excellent things, uncommonly excellent; several things which are utterly false and unscriptural, nay, such as are dangerously false. As to Madame Guyon herself, I believe, she was not only a good woman, but good in an eminent degree, devoted to God and often favoured with uncommon communications of His Spirit."

Highly as Madame Guyon's work was prized by her friends, it is remarkable that she never showed it to Fénélon. It contained particulars of so extraordinary a nature that a less acute judge of human nature than Bossuet would have severely condemned its writer. But he had the wisdom rather to blame the head, than the heart of the wild Quietist. He advised her before he examined her work, to retire into the country, and to abstain from all her usual proceedings.

Bossuet next sought a conference with Fénélon; he found in the pure and confiding Abbé of St. Valery, one who did not readily give up, in the hour of danger, her whom he had latterly learned to regard as a friend. Fénélon was shocked, indeed, by many of her expressions; for the doctrine of pure love had long been one of his cherished opinions; and Madame Guyon's expressions were more impassioned than pure; but the spiritual friendship between them that afterwards so agitated the world was far too strong for him to abandon one whom he so greatly admired. No efforts made by his friends could detach him from her; no interest could sway him.

Resolved to be heard, Madame Guyon demanded an investigation into her doctrines and writings; and it was accorded. A committee, formed half of laymen, half of churchmen, sat, during six months at the house of M. Tronson, as Director of St. Sulpice, at Issy; here authorities were weighed; and here thirty articles of faith were drawn up and subscribed, among others, by Fénélon. No reference was

* Butler's Life, pp. 82, 83.

made in these to Madame Guyon; but the doctrine of the church on the points in dispute, on Quietism, was clearly laid down. Before these conferences took place, Bossuet, as he confessed, was but little acquainted with mystical theology, and the works of St. Francis of Sales, of St. John of the Cross, and of other spiritual writers were, he avowed, new to him. At his request, Fénelon made extracts from those authors, tending to explain favourably the doctrines of Madame Guyon.

During this interval of suspense, Madame Guyon had been secluded in the Convent of the Visitation; and at the close of that anxious period, she willingly signed her submission to the articles of Issy.

Had all ended here, the miseries that at once pursued her and Fénelon would never have been produced. But, in her heart, Madame Guyon was unreclaimed; full of expressions of gratitude, she failed in every promise; and, stealing from her retirement at Meaux, she returned to Paris, where she concealed herself in a house in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Still Quietism spread, and still, notwithstanding the insincerity of Madame Guyon, the ascendancy she had acquired over the mind of Fénelon continued. "I believe," said Madame de Maintenon, "that he would rather suffer martyrdom than confess that she is wrong."

Towards the middle of December, 1695, Fénelon returned to Cambrai, leaving Madame Guyon still concealed among her adherents in Paris. Bossuet had now become irritated by her resistance; long did he seek the faithless enthusiast, and at last he found her in an obscure house in the Faubourg St. Antoine; she was there arrested, and conducted to Vincennes.

A long course of persecution on the one hand, and of infatuations on the other, disturbed all good minds.

"I am delighted," said Bossuet, "that she is arrested!" "I do not," said Madame Guyon when examined at Vincennes,

“allow that I have ever been in error in regard to Monsieur Lacombe.” She denied that she had continued her intercourse with Lacombe “because it had never been forbidden to her,” and said “that she looked upon him as a holy man;” she might, she observed, have been wrong in particular expressions, but protested that she had never held a false doctrine; there was, therefore, no occasion for her to give a recantation. She had received a testimonial from the Bishop of Meaux, which amounted to an approval of her character and opinions.

During eight months, whilst Madame de Guyon remained in the prison of Vincennes, every effort was made to detach Fénelon from her cause. He acted on this occasion imprudently, as the world might think; nobly as One above who reads the heart would judge. Madame de Maintenon had now become his open enemy. Bossuet was thirsting for vengeance upon the dangerous, deceptive Madame Guyon; but Fénelon, believing that her intentions were pure, stood bravely in the breach to defend one whom he respected, from the intolerance which he abhorred.

“As to Madame Guyon,” he wrote to his friend M. Tronson, “they wish me to condemn both her and her writings: whenever the Church shall promulgate a formula upon the subject, I will be the first to sign it with my blood, and to induce her to sign it. Beyond that, I cannot, I ought not, to act. I have closely examined certain circumstances by which I have been abundantly benefited. Why then should they wish me to condemn other circumstances which I have not examined, which, in themselves, decide nothing, and without hearing what she can reply to the objections that are made?”

“Would it become me,” Fénelon adds, “to oppress a helpless woman, who has already been so persecuted, and whose friend I have professed myself?” With regard to the Bishop of Meaux, he could not, he added, “approve of his work in the manner he wishes. I cannot do it *honestly*,

or in *conscience*, if he attacks a person who, *to me*, appears innocent." The Bishop of Chartres and Madame de Maintenon were persuaded that nothing short of Fénélon's condemning Madame Guyon and her writings would suffice. "But this," the intrepid Fénélon wrote, "is what even the Inquisition would not demand: nor will I ever do it, except in obedience to the Church, when it shall be thought fit to devise a formula, such as was employed against the Jansenists."

"What does it signify that I believe Madame Guyon to be neither wicked nor mad, if, at the same time, I abandon her by my silence, and suffer her to perish in prison, without interfering, either directly or indirectly, with anything that concerns her? The whole business, therefore, with regard to me, is, that I do not act against my conscience, nor needlessly insult a woman whom I have revered as a saint, especially in some respects which have happened before my own eyes. After all, can my integrity be doubted? Have I ever acted as a man, who employs policy or dissimulation?" Worldly considerations he declared should never influence him: nor did they: in this hour of trial he stood firm. He had his reward; in this world persecution, misconstruction, rancour, disfavour; but he nobly disregarded all these rather than desert one whom he esteemed in her distress; his was the friendship of a courageous heart: and a friend without moral courage is seldom worth the having: he submitted these opinions to M. Tronson. "After that," he concluded, "I have nothing to do than to submit the whole to the decision of Heaven."

It became evident in the course of this controversy, that Fénélon had received in strict confidence the most ample confessions from Madame Guyon. That which the prejudiced and intolerant spirit of Bossuet viewed as impious, to the exalted and indulgent nature of Fénélon appeared not only excusable, but even laudable. He pitied rather

than blamed her, and felt that he had gone too far to recede. Distressed by this state of affairs Madame Maintenon wrote to Fénélon, for whom she still cherished an esteem. Her letter has been lost; Fénélon's answer is preserved: it is a curious document, as exemplifying his opinion of Madame Guyon.

That she was holy, he believed; prone to exaggeration he admitted; but, he adds, she had shown an extreme confidence in those who examined her; for the Bishop of Meaux (Bossuet) had repeated as impious to Madame de Maintenon, things which she "had divulged to him with a submissive heart, and under the secrecy of confession."

To her pretended prophecies and pretended revelations, he attached no importance. "They might be the operations of the Deity (for His gifts are not exhausted) or they might be the illusions of the imagination. He had never heard that Madame Guyon had represented herself as the *corner stone*; neither could he think her so mad or so impious as to place herself higher than the Virgin Mary. He was convinced that she "meant no harm," and pledged himself that she could even then give a favourable account of her doctrine.

But this explanation, addressed to a mind prejudiced against it, fell powerless. A deeper source for the alienation which ensued must be looked for than religious zeal. Louis XIV. had, it is stated, wished to avow his marriage with Madame de Maintenon publicly, but Fénélon had dissuaded him from that step. Henceforth no trace of the feelings which had once bound Fenelon to Madame de Maintenon will be found in his biography.

A controversy ensued: it was brought to a crisis by the publication of Fénélon's *Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie intérieure*, which was published in 1697. It was after this work had been circulated, that Bossuet, approaching the throne, "asked pardon for not having

sooner revealed to his sovereign the fanaticism of his colleague." A general clamour was raised against Fénélon; and, from the depths of La Trappe, even the Abbé de la Trappe addressed to the Archbishop of Cambrai a remonstrance on his work.

Party heats now rose to their height. Three nuns, suspected of favouring the opinions of Fénélon, were sent away from St. Cyr. Louis XIV., the most intolerant monarch of his time, went himself to the convent, and declared, amid the assembled and affrighted inmates, that these nuns should not return to St. Cyr. In the midst of all these vexations, the Palace of Cambrai was burnt down. Fénélon lost all his furniture, his books, and his papers. He bore the loss with composure. The Abbé Langeron, on hearing of the conflagration, went to Versailles to break the news to Fénélon. He found him calmly conversing with his friends, and gently imparted the calamity to one whom he believed still unprepared for the blow.

"I know it, my dear abbé!" replied Fénélon; "but it is better that my house should be destroyed than the cottage of a poor labourer;" and he continued his conversation.

Many efforts were made to bring the dispute between Bossuet and Fénélon to a conclusion: but the bitter and persecuting spirit of Bossuet impeded all reconciliation. He still spoke of Fénélon as of a friend dear to him. "God knows," he said, "with what sighs I have raised to him my sorrowful voice, in complaint that a friend of so many years' standing should think me unworthy of treating with him." When certain prelates wished to relax in their measures: "Take your own course," he exclaimed: "I will raise my voice to the heavens against those errors; I will appeal to Rome."

"How," asked Louis XIV., speaking to Bossuet, "would you have acted had you not had my support?" "I should," he replied, "have raised my voice still higher than I did."

Father Lacombe, meantime after ten years' imprisonment

in the Castle of Sourdes, in the wild regions of the Pyrenees, was no longer a responsible agent. Misery had driven him mad. He was, probably, on that account, removed to Vincennes, in order to ensnare Madame Guyon, whom he was persuaded to address, entreating her to avow their mutual errors, and to recant. The epistle was read to the heroic woman by the Cardinal de Noailles. "Father Lacombe," she said calmly, "must have become a fool." She refused to recant, and was therefore removed to the Bastille. Lacombe soon gave symptoms of confirmed insanity; he was sent to Charenton, where he died, in a state of mania, during the ensuing year.

That year witnessed also the dismissal of Fénélon from his post as preceptor to the Duc de Bourgogne. Still more odious was the purport of Bossuet's work entitled *Rélation Sur la Quietisme*. In it he revealed all the confidences of Madame Guyon; in it he betrayed Fénélon, whose letters, during the period of their friendship, he thus gave to the world.

It is painful, and perhaps now fruitless, to dwell longer upon the famous controversy which, on the part of Bossuet, descended to the bitterest personality. The nephew of the eloquent persecutor aggravated the hostilities. "The Archbishop of Cambrai," he wrote to his uncle, "was a ferocious beast, who ought to be hunted for the service of episcopacy." It is agreeable to find that this servile bitterness failed to obtain its evident object, preferment; and that, when Bossuet became old and infirm, Louis XIV. refused to allow the sycophant nephew to become his uncle's Coadjutor, and irrevocably excluded him from the episcopacy. An appeal to Pope Innocent XII., followed by an earnest remonstrance of Louis against Fénélon, was the next blow aimed. Whilst this attack was carried on, a report reached Fénélon that Madame Guyon had died in the Bastille.

"They write word from Paris that Madame Guyon is

dead in the Bastille. I will say now the same as when she lived, that I never observed anything in her but what edified me. Were she a devil incarnate, still I can only speak of her as she appeared to me while I knew her; it would be infamous pusillanimity to speak ambiguously on that subject in order to extricate myself from oppression. I have no longer anything to mind on her account. Truth alone withholds me."

Meantime the storm raised by Bossuet in France had burst over the head of Fénélon. Long had Pope Innocent XII. delayed to condemn the *Maximes des Saints*, but Louis XIV., acting through the violent, intolerant Bossuet, prevailed.

Every possible solemnity was given to aid the effect of the judgment by which Fénélon's work was condemned. Prayers were ordered at Rome in all the churches to implore the aid of the Holy Ghost. The Pope, after going to mass, repaired to the chapel of his palace of Monte Cavallo. In the full assemblage of cardinals they read the decree condemning the use of this book, lest by reading it the faithful might be led into errors which were already condemned by the holy Catholic Church.

The decision was not obtained without difficulty, for the Pope treated Fénélon with a tenderness that was far from being acceptable to Bossuet; so that the very condemnation seemed scarcely to be a triumph to the exasperated Louis XIV. and his spiritual adviser. The decree was issued in the form of a letter, and not in that of a bull.

It fell to the lot of the Abbé de Chanterac to communicate this judgment to Fénélon. The intelligence was softened by the evident reluctance with which the Pontiff had pronounced the sentence. Yet Innocent XII. had not the courage to be consistent, or to resist the influence of Louis XIV., or the rabid animosity of the cardinals. "How great a difference," wrote the Abbé de Chanterac, "between what he said in

private and what he has said to the world! All of us together cannot feel so much affliction as he alone seemed to feel for what might be in the decree painful to you. He frequently said to me that he considered you as an eminent prelate, very pious, very holy, very learned, *piissimo, santissimo, dottissimo*; these were his words, for he spoke in Italian. It would not become me to tell you, here, what I said to him in reply."

Before this announcement arrived at Cambrai, the decree had reached that ancient city. It was the Feast of the Annunciation; Fénelon was about to ascend the pulpit to preach on the great solemnity of the day. At that very moment the Count de Fénelon, his brother, who had travelled post from Paris, placed the decision of the Court of Rome in his hands. The blow was unexpected, but the elevated tone of Fénelon's mind was not disturbed. He meditated for a few moments only, then changed the whole plan of the discourse which he was about to preach, and delivered one on submission to the Church. The news of his condemnation had already spread through the congregation; tears of affection, of compassion, of admiration for the pious heroism of their beloved prelate, filled all eyes: his tranquillity, his eloquence, the solemn tones of a voice full of pathos, were never forgotten by those who were then present.

But this line of conduct, consistent as it was with the Romanist opinions and discipline, failed to pacify the rancour of Bossuet. It gave, however, peace to him who thus accorded to a doctrinal decision a perfect acquiescence. Fénelon's submission, as he declared to Chevalier Ramsay, was neither an act of policy nor a respectful silence, but an inward act of obedience due to God alone. Such were, such are, the convictions of the Roman Catholic. The peril, the insincerity, the enslavement of the intellect are woful effects of the Pontifical system. "I regard," Fénelon said, "the decision of my superiors as an echo of the supreme will.

I heard God speak to me as he did to Job. I accepted my condemnation in its most extensive meaning."

He had the generosity, even after this persecution, to speak of Bossuet with admiration.

This magnanimity was met by Bossuet in a softened temper, and with a regret to which the great reputation of "Telemachus"—which had then been recently given to the world—greatly conduced.

"Some time after the decree of the Pope," Madame de Maisonfort wrote to Fénélon *, "the Bishop of Meaux appeared to me to be still hurt that you had sent back his book of *Etats d'Oraison* without giving him your opinion of it. 'The Bishop of Cambrai,' said he to me one day with emotion, 'had only to point out what he disapproved of in that work. I would willingly have changed many things in it to have obtained the approbation of such a man.' He concurred with the public opinion as to your intellectual pre-eminence. He said to me one day: 'It is quite the fashion to admire the wit of the Archbishop of Cambrai; it is right: he dazzles with it: he is all wit; he has much more than I.'"

Often did Madame de Maisonfort pray, she declared, that these two, once attached friends, might be reconciled before death; Bossuet wished it also. The bitterness of party-spirit was indeed buried in the tomb of *Quietism*, which was extinguished in the struggle for ever, as far as France was concerned. The fame of the gentle, lofty, beneficent Archbishop of Cambrai penetrated to the sick chamber of the dying Bishop of Meaux. Infirm and inactive, disappointed in the conduct of Louis XIV., Bossuet, perhaps too late, regretted the warm affection, the tender respect which had once soothed his self-love when Fénélon was his disciple and his friend. But great mercies once cast away in this world are seldom restored. The former associates met no more;

* Life, p. 290.

on the 12th of April, 1704, Bossuet, overcome by old age and illness, expired.

One of the victims of his intolerance survived him thirteen years. Madame Guyon, whose innocence had been declared by Bossuet in 1700, in an assembly of the clergy, was detained in the Bastille until 1701; her imprisonment had lasted in all seven years. She was at length released, and exiled to the estate of her daughter Marie, then the wife of Fouquet, Count de Vaux, son of the *surintendant* Fouquet, and afterwards to Maximilian de Bethune, Duc de Sully.

Permitted afterwards to retire to Blois, the woman who had created a schism in the Church, whose name had resounded throughout France, — the friend of Fénelon, the intellectual being whose views had suggested to his great mind feelings and sentiments which the world called mystical, and which the Church condemned as heretical, — passed the declining years of her life in retirement, in silence, and in good works. There was something grand in her complete abjuration of all reproach against those who had blighted her existence by their spiritual tyranny. No murmurs escaped her lips; no regrets that she had imperilled her safety, and perhaps her life, for what she esteemed to be the truth, were, on the other hand, expressed. Her silence, her forbearance, her life of denial and devotion, gave a noble reproof to her enemies. One longs to penetrate still further into that inner life, in which the purity of Madame Guyon's Christian virtues was testified. Sorrowing for her fate, one longs to trace her decline, to enjoy the last sparkle of her brilliant wit; to listen to the last effusions of her far-famed eloquence. Her silence on all her personal history and on her opinions gives an interest to her later days which loquacity would have dimmed.

To the last she preserved her reserve; but when death drew near, she wrote her will, at the beginning of which she wrote her profession of faith, proving her sincerity, and her innocence of all the allegations by which she had been pursued.

Soon after the death of Bossuet, his secretary, the Abbé le Dieu, visited Cambrai. He took with him a letter from Madame de Maisonfort, "the venerable nun of St. Cyr," as she was called, the friend both of Bossuet and of Fénélon.

The abbé reached Cambrai. Fénélon had been visiting his diocese, and was just then returning. The Abbé le Dieu went to the archiepiscopal palace and mingled with the relatives, the grand vicars and almoners, who received the prelate as he alighted from his carriage.

The inquisitive visitant, Le Dieu, then entered the large *salle de billard*, where he awaited the entrance of Fénélon. He was received at first with polite reserve, but Madame de Maisonfort's letters produced a change of manner. Dinner was announced: the abbé was not only invited to partake, but was placed at table next to the archbishop. A magnificent and elegant repast was served up by numerous attendants. No ceremony, save those arising out of natural politeness; no distinctions chilled the friendly intercourse of the guests.

"The archbishop," the abbé relates*, "took the trouble of helping me with his own hand to whatever there was most delicate at table. I thanked him each time with great respect and with my hat in my hand, and each time he returned the courtesy by taking off his own hat. He did me the honour also of drinking my health. All this was done with much gravity, but yet with eminent politeness."

Fénélon, he remarked, ate but little, and only of mild food, and drank nothing but a weak, white wine; hence his extreme thinness; hence, the abbé thought, his "clear and luminous countenance," and his power of enduring fatigue. In the midst of splendour, surrounded by costly furniture, by adulating priests, the modesty and simplicity of Fénélon

* Life, Appendix to vol. i. p. 427.

recalled to the abbé the young ecclesiastic, unknown, in the dawn of his career, whom he had seen in Bossuet's house at Germigny, eighteen years before.

It was at first difficult for the Abbé le Dieu to discover the real feelings which Fénélon entertained for Bossuet; but at last the ice was broken, and the lofty, transparent character of Fénélon appeared beneath that apparent reserve.

"The archbishop," the abbé wrote*, "kept me to supper. After supper, in the course of conversation, they spoke to me about the death of the Bishop of Meaux. They asked me if he anticipated his death? if he received the sacraments, and from whom? and the Archbishop of Cambrai asked me who exhorted him to die? To all these questions I answered simply as the facts were. I am inclined to think, however, from the last question, that the Archbishop was of opinion that the Bishop of Meaux needed able exhortation in the hour of death, and from a person of authority capable of giving it him; probably because of the many important affairs which had passed through his hands during a long life, and some of them of so delicate a nature. During this conversation the Archbishop had a small table placed before him, upon which he folded up himself his packet for Madame de Maisonfort, and directed it with his own hand. Before ten o'clock at night he asked if all the persons in the house were together, and added, 'Let us pray;' which was done in his large bedroom, where the whole family was assembled. An almoner read the formula, and the *confiteor*, as well as the *misereatur*, were simply repeated without anything from the Archbishop."

Madame Guyon was now at rest. Bossuet was no more. But the life of Fénélon, irradiated as it was by a piety which cheered his path, was henceforth neither serene nor, to speak as a courtier, prosperous. One word about his friendship for Madame Guyon, which had cost him so dear. It was the

* Life by De Bausset, Appendix to vol. i. p. 429.

friendship of a guardian angel to one suffering under the bitterest trials of humanity. Not alone for her sake, but for the rights of oppressed human nature, did Fénélon seek to vindicate her name. Much in her he approved, more still he condemned; but he honoured the dauntless zeal, the elevated feeling, the gentle, generous heart of one who seems to have been as much beloved by her friends as she was dreaded by her enemies. There is no evidence that after Madame Guyon's incarceration in the Bastille they ever met again.

Various fortunes chequered his remaining days. He was no longer permitted to see his former pupil, the Duc de Bourgogne, whose character he had formed into attributes so noble that, had he reigned, it is very probable France would have been reformed, not revolutionised. The Duc de Beauvilliers was still not only friendly to Fénélon, but so devoted to that noble being that he now withdrew almost entirely from the court, and in the society of his family, and that of Fénélon, found ample compensation.

The littleness of mind of *Le Grand Monarque* was never more strongly exemplified than in the dislike with which Louis XIV. continued, even after the death of Bossuet, to regard Fénélon. The publication of "Telemachus" increased, and perpetuated this disgraceful aversion.

This work, originally intended for the amusement and instruction of the young Duc de Bourgogne, had been entrusted by Fénélon to a servant, in order that the manuscript might be clearly transcribed. The man, struck by the charm of the style, sold the copy to the widow of Claude Barbier, the printer, and, on the 6th of April, 1699, this immortal publication was given to the world.

This occurred just when the *Maximes des Saints* had been condemned. The printing had proceeded as far as the two hundred and eighth page of the first volume, when the court were informed that "Telemachus" was the production

of the Archbishop of Cambrai. The sheets of "Telemachus" were seized, and every attempt was made to prevent the publication of a work which Louis regarded as a satire on his own government, and which his flatterers represented as filled with personalities and portraits drawn from Versailles. But all the efforts of the court were unable to restrain the rapid circulation of "Telemachus." It was printed surreptitiously at the Hague by Adrian Moëlgéus, and the presses could hardly produce them fast enough to satisfy the public.

The enlightened views of Fénélon on religious subjects had been distasteful to Louis; those displayed in the pages of "Telemachus" on government, were now declared to be dangerous. The abhorrence of conquest, the modest simplicity commended in kings and nobles, the candour and integrity in foreign negotiations, were the very opposite of all that Louis had wished his grandson to adopt as his views on ascending the throne. The wrath of Louis was aggravated by Madame de Maintenon, whose prejudice against "Telemachus" and its author survived the death of Louis. When in 1717 a correct edition of the work was published, a copy of it was offered to Madame de Maintenon. "*I do not wish to read Telemachus,*" she replied, coldly, turning contemptuously away. And the odium which attached itself to the name of Fénélon never died out, although, on his death-bed, he disclaimed having intended to satirise his sovereign, for whose "*virtues*" the dying prelate professed to have felt a sincere regard.

In the present day we are at a loss to conceive what is the charm of a work which produced so extraordinary a sensation. We are inclined to think with Voltaire that the prose of "Telemachus" is "too ponderous." But it must be remembered that the courage, the liberality, the elevation of thought, the melody, the accent, the soul of poetry, breathed in "Telemachus," account for its wide-spreading fame, and

for its standard character as a work without which no library is complete.

Banished virtually for ever from the court, Fénélon's last years were spent at Cambrai in the practice of every social and religious virtue. His days were passed with the regularity, without the seclusion, of a cloister. He slept a few hours only, and rose early; then he performed mass in his own chapel, on Saturdays in the Metropolitan Church, where he remained the whole day confessing all who came.

After his simple supper of eggs or pulse, he listened to the evening prayer read in the presence of all his domestics and other inmates, then his fine, soft voice was heard giving the benediction, and shortly afterwards the archiepiscopal palace was hushed: — all was in profound repose.

Fénélon delighted in walking; it was almost his only recreation. In a letter to his nephew he wrote:—"I walk as often as the weather and my occupations will permit; but I never enjoy this recreation without wishing for you. . . . I amuse myself, I walk, and I find myself peaceful in silence before God. Oh blissful communion! In His presence we are never alone; with men we are alone when we do not wish to hear them. Let us be often together, though separated by distance. . . . I pass my days in peace and without fatigue."

In his rambles he loved to converse with the peasants, and to visit their cottages. When asked to partake of their frugal meals with them, he invariably sat down and shared their repast. The ghost of dignity, that phantom which so often in England separates the pastor from his people, was never there to restrain the kindness of his heart.

Among the admirers of Fénélon, no one was more devoted than the well-known Michael Ramsay, commonly styled the Chevalier Ramsay, whom Fénélon reclaimed from a state of scepticism to a belief in Christianity. Ramsay became afterwards the preceptor of the young Princes Charles Ed-

ward and of Henry Stuart, the sons of James III., or, as we are bound to call him, the Chevalier St. George. Quirini also repaired to Cambrai, for the delights of a conversation such as was long remembered by the contemporaries of Fénelon.

The Duc de Bourgogne, whom he had saved from every temptation, by impressing on him the principles of religion, loved him to the last, and corresponded, though secretly, with the venerated preceptor whom he was even forbidden to name. Fénelon continued to be the Mentor, the confidant, the spiritual and intellectual guide of this brave, zealous, high-minded, yet faulty young man.

In 1711, the death of the Dauphin, the only son of Louis XIV., turned the attention of all France more completely to the promising character of the Duc. Even Louis, for once, deviated from his usual bearing, and associated his young heir with himself in the government of the kingdom. Fénelon, with fatherly anxiety, drew up plans of government for the assistance of one who still revered him as greatly as he loved him.

In the winter of the year 1712, however, all the Archbishop's hopes were suddenly blighted. Early in February, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, a Princess of the House of Savoy, was attacked with an inexplicable disease; she died on the twelfth day of the month. Seven days after, the Duc, who had loved her passionately, expired. The same disease, often imputed to poison, carried him off. Their infant son, the Duc de Bretagne, died also on the 8th of March.

The letter which conveyed to Fénelon the intelligence that the young Duchess was no more, informed him also that the Duc was ill. Fénelon anticipated the worst. He knew the violence of this Prince's attachment to his wife; he knew his ardent, impulsive character; he knew the sensitive nature of the pupil whom he had so carefully

reared; and he gave up hope. His expressions are very affecting.

"I am terrified," he wrote, "at the illness of the Dauphin. I have long dreaded that some fearful fate was reserved for him. If God be no longer angry with France, he will recover; but if the anger of the Deity be yet unappeased, there is every cause for alarm for his safety. I can implore nothing; I tremble, but dare not pray. Inform me of the progress of this complaint; you know how much I am interested in it. Alas! alas! Lord! look down upon us with pity!"

A ray of hope was permitted, but only for a time,—and Fénélon's fears abated; nevertheless there was, in his heart, a secret fear that God was not appeased in his wrath towards France. What would he have said could he have witnessed the events of the close of the eighteenth century?

To the expiring Dauphin he addressed the language of religion and of affection. He knew the poignant despair that would sink, he feared, that impassioned young man into despondency. "I have prayed, and I shall still pray," he wrote, "I even cause prayers to be put up for the Princess we have lost." He wrote several pages full of tenderness and comfort. But the eyes which they were intended to meet had then closed in death. Fénélon's letter was dated on the 18th of February, and at nine that morning the Prince had expired.

The terrible news was imparted gently; few, but expressive, were the words that escaped Fénélon's lips. "Every tie," he said, in a burst of anguish, "is snapped; nothing now holds me to earth." The man, severed by ecclesiastical law from family interests, had loved his pupil as a son. As a father he mourned him. For many days he was in that state of anguish, which produces indifference to every human bond. He scarcely ever recovered the blow, and his health became seriously impaired.

In the course of three years, the three distinguished men whose souls had been knit together, who had formed the Dauphin to what he was, were all gathered to the tomb.

The Duc de Chevreuse died first, the Duc de Beauvilliers next: to whose sorrowing widow Fénélon wrote the last letter that he ever penned. It closed in these words, prophetic of his own approaching death:—

“We shall soon find again that which we have not lost; we daily approach to it with rapid strides: yet a little while, and there will be no more cause for tears.” Three days after those words were written Fénélon was taken ill.

His death was hastened by an accident. Whilst mourning deeply for the Duc of Beauvilliers,—he made, nevertheless, a short journey of Episcopal visits,—his carriage was broken down in a dangerous place. No one was hurt, apparently,—no one but one, whom all would have imperilled their own lives to save; and he, Fénélon, received no outward injury, but the shock affected his weak frame.

He reached Cambrai; a fever came on, and Fénélon was convinced that it would be fatal. No regret for life disturbed his last hours, which were given to the deepest penitence, and to the affairs of his diocese.

His illness lasted only six days and a half. The time, though short, was long enough for one of the most chastened of hearts to humble itself, still more profoundly, at the foot of the Cross.

“Repeat, repeat to me those divine words,” he said, when the Bible was read to him. His almoners, weeping, said to him, “But why do you leave us? in this state of desolation to whom will you confide your people?” He answered only in sighs.

The last Sacrament was administered to him, solemnly, in the presence of his whole Chapter, whom he admonished in, never forgotten, though faltering accents. Chirac, the prin-

cial court physician, was brought down to see him, and prescribed a second bleeding; but the hand of death was on him. He joined with his almoners in their devotions as long as strength would permit; and his eyes and whole countenance showed that he felt, in the most profound manner, the expressions of faith, of hope, of love, of resignation, inculcated in the texts of Scripture. "He made us repeat," wrote his biographer, "the words attributed by the holy Church to St. Martin: 'Lord, if I am yet needful to the people, I will not shrink from the labour; Thy will be done.'"

Although he had confessed on Christmas Day, the archbishop again confessed to his almoner, and desired to receive the holy bread and wine. "Your illness, Monseigneur," said the priest, "is not so great as to require this second Communion." "In my present condition there is nothing more important to me," was the reply. Then he was carried from the small chamber which he usually occupied into a large room, where he solemnly addressed all the members of his Chapter, who were again summoned to be present and to partake of that last Sacrament.

No one had a more tender heart for his friends than Fénélon; yet, so rapt was every hope, every thought, in the heavenly home to which he was hastening, that he saw, unmoved, his friends and relations, his servants, weeping around him.

On the morning of the Epiphany, he dictated that last letter to Father Letellier, the confessor of Louis XIV., which was to be delivered after his eyes were closed. It produced an immense sensation at the court; but not a word in it related to the personal affairs of Fénélon, except this striking commencement:—

"I have received extreme unction. Being in this state, reverend father, and in which I am preparing to appear before my God, I entreat you forthwith to represent to the King what are my real sentiments."

Of the two favours which he asked, both relating to spiritual affairs, the first was that his Majesty would appoint a worthy successor in the Archbishopric of Cambrai, and one who should be firm against Jansenism, which was so favourably received on that frontier. After this duty done, he suffered a great deal, but he rejoiced in being "like Christ by suffering." The bible is read to him, and texts on the necessity of suffering; on its brevity compared with that eternity of glory with which God rewards it. He rejoiced greatly in his anguish.

"I am on the Cross with Jesus Christ," he repeated, reciting at intervals the *prière des agonisants*. His almoners and confessors stood near his bed, and, as his speech faltered, repeated to him the words of our Redeemer which he could no longer utter: "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." "Yes, Lord," he repeated, raising his trembling voice, "Thy will, not mine." The paroxysm of agony bore him down, and delirium ensued. He was drifting fast to that shore where those whom he had loved awaited him. Those who still remained on earth were assembled around his bed, praying, when lucid intervals occurred, for his last blessing.

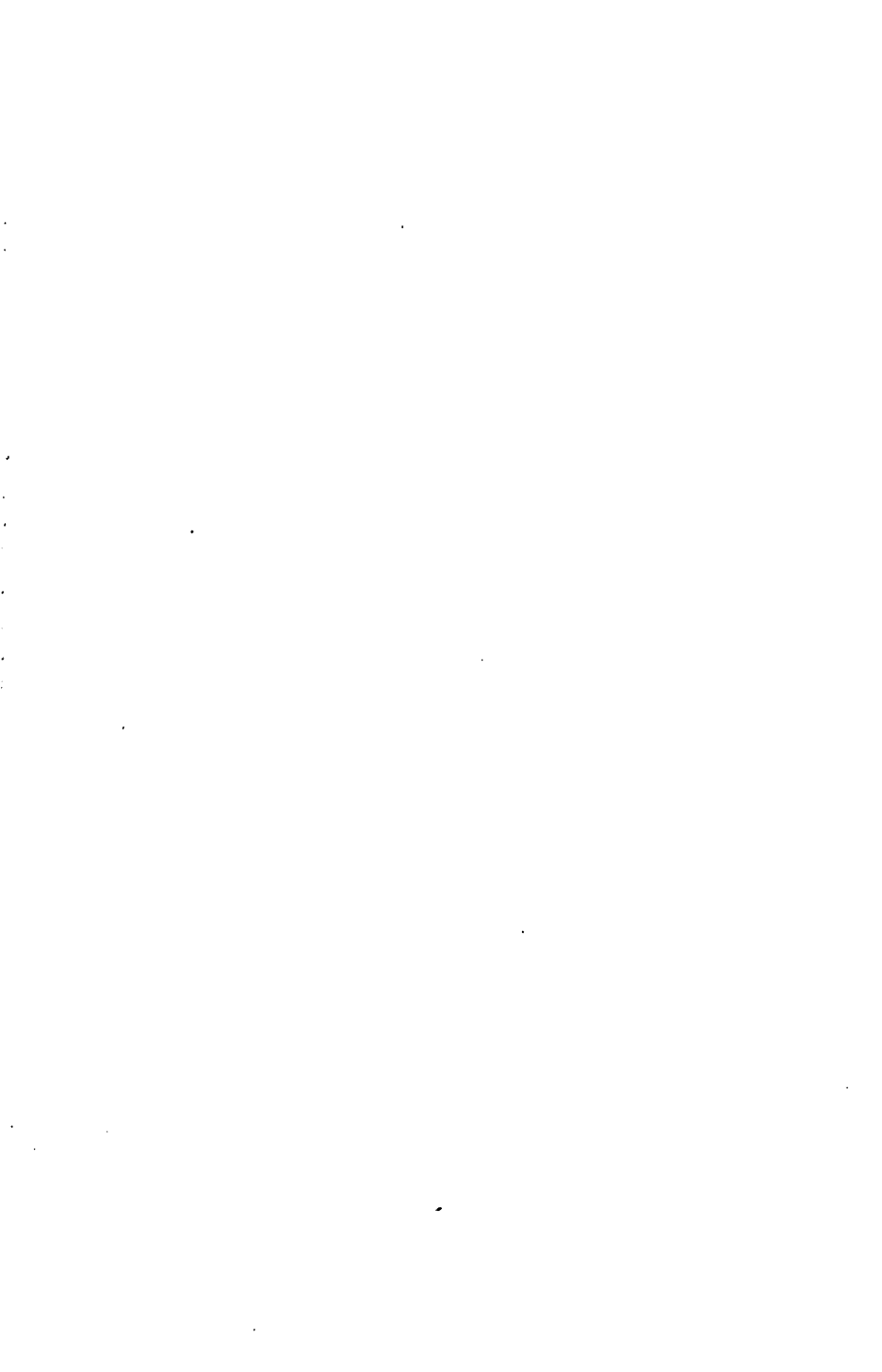
But Fénélon's thoughts were in heaven. He repeated, with clasped hands, heartfelt supplications. At length, after being for about half an hour without giving any sign of consciousness, his spirit was released. He expired, gently, about five o'clock in the morning, on the 7th of January, 1715.

Fénélon died poor. He left behind him no ready money. His bounty had never ceased; his diocese had, nevertheless, been greatly impoverished by the vicinity of the troops during war, and by the burning down of his palace.

At court his death caused no visible sensation. "I am sorry," Madame de Maintenon frigidly wrote, "that the Archbishop of Cambrai is dead: he is a friend I lost by

Quietism." By his friends, by the poor, by society at large he was deeply mourned. The Pope, Clement XI., shed, it is stated, tears of sorrow at his death. It seemed to all as if his course had not been fully run, and as if he might have been spared to those who revered him a few short years more.

Fénélon was, when he died, sixty-four years and five months old. His remains were deposited in the archiepiscopal church at Cambrai; and when, during the French revolution, the sanctity of the grave was everywhere in France outraged, those venerated remains were respected. They were, indeed, removed, but a mausoleum was erected over them. The memory of his virtues could disarm even the furies of that licentious period.



MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER AND MISS TALBOT.

EQUALITY OF STATION IN THESE TWO FRIENDS.—BOTH OLD MAIDS BY CHOICE.—MRS. CARTER'S FATHER.—HER STUDIES.—HER LOVE OF AMUSEMENT—OF DANCING.—AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.—WHY REFUSED.—CATHERINE TALBOT.—HER HOME IN ARCHBISHOP SECKER'S HOUSE.—HER CHARM OF PERSON AND MANNER.—HER RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.—HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH MISS CARTER.—HER ILLNESS AND DEATH.—HER PATIENCE.—ANECDOTES OF MRS. CARTER AND THE BISHOPS.—HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH JOHNSON.—HER CHEERFUL, STUDIOUS, BUT SOCIAL LIFE.—EDUCATES HER NEPHEW.—HER DEATH AT AN ADVANCED AGE.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER AND MISS TALBOT.

THE tenor of a calm and prosperous life was propitious to the friendship of these two excellent and eminent women. No struggles between duty and affection, no controversial differences, no interfering husbands, severed, in their long friendship, Elizabeth Carter and Catherine Talbot from each other.

Many circumstances aided a memorable intimacy which is expressed in three quarto volumes. First, there was an equality of station, or nearly so; both were the daughters of clergymen: secondly, there was a complete congeniality on religious topics; they were of that good old-fashioned broad church which then went on complacently in most country families in England: lastly, their associates were the same; the one did not move in a high sphere, and the other in a low one; both were members of the blue-stocking circle which Mrs. Montagu welcomed to Portman Square; both knew Johnson and his set, Mrs. Vesey and her clique; and both were, by *choice*, old maids. Let not, however, the "Englishwoman's Journal" claim them as its own; neither of these respected ladies were emancipators, they were rather disposed to build up the fabric of society more strongly than ever—where it was defective to improve it—where it was dilapidated to repair it; they were essentially conservative on most points.

Within the memory of man, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was

living, a venerable, but somewhat dirty old lady, in lodgings in Clarges Street, Piccadilly; her contemporaries gone, her occupation gone, her over-prized learning vanished from her failing memory. There existed, not many years ago, I repeat it, those who thus remember her. She was the star to whom virtuous mothers pointed to their children; "follow her course," they said, "and see what you may become." She was the model woman of the early part of the present century. We seem to have lived with her; and yet how different was she to ourselves.

She was old enough, when thus her days were declining, to have it remarked that her birth was registered according to the new style; that troublesome old style, the abrogation of which almost caused riots in certain country parishes, had gone out in 1717, when Elizabeth Carter first saw the light. Her father was the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., perpetual curate of Deal, where the future translator of Epictetus was born and bred. Her mother was of an ancient Dorsetshire family, the daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne of Bere. Her father, who afterwards became rector of Woodchurch and of Ham in Kent, and one of the six preachers in Canterbury Cathedral, was no ordinary person. Intended originally for a farmer and grazier, he was ignorant of the learned languages until he was nineteen years old; when a change in his destination took place. He then studied so profoundly that he became a deep and critical scholar in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He was eminent for personal character; gentle, "unspotted from the world," and earnest in his duties. One of these he conceived to be to give his children, girls as well as boys, a learned education. His two daughters by his first wife were both excellent classics; Elizabeth, the "Mrs. Elizabeth Carter" of a later age, determined early to devote herself to learning and to a single life, and wished that her sister Margaret, eight years younger than herself, should do the same. But Margaret made no vows; yet Margaret was the quicker

of the two. Elizabeth was slow, so slow that her father, who was her instructor, almost lost patience over the lessons he gave her ; but she had an inflexible perseverance which, as one often sees in Oxford examinations and their results, supplies the place of talent. Severe headaches were the penalty she paid for knowledge too hardly gained. There was another evil too ; she contracted, even in her youth, the habit of taking snuff, in order to keep herself awake during the night. Her father much disapproved of her snuff-taking, and it was then discontinued, but resumed, and the practice retained till her death. But Greek and Latin, her father thought, were not to monopolise feminine minds. French was to be acquired, and Elizabeth was sent to board with a French refugee in Canterbury. She was fond of music, and played not only on the spinnet but on the *German flute*. She wrote poetry ; and those who are curious to see her first efforts will find them in the "Gentleman's Magazine." To these early efforts she appended a motto in Greek from Euripides :—" These things are nothing,"

" It is not easy," her nephew and biographer remarks, " at this distance of time to relate exactly her progress in learning, in proper order." We are content that the good man and devoted nephew should not have troubled himself, and are satisfied with what Mrs. Carter used herself to relate ; viz., that Dr. Johnson had once said, speaking of some celebrated scholar, that he knew Greek better than any one except Elizabeth Carter." The modern languages, German especially, in order to qualify her for holding some appointment at court, were child's play to her. Afterwards she studied Arabic, and made for her own use an Arabic dictionary.

The early period of her girlhood had had its troubles ; for when only ten years of age she lost her mother. The blow came in a painful form. Mrs. Carter had brought her husband a fortune of several thousand pounds, but, unhappily, even the steady, retired Dr. Carter was carried away by the

South Sea Bubble. The money was invested in that fraudulent speculation, and in 1720 was, when the bubble burst, lost for ever. Mrs. Carter, it is said, fretted herself into consumption, and died of vain regret. Her daughter, meantime, grew up to be one of the most charming women in the county of Kent. At fourteen years of age she was a "romp, and subscribed to assemblies ;"* she was a mild specimen of what, in short, we should now call "fast." She took a part in the play of Cato ; she is found writing to a friend at Canterbury to send her some finery for the part of Juba ; all the trumpery that could be rummaged up. "If you," she says, "have anything that could serve me for a red sash ; if you have a smart-looking sword, send me that. Whether you will understand all I want, I do not know, but certain it is that I do not understand it myself. Send the things immediately, if you can find them, for we are to rehearse immediately, and act some time this week." She was, we record it with satisfaction, no saint. Yet few women surpassed Mrs. Carter in earnest, reflective, active piety. Her knowledge of the Bible "was as complete as her belief in it was sincere." She had the good sense to eschew controversial theology, yet to aid her devotion by the study of the best explanatory works on religion. This faith supported her through life, and solaced her when all earthly things were fading from her. She was neither mystical nor dogmatic ; not religious *par excellence*, like Hannah More ; her deep-seated, heart-felt piety made no exhibition of being, what Garrick called, a "Sunday woman." Her great mind, her perfect charity, raised her above vain-glory and self-righteousness.

Her character, meantime, was being gradually moulded into the finest feminine proportions. It had many capabilities, and excellent points. First, there was her energy ; a quality almost out of date as far as young girls are concerned. She rose at four or five, — perhaps to the injury

* Life of Mrs. C., vol. i. p. 14.

of her health,—for *too* early rising is not be recommended. She worked, also, late at night; putting round her head a wet towel in order to keep herself awake. After mastering the classics, she studied mathematics and astronomy. Nevertheless, she found time to work a great deal at her needle; and when she was in London, even, her brothers happening to want new shirts, some of theirs were sent off to Elizabeth to make.

Still, she danced away; and dancing was her passion,—she played the rake, she confessed on more than one occasion,—walked three miles to a ball, then danced till morning; her attention was often directed to the stars, but oftener to the Sandwich Assembly,—five miles away from her home at Deal.

Her nephew, Montagu Pennington, more polite than most nephews to maiden aunts, thinks it extraordinary,—he so says in his memoirs, “that with so much sprightliness and some beauty, the young Elizabeth should not have married.” Offers she had, and good ones. She submitted all these to her father; he naturally wished his portionless daughter to accept any proposal agreeable to herself. She never could consent to view the subject of marriage as a provision, although she knew that, at her father’s death, she would be destitute. But she was high-minded on every point.

At length, the “right man” seemed to appear. A gentleman, every way unexceptionable, offered to her. Elizabeth, for the first and last time, hesitated. She was then nearly thirty years of age. After some consideration, however, she refused him. The suitor had published some verses which, though not absolutely indelicate, were indicative of a licentious mind. Of these the author was afterwards sincerely ashamed. They lost him the hand of Elizabeth Carter; and though her refusal was gently and politely, it was firmly given. Four years afterwards, she hears of her Strephon, as Miss Talbot called him, again.

“Your Strephon,” writes Miss Talbot, “has found a Delia

long ago, and in him you would only find an agreeable friend, full of respect and regard, and who always expresses a deep sense of your obliging and handsome behaviour to him during that stormy February. No other stormy February can ever come. For it were impossible, were the world full of Strephons, that those friends to whom you have more and more endeared yourself by all your conduct since, can think of putting you into new difficulties, when they reflect how ready you are to sacrifice every other wish of your heart. May you be indulged in that one, for which you have the noblest and most generous motives, of not being obliged to give a hand without a heart."

Yet Elizabeth never protested that she would *not* marry. "No one knew what *might* happen," she sometimes said, when rallied by her friends. Her father, however, even when she was only twenty years of age, had suspected that she had made a resolution to live single; and he therefore pointed out to her, with all the prudent views of a father of the last century, that, such being the case, it was useless for her to appear in the world at such an expense as would be reasonable if her prospects were matrimonial.

She was then still a blooming *blonde*, with light tresses, white teeth, and other perfections of a fine lady.* Her portraits convey no great idea of beauty of outline; but rather give us the impression of their original being a hard-featured, strong-minded woman. She lived, however, to become the very type of perfection in celibacy; she lived to have the "Essay on Old Maids," written by Hayley, dedicated to her; the compliment, though sugared over by styling her, "poet, philosopher, *and* old maid," was a bitter one. Mrs. Carter disliked, also, the indelicacy of a treatise, which she felt it an insult to address to one who was so resolutely proper in a coarse period, as herself.

Strephon's proposal seems to have been the last temptation

* Life, p. 21.

to quit the life of a celibate, if we except the following *chance*, confided by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, when she was forty years of age, to her friend Miss Talbot:—

“My father has received a marvellous odd letter from Yorkshire, in which the writer desires to be informed with all possible speed, whether I have made any resolutions against marrying, and whether, if I have not, I am engaged. Surely this poor man must have lived in a wood, or he never could have thought that any one had a right to ask the first question, or that the curiosity of a stranger could be gratified as to the last.” The reason for this singular inquiry was not imparted. Light-hearted, and perhaps somewhat cold by nature, “Eliza,” as she now wrote herself in *Cave’s Magazine*, contented herself with friendship.

Catherine Talbot, whose literary remains were the care of her gifted friend, was the posthumous child of Edward, second son of Talbot, Bishop of Durham, and brother of Lord Chancellor Talbot. Her mother’s name was Martyn, and she was the daughter of a Prebendary of Lincoln. Mr. Talbot died in 1720; but he had, by an act of kindness, secured to his wife a friend, whose society and personal influence were of the utmost importance to those thus bereaved of their natural protector.

Thomas Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was the grateful friend of Edward Talbot. The son of a Protestant Dissenter, Secker had entered the medical profession: he had pursued the study of medicine in London and Paris, and had graduated at Leyden as M.D. The natural bias of this enlightened churchman was, however, to critical and theological studies. One of his schoolfellows was Butler, afterwards Bishop of Durham; boys as well as men, find their level. In after life, Butler thought Secker far more suited to the clerical, than to the medical profession, and introduced him to Edward Talbot, who, on his death-bed, recommended

* *Life*, p. 23.

the young M.D., then only twenty-three years of age, to his father.

A proposal was made to him by the Bishop to take orders, with a promise to provide for him if he did so. This proposition was sent through Butler. Secker, nevertheless, asked for four months to consider it; the result was, that he entered as a gentleman commoner at Exeter College, Oxford: was ordained by Bishop Talbot, and became his chaplain in 1722.

Mrs. Talbot was then a widow, with the infant Catherine; but in 1725, Secker, having married the sister of his friend Dr. Martin Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, invited her with her child to take up their abode in his family; they did so, and the bond of union was never broken;—they never left the house of Secker. He became, so early as 1727, a Prebendary of Durham. He was then quite a young man (being born in 1693), and peculiarly graceful and dignified in form and appearance. His countenance was beaming and open; in conversation, he was at once instructive and animated, kind, liberal, generous, unworldly; he possessed also one attribute not often to be found in men so continually occupied as himself,—he was of an even, forbearing temper, considerate of others.

In this congenial society, Mrs. Edward Talbot was domesticated; she was able fully to appreciate it; her understanding was good; and though, in conformity with the custom of the day, she had never learned any language but her own, it was otherwise well cultivated.

Mr. Montagu Pennington regrets that so little is known of the early training and girlish pursuits of Catherine Talbot; but, it seems to us, that the facts just stated, speak volumes. One thing was to be feared: brought up in the house of a distinguished prelate, there might have been a danger of her becoming a pedant; or of her being deficient in those feminine accomplishments which are invaluable as promoting home-

happiness, and ensuring the best independence against the necessity for amusement. But such was not the case; on the contrary, whilst Catherine studied astronomy, and gained some knowledge of Latin, wrote essays and poems, read French and Italian, and learned German, she was acquiring music and drawing, and performed sometimes, though without much pretension to science, in private concerts. No doubt, our modern pianists would have disdained her skill; but it gave pleasure in those less ambitious days.

Then she painted flowers exquisitely, and she was — a thoughtful, humble, truth-seeking, theological student:— the study above all others calculated to improve and exalt the mind, was then part of a solid lady's education. It was not controversy, it was knowledge that she sought, vital, all-saving knowledge; not only at the source; not only at the fountain of all good, did she seek it; not in the Scriptures alone, but in all subsidiary streams and pure sources which could enlarge and perfect her views.

And the fixed faith which was in her case, and more generally in those days than in ours, carefully inculcated, — so that the youthful mind could be preserved at once from wavering, or from fanaticism, — was greatly wanted. Catherine Talbot had neither the long nor the tranquil life of her friend Elizabeth. Her health was bad; and, early in life, before her twenty-first year, she experienced some bitter disappointment of the heart, and, perhaps, on that account, never married.

She was, however, in youth, called, on account of her pleasing exterior, her delightful manners, and her acquirements, the "celebrated Miss Talbot;" and it was the reputation of her goodness and her talents that made Elizabeth Carter desirous of knowing her. And soon was the friendship of these kindred souls formed into a bond only dissolved by death. They were both great letter-writers; and letter-writing in those days was the safety-valve of women of the

higher ranks, who were brimming over with wit and intelligence. Letter-writing was an expensive indulgence when each epistle cost, as old people tell us, a shilling to boot, or more; rarely, in the country, less. Sometimes, in cross posts, it was necessary to send them by couriers; there was no Genius of system in England then, like our immortal Rowland Hill; the idea of a letter costing only a penny would have appeared in those times quite profane. True there were franks; but franks imply connection and proximity. To catch a county member was difficult. Then paper was dear; how yellow and how coarse are even our grandmothers' love-letters. Leisure, too, was by no means more abundant than at present. Our grandmother or great aunt must needs turn out at six o'clock in the summer's day to early prayers (the services were then divided), matins, as they called them. Anon, our progenitrix must needs have her hair dressed; an hour's process at the least. She was expected too to clear-starch her own "necks," as they termed the muslin kerchief, and her own ruffles. Women of very good condition did it. She was also entrusted with the manufacture of pastry, and the due preparation of pickles and preserves. When, therefore, our ancestress sat down to write a letter it was a grave affair. To correspond well was a part of education then; young ladies consider that they have it now by intuition. What scrawls and what rudeness now travel from one end of the English nation to another, under the shadow of a queen's head. People are scarcely civil now-a-days; the good, well-considered communicative letter, with the account of a ball or a dress at one end, moral and religious reflections at another, would now be thought absurd. Still our nymphs and maidens have so much to say that they must needs cross their letters, an act that ought to be fined. Say, legislators, should not a crossed letter pay a double postage?

Worthy Mr. Montagu Pennington, writing the most sketchy of memoirs, in the form of introduction, of Catherine Talbot,

apologises for the length of his biographical remarks. Were it not for other writers, we should know little of her life and pursuits; but we glean somewhat of her daily existence from that of her paternal friend Thomas Secker.

Although censured as a concealed dissenter, Secker was a rising man, at an age when he was still juvenile enough to be active. Never was there a better parish priest, a more earnest, plain, pathetic, practical preacher. When he was promoted to the see of Oxford (we do not follow every step in his ascent) the Dissenters hoped that he would promote some great reform, consonant with their views, in the Church of England; Dr. Doddridge more especially, who even hinted as much to the prelate. "Doctor," was Secker's reply, "my sentiments on those matters are different from yours." He was, in fact, very shy of dissenters, from a dread of being thought to favour those in whose tenets he had been reared. Catherine, therefore, would see few but orthodox divines at the prebend's house in Durham, or in the episcopal palace of the Bishop of Oxford.

The contemplation of such a character as Secker's, seen so nearly, must, however, have been an hourly improvement; his noble nature scorned all patronage except on the score of merit. There he might be seen when, at length, Primate of England, seated in that ancient library at Lambeth, restored and replenished by himself, poring over two books: the one called his black book, the other his white book. In his *black* book Secker entered the characters of such of his clergy as he found to be unsatisfactory; in his *white* book he noted down the traits which he collected of those who were worthy of patronage or encouragement. Neither persuasion nor political interest could induce him to promote those whose names were inscribed in his *black* book.

Catherine Talbot almost became a part and parcel of the episcopacy. Greatly did she love the old palaces in which her lot placed her among prelates and deans, oftentimes

chaplains and curates, dons just emerging from college, and freshmen just entered there. Writing from Cuddesden she says:—"This paradise looks as lovely in itself as ever, but the joy one used to feel in coming to it was more, I find, from the prospect of six or seven months' cheerful retirement, than from any particular beauty in the place. Half unfurnished, and not half inhabited,—the tie just dissolved that has bound me to it for twenty years, this place does not seem to me so comfortable even as Lambeth. It is my duty now to love *that* place, and a fondness for *this* is no longer a part of my business. I could have cried when the first morning dawned upon me here, and I was awaked by the pretty birds as in former years; but this folly was soon checked, and, I thank God, is now conquered."*

London she detested; she found in it no such thing as friendship, society, or rational conversation. She longed for her friend Elizabeth to come to the capital that she might have some more agreeable afternoons than those spent "at drums." Yet, as he who was once plain Protestant dissenter, Thomas Secker, M.D., was then "His Grace," she must have been mixed up with the *crème de la crème*. She was by no means infested with the fastidious and morbid egotism that enjoys nothing, so prevalent in our spoiled-child times; on the contrary, everything gave her pleasure. Neither was she an exclusive ascetic, condemning innocent relaxations. "Do not ask me," she writes, "whether I have an aversion to cards. As the business of life and the bane of conversation I have, but in all mixed company I reverence them; and there is another sort of company where I really love them, and that is among a good-humoured set of people that are merry without being conversible. I am a strange sort of mortal, but there is no amusement, no way of life, that has not charms for me at one time or another. I have a great notion

* Correspondence, p. 426.

that half one's business in this world is to make the best of everything, and keep oneself in constant good humour. I love society extremely, from the fine folks in town down to the dirty children in a village school, or day-labourers with their hooks and scythes. I love solitude to excess. I love walking because it is cheerful, and sitting at home because it is safe and quiet."*

This charming disposition, owing partly to a well-employed mind, partly to nature (her best boon a light heart), was by no means checked by "His Grace," who entered gaily into the gaiety of that girl's young days. We find, when Catherine was scarcely sixteen years of age, lines on the Bishop of Bristol's† "advising Miss Talbot not to mind what the men said to her." The lines were in Miss Carter's handwriting, but were not hers.

"Why will you strive to make the fair
So blind to every charm,
Alone unknowing of their powers,
Which every bosom warm?
No, Secker, no; in reason's spite
Thy wit must not prevail;
Here overcome, and only here,
Thy eloquence must fail."

It seems hard for an archbishop's inmate to find fault with Lambeth; yet Miss Talbot talks of the green ponds in the garden, the absence of fruit and flowers, bad drains, and rooms that wanted cleaning. Her heart yearned for Cuddesden and the country, "its wild walks and hedgerows." Ill health, and no wonder, followed the migration from the "golden light and fresh air" of Cuddesden to the swamps of Lambeth. Yet, though in the hands of two physicians, the fair Catherine's spirits did not give way under the discipline of bleeding and the "amusement of two blisters," administered by the

* Correspondence, p. 73.

† Secker was bishop of Bristol in 1735.

approved San Grado system of that day. She was even "thankful for an easy, pleasant fit of illness," which gave her leisure, and showed her the kindness of friends. "He," she touchingly writes, "who, while he vouchsafed to dwell on earth, with such exquisite compassion relieved every infirmity that applied to Him for relief, is equally near, is equally tender to His infirm creatures now, and one instance of that tenderness is His command to them *to take no (anxious) thought for the morrow*. Had any one told me five weeks ago, 'You are to have a pleuritic fever, to be five times blooded, twice blistered,' I should have been frightened out of my wits; whereas day by day has passed on mighty well, and brought me to a better state of health than I have enjoyed for years."*

After this, the letters to Elizabeth Carter, written by her friend, contain almost a chronicle of ill-health borne as if it were a blessing, rather than a trial.

"Indeed," she writes, referring to the necessary seclusion, "I am thankful every day for this quiet and retired life, where having neither cares, nor business, nor amusements out of myself and my own room for many hours of the day, I have the finest opportunity imaginable for rooting many weeds out of my own bad soil, which through years of neglect have grown wider than I knew of."†

Her looks, she adds, were "quite good;" it was wonderful, considering the life of racket led even by the saintly inmates of Lambeth.

First, the day began with writing letters for "his Grace," with "necessary attendances, dinner consultations, harpsichord tunes; paper murder, and visitors, till past twelve, not a minute to spare;" then forth goes la belle Talbot to call at Lady Charlotte Finch's (*gouvernante* afterwards to the daughters of George III.):—there so many pleasures awaited her that she stayed till dinner. At dinner a charming party;

* Correspondence, vol. i. p. 440.

† Ibid. p. 447.

in the evening one equally agreeable “One night at Madame Munchhausen’s to meet all the Excellencies in Europe.”

But all happiness was dashed by the Archbishop’s illness—an illness, caused by gout—and borne with patience. “I would rather my own hand were in pain than his,” writes Catherine to her friend; and she begins of talking not to allow her thoughts to look on the *dark* side; a somewhat ominous expression. Nevertheless, she runs off the next day to Lady Charlotte Finch’s to see the young Prince (George IV.) in his state cradle, and to drink caudle with Lady Egremont, and “all the gay world.”

For several years this pleasant life went on: but deep-seated disease was undermining the days of the gay-spirited Catherine Talbot. She seems to have had some presage of her destiny, though she laughs it off to her friends.

“My life,” she wrote in 1768*, “flows on in the same swift, pleasant stream that it has done, I thank God, so many years past. I know all the while that before it conveys me into the wide and awful ocean, I must, probably, be stranded for a while on a bleak, desert shore, and wish often for a pause to consider what provisions may be timely laid in to support those desolate hours. You see by this, I propose living to old age, and look upon myself at present as in the gay and flowery season of life.” This was but a year before her death.

In August 1768, the same year, a few hurried lines to Miss Carter, to say that Catherine and her mother “were well, composed, and resigned,” told the tale of death. The friend of the good,—the earnest, benevolent Secker, was no more. He had been for years a martyr to gout; about the beginning of 1768 the pain removed from his shoulder to his thigh; it became agonising: on the 30th of July, sickness came on while he was at dinner. In the evening, whilst turning himself on his couch, the thigh bone broke: it was found, on

* Correspondence, p. 23.

examination after death, that the bone had become carious from the rheumatic gout; and the acrimonious humour had corroded the bone. A gentle delirium came on, and in that state, the life that had lasted seventy-five years, was ended.

Miss Talbot's letters became less frequent; "Do not be afraid," she writes to her friend, "I shall scramble through it," referring to her now last and fatal illness.

At length comes a letter from Dr. Berkeley, the son of the famous Bishop of Cloyne; Miss Talbot was dying; she had charged the doctor, after much *cheerful* conversation about her approaching death, to write to her friend, from her dictation. Death was then hourly expected: when it appeared near, the expiring Christian was happy: when she recovered and returned to the world again, her countenance lost that aspect to express which, cheerfulness was, her attending friend declares, an inadequate word. The disorder was cancer. During the last three years it had been known only to Miss Carter, to the Archbishop, to the medical people, and to her maid.

Her sweet character shone forth in a still lingering illness. Her friend wished to go to her;—"Want you one does always, when one has you not," Miss Talbot wrote, "but there is such a thing as consideration;" yet she erased these words: they still, even in this last stage of their long friendship, wrote to each other, "My dear Miss Talbot," and "My dear Miss Carter;" for such was the fashion of the day. Elizabeth Carter was with her when, with scarcely a minute's struggle, this spotless soul passed away. "Never since," wrote the heart-stricken mourner, "was there a more perfect pattern of evangelical goodness, decorated by all the ornaments of a highly improved understanding, and recommended by a sweetness of temper, and an elegance and politeness of manners, of a peculiar and more engaging kind, than in any other character I ever met with." The praise is rather formal, and chill, and does not convey the impress of strong feeling. It was addressed to Mrs. Vesey.

She beheld her lost friend deposited, however, in the grave: not entering publicly among the procession, but privately—with other friends and true mourners.

Thus died Catherine Talbot: a beautiful specimen of the English lady: religious, without fanaticism; social, without dissipation; cheerful, yet serious, when seriousness was appropriate and becoming. Her letters are charming: they have some of the vivacity of Mrs. Montagu's, without that forced strain of satire, which, in the Queen of the Blues, so frequently fatigues; they exhibit a reflective, intelligent mind; a genial, warm heart—a perfect purity of thought. The character of their writer well exemplifies the fact, that living in the world does not, necessarily, make us worldly; we may be unspotted from it if we keep the one example ever before our eyes. The faith of Catherine Talbot was a living faith; it guarded her in the busy assembly, it attended her in the loved haunts of the country. It supported her in all the consciousness of an incurable malady, years before that malady came to a crisis: it elevated her in the last solemn hours of her life: it rendered her almost angelic, as, hoping, believing, she passed through the valley of the Shadow of Death.

Her friend—one indeed of many friends—she who had attended her in the last hours, mourned her long and truly. Miss Talbot had wisely considered that it was a serious duty not to feel too much even for others, and that “the distresses around us ought to make us turn our eyes with the more cheerful thankfulness on the blessings of one's own situation.” And this soothing philosophy was adopted also by Mrs. Carter.

The mind, Miss Talbot argued, too sensitive to the sorrows of others, would contract too deep a gloom. And so, she adds,—this was when she was about thirty-five years of age,—“I will go to the concert to night, and be as gay as though there was no such thing as misery in the world; yet such gaiety must be founded on the conviction, that all this world's

miseries shall turn out for happiness in the end to those who go through their trials as they ought, and must be accompanied (else it would be unfeeling hardness of heart) with affectionate wishes that those who are now incapable of enjoying such a cheerful hour, may, at least, receive every relief and support that is for the present needful, and may in time be restored to the sunny part of the chequered walk through life; for trifling and momentary as this sunshine of gaiety is, it is useful to conduct us through our journey to those regions where cloud and darkness are no more.”*

Mrs. Talbot survived her daughter twelve years; and died at the age of ninety-two, of a paralytic attack. She had received the news of her daughter being in a hopeless state with as much surprise as if she had believed her to be in perfect health; she bore her death calmly; and turned, in accordance with her daughter's precepts, to society, as well as to religion, for consolation.

Elizabeth Carter was sixty-three years of age when her friend died. We must therefore look back and review the intervening years, when we left her a charming, merry girl subscribing to the Sandwich Assemblies, and sending for a sword wherewith to enact Juba.

Her acquaintance with Cave produced an introduction to Johnson. “Johnson!” her father wrote to her in 1738, “you mention Johnson, but that is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted;” so remote was Deal from the civilised world of literature. Johnson was then rising to celebrity, having just published his imitation of the third satire of Juvenal under the name of “London.” A mutual and enduring friendship was formed between the learned Samuel, and learned Elizabeth.

“To every joy is appended a sorrow,” writes the great moralist to Elizabeth. “The name of Miss Carter introduces

* Correspondence, vol. i. p. 321.

the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave! I owed him much, for to him I owe that I have known you." Either Cave or Johnson introduced her to Richard Savage, whom she endeavoured, kindly, to reform.

"Be pleased, Madam," Savage wrote to her, "to accept my thanks for your pious intention of making me a saint. I am truly desirous of becoming so, because as saints, they say, are allowed the happiness of conversing with angels, I may, by that means, be so blest as in some measure to become worthy of the conversation of Miss Carter."

We have referred to the home enjoyed by Miss Talbot in the house of Archbishop Secker. It was often shared by Mrs. Carter; after the death of Mrs. Secker in 1748, the world gave the primate to Mrs. Carter, who, it was thought, would exactly suit a learned, though not grave divine. Mrs. Carter, it seems, always repudiated the idea. There is a period in woman's life when she is peculiarly the subject of matrimonial speculators; and a lady of a "certain age" has as many imputed suitors as a young girl of eighteen. Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, was also supposed to have an idea of offering his hand to Mrs. Carter. "Once," says Mr. Pennington*, "when the two bishops and Mrs. Carter were together, Dr. Secker spoke jocularly on this subject, and said, 'Brother Hayter, the world says that one of us two is to marry Madam Carter' (by which name he was accustomed to address her and speak of her); 'now I have no such intention, I resign her to you.' Dr. Hayter, with more gallantry, bowed to Mrs. Carter and replied, 'that he would not pay his Grace the same compliment, and that the world did him great honour by the report.'"

Mrs. Carter's Translation of Epictetus brought her now most conspicuously before the public, and into intimacy with all the literary society of that boasted period. Still she had

* Memoirs, p. 68.

her youthful enjoyments; sometimes to cure a headache she "went a-nutting," took winter moonlight walks in the snow, and wanted to scamper all over the country. Such vigour of mind and body united are rarely beheld. Miss Talbot introduced her friend to Dr. Butler, Bishop of Durham, author of the "Analogy;" a man "whose sanctity of manners, and sublimity of genius, gave him," as his friend Catherine Talbot wrote, "the first rank among men." He had been the friend of her father. "His life," she wrote, "was exemplary to its latest moment. Never had Christianity a nobler triumph over exquisite pain and long-approaching death than in him."

The society of such men as Butler and Secker might have rendered Miss Carter's residence at Deal tantalising, had it not been for her regular occupation. Every morning the sexton of her father's church pulled a string which passed through a window of her bedroom into the garden, and was fastened to her bed's head. The good man pulled the pack-thread with as much heart and good will as if he were tolling a bell for church. Then she arose, but did not sit down regularly to her "lessons," until a walk through a "thread-paper path in a corn field bathed up to the ears in dew," or between the bushes of a narrow lane, had prepared her for breakfast. There was a great deal of talk at that enjoyable repast; but when Elizabeth and her father went *beyond* Latin and French, the rest moved away, leaving the discourse and the tea kettle to these two pedagogues to finish.

The day was passed in watering pinks and roses, playing on the spinnet, reading, working, writing. At eight in the evening Mrs. Carter visited, till ten, a family with whom she had regularly spent those hours, when at Deal, for the "last fourteen years."

But all her industry was not directed solely to her own gratification. Her scholarship had its practical uses. We have referred to her translation of Epictetus, which was begun in her thirty-second year. In 1754, she undertook to

prepare her youngest brother Henry for Cambridge. In 1756 he was entered, most creditably to his instructress, after a good examination, at Bene't College. He passed through the university with reputation, and became the incumbent, afterwards, of Little Willenham in Berkshire.

The translation of Epictetus came out almost simultaneously with the matriculation of the young student, Mrs. Carter's brother, at his college. Her severe studies and duties were varied by a visit to London, and a short sojourn with Samuel Richardson at his country house at North End.

Some notion at this time of getting her into the household of the Princess of Wales, to be about some of the children, alarmed her. She was thankful when it blew over. "It has given me many a fright, but now I begin to be quiet again, and to hope that nothing will come of it."

Her poems were approved of by Mrs. Montagu, Lord Bath, and Lord Lyttelton; and were published by their advice. No genius is breathed in her verses. Her translation of Epictetus so improved her circumstances that she took lodgings, a small but neat apartment, at No. 20 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, where she resided for many years. She lived there at a small expense; kept no table, and never dined at home except when ill. Her great friends sent their carriages or their sedan chairs for her, which brought her home at ten o'clock. Ever kind and mindful of her home duties, she bought a house at Deal, and her father, being now a widower, lived there with her when she was in the country. The house was at the extremity of the town, commanding both a land and sea view. Thus she fulfilled well her part in life. "The true post of honour," she thought, "consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they may be, which arise from the situation in which Providence has fixed us; and which, we may be assured, is the very best calculated for virtue and for happiness."

A journey to the continent with Mrs. Montagu, and a

sojourn at Spa, formed a delightful interlude in this somewhat slow drama of life. Spa was then the gayest of all watering places. Princes and princesses, to whom Mrs. Carter could not be introduced, "having no hoop;"—English peers and peeresses; ambassadors; generals; the Bishop of Augsburg, "who kept a table and invited every one by turns;" made Spa quite a court: so much bowing and curtsying as quite fatigued the learned Elizabeth. Dining with a sovereign prince she found "more honour than pleasure;" the attendants were all men of quality. "One must either choke with thirst or employ a count or a baron to bring one a glass of water." She left hereditary princes, chamberlains, bishops, "and my Lord Bath," and returned with Mrs. Montagu to England.

Henceforth the annals of her uneventful life may be summed up in the annals of one day. To her already sufficient means, Lord Bath's executors added an annuity of 130*l.* a year. Her habits were so simple and economical, that she was able to indulge her generous, liberal spirit to relatives, to neighbours, and to the poor. She was almost on the total abstinence system, till a few years before her death; she ate little meat, and much pastry; no supper; wine was only taken by her as a "matter of civility"; it was then heterodoxy to refuse one glass if offered by a friend, or foe.

When at Deal she maintained the hospitality suited to an old resident; had her tea, and her dinner-parties, played at cards; when quadrille went out and whist came in, she settled *her* game at threepenny points, for all gaming was her horror. Her cheerfulness was the cheerfulness of a chastened heart, and her high aspirations gave beauty to many familiar passages in her letters. The following reflections on her birthday, will come home to hearts like her own. Let it be remembered that till very aged and infirm, she usually saw the sun rise.

"I have begun this week at least with more activity than

the last; and, in an open field, attended the levee of the morning, who threw a beautiful crimson-coloured scarf over her wintry, lead-coloured robes. It is my birthday, I believe, and with the deepest gratitude I ought to speak it, there are very few persons who have so many reasons to be fond of life as myself; and sufficiently attached to it I am; and yet perhaps there are not many to whom the thoughts of its being so far advanced would give less concern. In a course of travelling, though the road be ever so pleasant, and the company ever so good, one cannot help sometimes feeling that one is not at home, and looking forward to the journey's end. How thankful ought one to be that there is at last a home, where all who do not wilfully take a wrong path, will be sure to find that repose and security of enjoyment, which in the most prosperous journey can never be found on the road.*

She justly said that one ought to be thankful for days not marked by calamity, nor blackened by the horrors of guilt.

Friend after friend dropped into the grave, like autumn leaves on the meadow—before *her* time came to go. Amongst these was Lord Lyttelton. He left behind him a sad memento of his talents,—a disgrace to his name, in Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, his miserable ill-starred son. The days of this modern Rochester were passed in splendid misery; sometimes in reckless dissipation, succeeded by deep despair. He never lost a sense of religion, a strong sense of the truth of that which he outraged. Mrs. Carter took a deep interest in this unhappy man, who paid her much attention and respect.

To the dream in which his death was predicted, she refers in a letter to Mrs. Vesey. The figure, whose presage and whose well-known form haunted him evermore, was that of a lady whom he had seduced, and who was then dead.

* Memoirs, p. 290.

In 1774 Mrs. Carter lost her father. Honour and affection attended her to the last. She lived to mourn for Horace Walpole, her contemporary, for he was born in the same year; then Mrs. Montagu, her long-tryed, generous, accomplished friend, was summoned: in spite of age and erysipelas Mrs. Carter kept up her power of walking by maintaining the habit, even to nearly the last of her existence. Late in December, 1805, she removed from Deal to Clarges Street; she still saw society, still went out to dinner to her friend Lady Cremorne's, still wrote letters, though with difficulty. Her senses were retained until a few hours of her death, which took place on the 19th of February, 1806. Of death, writes her nephew, she had certainly no dread, and for a longer life she had probably no wish. She was interred in the burial-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, an appendage to St. George's, Hanover Square.

Such were the friends; no misunderstanding intervened to trouble their solid friendship or their placid lives. These annals are almost sufficient to reconcile one to the single state, of which, according to statistics, there is so great a superabundance in England! Favourites of society, the code of morals of these two ladies was devoid of every morbid tinge. Miss Talbot has spoken for herself. Now for Miss Carter: — "Are you serious?" asks she. "Remember, that not to be happy is not to be grateful. Are you melancholy? Beware of romance. Do you want employment? Choose it well before you begin. Do you want amusement? Take the first you meet that is harmless, and never be attached to any."

Genial, happy, old lady! We believe her when she declared that she had never regretted not having looked for interest in married life. We love her sapient sayings, and gentle, holy memory. We reverence her as the very pattern of a high-minded, active, and more than contented Old Maid.

HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE,

AND

ALEXANDER POPE.



POPE'S DEATH-BED.—A FRIENDSHIP OF THIRTY YEARS.—BOLINGBROKE
OLDER THAN POPE.—HIS LINEAGE.—HIS YOUTH.—CALLED THE
SECOND ROCHESTER.—HE MARRIES.—HIS WIFE BECOMES JEALOUS.—
VERSES TO CLARA.—A RAPID GLANCE AT BOLINGBROKE'S CAREER.—
HIS EXCESSES.—HIS DEEP READING.—ATTERBURY AND SWIFT.—
GOODRICH.—SWIFT'S HOME.—HIS CHARACTER AND CONVERSATION.—
POPE'S FIRST POEM.—HIS FREEBLENNESS OF FRAME.—"THE BROTHERS'
CLUB."—BOLINGBROKE ON COUNTRY LIFE.—RIVALRY BETWEEN
HARLEY AND ST. JOHN.—THE REPORT AGAINST ST. JOHN.—GOES TO
PARIS.—HIS DEISM.—POPE'S RELIGIOUS CREED.—HIS FATHER.—
POPE'S "MESSIAH."—ANECDOTE OF WYCHERLEY.—THE BLOUNT
FAMILY.—EDWARD BLOUNT HIS FRIEND.—MARTHA BLOUNT'S IN-
DIFFERENCE.—VICISSITUDES OF BOLINGBROKE'S LIFE.—HE FLIES TO
FRANCE.—THE CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE.—BOLINGBROKE A WIDOWER.
—MARRIES A FRENCH WIFE.—LIVES AT "LA SOURCE."—DEATH OF
HIS WIFE.—HIS LAWSUITS AND TROUBLES.—OWN DEATH.—EPI-
TAPH WRITTEN BY HIM ON LADY BOLINGBROKE.



HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE,

AND

ALEXANDER POPE.

It is a May morning: the willow, that laves its tender, drooping boughs in the waters of the Thames, had long since put on its summer livery of delicate green; birds were dipping into the then placid wave that still flows by Pope's villa at Twickenham; the azure skies were reflected in that clear stream innocent of steamers, and remote from citizens.

Within doors, he who loved every tree, every flower that grew in the precincts of his own far-famed home, was lying delirious, seeing things as if through a curtain, or in false colours; and every now and then asking of the bookseller Dodsley, "what it was that came out from the wall!" Yes: it was Alexander Pope who lay there dying; whilst beside his bed stood the noble form of Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke: and next to him, one scarce less handsome, with light wavy hair, powdered and upraised from a forehead, scarce touched even by the suns of Italy, but white and pure, was Joseph Spence, who, at intervals, when the muttering of the expiring poet ceased, was telling Bolingbroke how kindly he, whose very moments were then numbered, was speaking from time to time of him, and of other absent friends: —and Bolingbroke wept.

"His humanity," Spence observed, "had survived his understanding!" "It has so!" were Bolingbroke's words. Then he added, in a passionate tone, "I never knew a man

that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind. I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more on his friendship than " — here his voice was stifled by strong emotion.

Thirty years! It is a large portion of the life of man; it *was* a large portion of the life of Pope, which was ebbing away, when he was only fifty-six. And what a period it was! how many great suns had risen and set within that thirty years! what splendid works! what signal political events! what defections from this cause! what treachery to that! what rabid intolerance! what fearful infidelity had not society witnessed! And in them, he who wept, had borne a part; and in them he who lay there expiring had mingled also; and yet for thirty years had their friendship endured.

Let us, discarding political events, if we can; let us, setting literature, inasmuch as it does not ally itself to our subject, on one side; let us, neither regarding the scepticism of the one, nor the Romanism of the other, give the annals of this friendship, which between two men, signally men of the world, survives all storms in that passage of their lives which it occupies, which could bring from one of the most ambitious of men — *tears*.

Most persons view in the death of contemporaries their own doom pictured; Bolingbroke was older than Pope by ten years; yet younger by twenty than the "little nightingale." His grand form, his face of classical and surpassing beauty, were still almost unscathed, if not untouched by time; there was still in him the characteristics of comparative youth, or of a middle age that seemed to mark him out as one who would survive to old age.

Nature, birth, fortune, had intended Henry St. John, first Viscount Bolingbroke, for a happier man than Alexander Pope. But fate, or rather character and conduct, which *are* fate, had decreed it otherwise. Descended from a follower of the Conqueror, who was, nevertheless, of Saxon lineage, the

name of St. John having been *assumed* by Adam de Port, heir of the Barony of Basing, in Hampshire, — Henry St. John could also boast of ancestors noted for loyalty and valour. He was also,—a privilege for one who aimed at the highest honours of the state,—an only son: his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

On the 1st of October, 1678, this favourite of fortune was born at the family seat at Battersea, then a country district, not even connected by a bridge of its own with the capital.

His grandmother, the daughter of Oliver St. John, Chief Justice in Cromwell's time, brought him up in strict puritanical principles; Dr. Burgess, a famous divine of that sect was his preceptor. The stiff doctor, who hated what he called "thorough-paced" doctrines, confined the studies of his pupil chiefly to a thick folio of sermons, by the nonconformist rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Dr. Manton, a divine famous for writing one hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred and nineteenth Psalm. Dr. Manton's heavy discourses; Dr. Burgess's stern rule; the dreary tenets of Calvinism; the drearier exclusion from all social enjoyments, had a fearful effect on Henry St. John, and he went to Eton, where he was contemporary with Sir Robert Walpole, thankful to escape from his grandmother, from Dr. Manton's folio, and from Burgess's dismal teaching. From Eton to Christchurch! what a contrast to his life heretofore! what freedom, what jollity, what companionship, what hatred of preachers, what delight in the exciting, joyous, flattered life of a young nobleman, fresh from his Etonian studies, and now the admired of all observers in the quadrangle of Christchurch, where, indeed, the handsome, dashing Henry St. John made an immense sensation. Few scenes are more indicative of the splendour of English aristocracy in the present day, than that presented by the quadrangle of Christchurch on a Sunday afternoon, just be-

fore service. As the great solemn bell sounds forth, from every door and archway come forth stalwart forms, the favoured students of the old foundation formed by grand old Thomas Wolsey, each in his surplice, the ample folds giving grace even to the lowliest figure among the number. Here and there, a gold-tasselled trencher is seen, which all men in those subservient days "capped;" but St. John has not, as yet, a peerage. Several members of his family had been made peers, and then had faded out the race; he was yet to add the old name of Bolingbroke, familiar to English ears, to that of St. John.

Amid the host of young joyous men, we may picture to ourselves St. John as the most graceful, the most courted and popular; for his extraordinary abilities had at once attracted notice; his conversation, original and brilliant, brings around him an eager group, laughing, wondering, perchance disapproving; for even then the speculative mind that wandered so far from the right path, had betrayed its unquiet and sceptical tendencies; thus, whilst still sounds the great bell, shaking the frail turret in which it hung, does he rivet all around him; till presently, the toll ceases, away rush the students in their flowing surplices, away rushes even the tasselled and tufted nobleman; all go in, all except Henry St. John. For he had then already drunk the foul waters of that spring which so affected the vital welfare of this gifted, attractive, daring man; he had already, despite the hundred and nineteen sermons of the Rev. Dr. Manton, been tainted by scepticism at that very period of life when the effects of scepticism are the most injurious.

Still farther had he gone; he had plunged into wild excesses, for he was born with fiery passion, and the sole adequate restraints, — parental discipline and religious fears, — being withdrawn, these were madly indulged; though with intervals of hard study. But, with a contempt for all the requirements of the university he devoted the vast powers of

his mind to general attainments; and throughout all his career of riot and folly, he continued to love study and to seek after knowledge.

With a splendid reputation rather for what he did *not* do, than for what he had actually achieved, he quitted Oxford, and entered the great world.

By some men, college excesses are abandoned when the graduate quits the scene of academical temptation, and leaves his follies as well as their consequences behind them. By others, the first introduction to vice, which undoubtedly takes place, in the majority, at the University, leads to an acquaintance with its miseries, that is never discarded. Some have bought their experience, and profit by the gain; all must feel that they were not as they were when they went thither. The innocent youth, fresh from the country parsonage, has bidden adieu for ever, long since, to the ignorance of evil which constitutes the safeguard of the young. The more knowing graduate, sent from a public school, has read in life's page what he would perhaps willingly forget, but what he will never erase from a sullied memory.

Some, however, nobly retrieve errors which the wise mercifully excuse; but such was not the case with Bolingbroke. He was unfortunate in the example which his father had set him. In Bishop Barlow's "Cases of Conscience," it is mentioned that Sir Henry St. John was tried and convicted of the murder of Sir William Estcourt. The sentence was remitted; but that it was not merited does not appear. Sir Henry left his young and reckless only son to his own guidance, taking no effort to arrest him in that career of pleasure which procured the young man the name of the "Second Rochester." And Henry St. John was proud of the distinction; in all things he was to be first; his drunken excesses were not confined to private society, but were committed in public; his mad pranks and the beauty of Miss Gumby, were the theme of the town talk; yet, in

all his ardour after disreputable amusements, St. John never lost his ambition to shine in letters, and to rise to distinction in politics. His heart was unsatisfied; he cared little for Miss Gumby; her celebrity flattered his vanity; but her meretricious beauty did not touch his heart; that was destined to be enthralled by a holier, a more lasting flame. There were still in that heart some feelings that rarely break forth in the selfish career of a man of pleasure.

To Dryden, in the decline of life, poor, broken down, yet still, and ever, "glorious John," Henry St. John showed that kindness which comes so gracefully from the young to the old, from the prosperous to the ruined. In after life St. John related often how, when the poor, needy poet, hearing one day when St. John was with him, a noise in the house, said to him, "It is Tonson, take care not to go away until he has left. I have not finished the sheet I promised him; and, if you leave me, I shall have to suffer unprotected all the rudenesses to which my unprotected situation will expose me."

St. John's friendship for the great poet was the cause of the first literary production that he ever gave to the world. The translation of Virgil was published in 1697; to this St. John, then only nineteen years of age, wrote, according to the custom of the day, an eulogistic poem, which was prefixed to the first edition of "Dryden's Virgil."

Two years passed on the Continent, probably the years 1698 and 1699, broke in some measure the wild extravagances of Henry St. John, by his absence from his dissolute associates. The change of scene, the wholesome stimulus of travelling, appear to have been beneficial to the young genius, who seems, as Mr. Wingrove Cooke remarks, to have been conscious that his "excesses were but the first turbid bubbling of that fountain," which, when its impurities had been thus cleared away, "was to gush forth in continued brightness." Had Henry St. John lived in the reign of Charles II.,

it is probable that he would never have reformed his conduct, until, like Rochester, the agonies of a fatal distemper brought him to a late remorse; or, like Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, adverse circumstances, a forgetting world, and a sharp malady, induced, if not penitence, a consciousness of past, grievous, and unredeemed delinquencies. The actual state of great sinners, not on their death-bed alone, but as they passed through the joyless excitement of mad pleasures, is an interesting, painful speculation. That Bolingbroke was intended for better things than to be the maddest and most fascinating libertine of the day, was shown in his aspirations for better things. The reign of Anne was more favourable to morality than any that England had seen since that of Charles I. It is true that when we sift the character of the fine gentleman, even in her time, it comes before us such, that no respectable man in the present day would suffer his wife or daughter to receive the beau of Anne's Court on intimate terms; still there was a tone of decorum in that Court. The higher classes were enjoined to respectability by the pattern wife who set an example of what almost amounted to domestic virtue. They thought her the dullest of women, but they were obliged to conform to her ideas of propriety. The high mental cultivation of that age, also, was, in many instances, an antidote to coarse pleasures, and the sharp satires which emanated from the press kept society in awe.

At the age of twenty-one, Henry St. John married. His heart was not in the match, but his circumstances were improved by the accession of a large property from this alliance with the Winchescomb family. Sir Henry Winchescomb was the descendant of the famous clothier, Jack of Newbury, who had entertained King Henry VIII. and his court with great magnificence; and who had led to the battle of Flodden Field, a hundred men, equipped and paid by himself. In 1700, St. John became, through his wife, possessor

of the Winchescomb estates; they were scattered over Wiltshire, Surrey, and Middlesex; and now his best friends hoped that he would reform; but the *mariage de convenance* proved, as it often does in France, by no means a *mariage de bonheur*. St. John's temper was imperious; that of his wife, obstinate. She was jealous by nature; he inconstant. Mutual complaints, of which those of the lady were, perhaps, but too well founded, rendered their common home intolerable. Neither would reform,—not an inch would the wife retract; not a failing would she overlook: not a pleasure would he curtail; there was neither love on one hand, nor respect on the other; and, at last, a formal separation cast St. John once more upon the perils of what had again become a single life. That he retained holier ideas of what women ought to be than his life seemed to testify, appears evident from verses which many persons might think betrayed the rake; but which, sullied as they are with the coarseness of the period, in respect to giving things their right name, show tenderness of heart even for fallen woman. They are addressed to Clara, *one* of his mistresses, and begin thus:—

TO MISS CLARA A. —S.

“Dear, thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend;
Believe, for once, thy lover and thy friend.
Heaven to each sex has various gifts assign'd,
And shown an equal care of human kind;
Strength does to man's imperial race belong;
To yours, the beauty that subdues the strong.

“O nymph! that might, reclined on Cupid's breast,
Like Psyche, soothe the God of Love to rest;
Or, if ambition seized thee, Jove enthrall,
Brandish his thunder, and direct its fall.
Survey thyself, contemplate every grace
Of that sweet form, of that angelic face.”

He then recommends a purer life: a pride of character, constancy to one,—that one lover, himself. Clara, it appears, was an orange girl in the Court of Requests, which was then

a fashionable lounge for the Peers, who made it their lobby. It seems, as Mr. Cooke remarks, that Clara continued thoughtless, or that "Henry" broke his chain, for though

"By all admired, by one alone adored,"

Clara went back to her old haunts, and was soon seen coquetting with the gallants who loitered in the Court of Requests.

Of Henry St. John's parliamentary career; of his friendship for Harley; of the back-stairs intrigues, in which woman-like Queen Anne took an undignified part,—little is here said, because it is as the friend of Pope that we wish to trace the more amiable parts of a mind, so brilliant, so versatile, so reprehensible, and so fascinating.

Let us look at him in the various epochs of his life, but with a rapid glance only. It is in his private condition that we seek to portray some of his vices, and sundry of his virtues.

See him poring over despatches in his office as Secretary of War, in the first year of Queen Anne's reign. Marlborough was then accomplishing his most astounding victories. "Blenheim," "Ramilies," are the names that headed the yellow, coarse, washer-woman like sheet of paper on which the "Old Corporal," as the soldiers delighted to term their noble general, wrote his despatches: and with a glowing cheek does the handsome Secretary at War read the manly document. What a fine study is that face! what a sight it is to observe one great man exulting in the success of another. There is something triumphant in Henry St. John's air as he gives the despatches to his secretary; and musing, yet smiling with delight, he passes through the Court of Requests—sees his Clara there, perhaps, and takes his place in the House of Commons: there, in passionate eloquence, to direct the energies of the nation in support of war; there to announce Marlborough's triumphs; there to introduce and carry through the House a bill to confer Woodstock on the

great general; and to perpetuate the country's gift to the descendants of the Duke, under the name of "Blenheim."

Then we behold him, even in this, the zenith of his political career, pass from the assembled Commons to the haunts of dissipation. No public business could restrain the wild excesses which had now become habitual. Raised by his eloquence one moment, see him degraded the next by his vices. But he is not yet so lost, so hopelessly dissolute, as Lord Rochester: he has his intervals, and those avail in saving from utter wreck the intellect and the health of St. John.

Behold him, next, retired from political life; he has given up his seat in the House of Commons, and is studying, as if he were an under-graduate on his examination, in the country. The Queen has heard of his profligacy; she has been scandalised by the general belief of his sceptical principles; she looked coolly on him. His party, or that which he then called his party, were out of office, and St. John rushed into hard work. During two years he lived quietly, and studied violently; and he declared afterwards that these two years were the happiest of his life.

Traces of this interval may be found in the deep reading evident in the works of this great author. His memory was powerful: and many of his writings were composed when he had no opportunity of consulting books, and when his quotations were all from recollection. The one most stormy passage of placid Queen Anne's reign, the prosecution of Sacheverell, when, to quote Bishop Burnet, "the Whigs took it into their heads to roast a parson, and they did roast him; but their zeal tempted them to make the fire so high that they scorched themselves;"—that singular commotion brought St. John back again to public life. He was made Secretary of State, and became the leader of a party, the literary organs of which were Swift, and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

One might suppose that with two clergymen to control it, the *coterie* in which St. John now identified himself would, at any events, have had decency of conduct. There was, however, no such wholesome restraint. The fiery politician, Atterbury, was as irregular in private life as St. John; whilst Swift was worse: not only was he the press libeller, the coarse satirist, the worldly, obsequious, time-serving priest, but the cool, deliberate betrayer, if not of woman's virtue, of her hope, her happiness, her life. The story of the injured Stella is one of those heart-rending romances of real life, that go on year after year, volume after volume, with the same hopeless and fatal termination ever before us. The brief tragedy of Vanessa's fate is like a painful dream, of man's selfishness and woman's infatuation.

The Rambler down the Wye may chance, after viewing the beautiful fragment of Goodrich Castle, standing in its rich colouring, alone, away from the haunts even of peasants, to pass through the village that bears the same name. Let him pause at a half-ancient, half-modernised parsonage; and he will see above the entrance, the arms of Dean Swift's father, who was in 1667, when Jonathan Swift was born, vicar of the place. It is a modest, yet solid building — that parsonage; and the honoured incumbent shows you the armorial bearings of the Swift family with pride. How little in accordance with his after life is that simple, delicious scene. Here, according to most records, Jonathan was not, it is true, born, but here his boyhood must have been passed; how simple, how secluded must have been Goodrich then: scarcely a high road there, save through the village — a bridle road, perhaps, may have skirted the base of Coppet Hill, on the other side of which flows the Wye. Swift's father, from his placing his arms on the house porch, must, probably, have owned the living. Can we imagine it? The author of the tale of a Tub, the murderer of the broken-hearted Stella, — above all, the writer of those incomparable, yet despicable letters, so full

of gossip, worldliness, wit, discrimination, and amusing beyond all other letters, because, perhaps, they are so remorselessly personal: can *he* have wandered by that pure stream, and learned his first experience of this beautiful world in yon beechwood—or on the summit of the noble Doward Hills? Yet so it was; and brought up in a seclusion so pure, in a home so reverend, came forth the heartless, bitter, able, yet short-sighted Swift—short-sighted to the real and actual happiness and purpose of life: for he sacrificed all home felicity, all peace, all conscience, for the fugitive patronage of a minister and the uncertain favours of a queen; short-sighted, if any honourable ambition actuated him, for he left, it is true, an undying name as the great classic of English literature, but he left it coupled with all that good minds reprobate and detest.

Some characters never recover the early debasement of dependence, and Swift's was one. Certain it is that the subserviency requisite to the young, from pecuniary causes, is highly injurious; and Swift's love of expediency may perhaps be traced to his dependence on Sir William Temple, at a period when the mind is pliable. Swift was then so poor that when he went from all the grandeur of Moor Park to visit his widowed mother at Leicester, he was forced to walk; and took a penny lodging at night, where, for sixpence, he purchased the privilege of clean sheets on his bed. To these nocturnal lodgings Lord Orrery imputes Swift's vulgarity; and an innate grossness which was acquired in such haunts.

Francis Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and at this time one of the royal chaplains, was also closely associated with St. John; Atterbury was, like St. John, a poet, in the commencement of his career. His "Epigram on a lady's fan" is well known:—

"Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ;

This fan in meaner hands would prove
 An engine of small force in love ;
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told or safely seen,
 Directs in wanton motions so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame."

The fan, we are to believe, was white ; and the author of the epigram is supposed to have written it between the sticks. Flavia afterwards became the wife of the turbulent bishop.

Attacked and misrepresented as all party men must be, it is difficult to form a just estimation of the character of Atterbury. He was a great controversialist ; eloquent both with his pen and in speaking ; the most delightful of letter writers ; the most agreeable of companions. Yet, it is undoubted, even if he were not guilty of all the defects and misdemeanors imputed to him, that Atterbury was a man of the most restless ambition, and of a violent temper.

With Swift and Atterbury, Bolingbroke could almost have dispensed with other society. No one told a story like Swift : and though he, in the latter part of his life, told the same too often, he was free in his earlier days from that fault. He made a rule never to speak more than a minute at a time, but to wait for others to take up the conversation. His manner was unceremonious, but not impolite ; and, at this early age Swift indulged less in petulance and raillery, freedoms which he afterwards expected his friends to take submissively, thinking himself injured if they were resented. Strange to say, Swift, who was so indelicate that his works should never be given to the young (of either sex), could not, in society, endure *double entendre*—neither did he ever jest on sacred subjects. Little sympathy or softness was there in his nature ; little to tell of him is there except what is characteristic of a selfish, scheming man, abject to those who could serve him, a tyrant

to those whom he served; with these exceptions, the heartless man who refused to the dying Stella the poor consolation of having their marriage proclaimed, was kind to his servants, and charitable to the poor. That he was capable of love, is asserted; but it was the love of a man who lived for himself alone. He had no value for the intellectual claims of women to respect, and for this deficiency in his own mind he was punished in his decline of life by the desertion of the fair sex. Stella was indeed avenged. After her death, Swift was deserted; he was in danger, he wrote to Pope, of "dying poor and friendless." Most of his female friends had forsaken him, "which vexed him most."

But at the time when Bolingbroke, Swift, and Atterbury passed many days and evenings together, the world was all in all to Swift; at the dinners given by Harley, Earl of Oxford, every Saturday, to St. John, Lord Rivers, and to Swift, no one shone more than the future Dean of St. Patrick's; he was, in fact, the chief supporter of his party; and so great was the influence of his pamphlets and periodical writings that a reward was offered for discovering the author of "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

Swift was active in raising a subscription for Pope's translation of Homer; which he went about eulogising, saying, in coffee-houses, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe: adding, "the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him."

Pope was at this time, 1713, about twenty-five years of age, being born in 1688; a year which produced so many remarkable men. His first effort in poetry, a poem called "Alexander," written at the age of fifteen, was communicated to Atterbury, Pope saying he intended to burn it. Pope owned he was at that early age in love with himself, and that his first productions were the "children of self-love upon innocence."

He could not but regret those delightful visions of his childhood, "which, like the colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever."

Pope's appearance and demeanour formed a strong contrast to the dignified sweetness of Henry St. John: to the grace and perfect good-breeding of Atterbury, who, the author of the "Tatler" tells us, was a very handsome man; still more feeble did his frame appear; still more delicate and gentle his manners, beside the assumption of all pre-eminence by Swift. But his voice was so musical; his politeness so perfect, and, when at home, his hospitality so great, that he quickly became the idol of the circle which he frequented.

"There are whom heav'n has blessed with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it;
For wit and judgment ever are at strife."

But Pope was not one of these wits: his mind was stored with facts and images, seizing all knowledge with voracity; at the same time, all his other faculties were improving. Judgment had grown out of experience. The sweetness of his disposition was, at this early age, unchanged by his subsequent battles with the lettered world; his fascinating address, and the power which he had of attracting to him persons of a different mould to himself, were probably the result of the training given him by the Jesuits; who, in all ages, since the commencement of their Society, have been taught the arts of attraction; and whose office it is to teach them to others.

Pope's feeble frame, might now often be seen, braced up, according to Horace Walpole, in *stays*, at the Saturday dinners of Halifax. The youthful poet was then living at Binfield in Windsor Forest; an acquaintance with his neighbour, Sir William Trumbull, had brought him into the great world — for Sir William, a retired ambassador of sixty, had

ample opportunities of introducing him. Every one was enchanted with the little, weakly son of a linendraper, yet born, as they are sure to have been told, of gentle blood : and full of all the *savoirs-faire* which appears to be the birthright of the well-born.

Two years before Pope had been eulogised by Swift for his translation of Homer, St. John had been engaged in forming a club, of the essential and component parts of which he treats in a letter to the Earl of Orrery.*

"We shall begin," he says, "to meet in a small number, and that will be composed of some who have wit and learning to recommend them ; of others who, from their own situations or from their relations, have power and influence ; and of others who, from accidental reasons, may be properly taken in. The first regulation proposed, and that which must be most inviolably kept, is decency. None of the extravagance of the Kit Kat, none of the drunkenness of the Beefsteak, is to be endured."

Under the name of the Brothers' Club some of the most influential, and even of the most aristocratic members of both houses assembled. They laid aside all distinctions of rank, and addressed each other as "brothers." Amongst them were Masham, the husband of the celebrated Abigail Hill, rival of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and Mr. Hill, her brother.

Involved in public business, St. John still found it compatible to follow the pursuit of pleasure whilst engaged in public duty. The pleasures of the table, and friendly intercourse, he esteemed almost essential to the relaxation of the over-taxed mind of a public man. In society he was so happily constituted as to be able to throw off all previous vexations, and to scatter the sparkling pleasantries of his wit with careless liberality ; and yet it was chiefly in retirement that the real enjoyment of this highly gifted man, even at all periods

* Life of Bolingbroke, p. 183.

of his life, consisted. Witness the following passage from a letter from him to Dean Swift from the country.

"The hoarse voice of party," he writes, "was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, the distinction is owing to some stroke by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others, his precursors, among the Zubians and Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am here I forget I ever was of any party myself." "I am ready," he adds, "to imagine that there never was any such monster as party."

These periods of retirement sustained the mental and bodily powers of Henry St. John, under the heavy tax then essential to political supremacy, and the tributes due to female influence. Lady Masham's apartments were Swift's "night-house," the *salon* to which he took his best puns, and his best coat; there St. John, also, danced attendance on the "power" which had scarcely even the grace to keep itself "behind the throne," but which had completely subjugated Queen Anne beneath its sway. Whatever Lady Masham may have been as "Abigail Hill," she had now emerged from the back-stairs, and become the head of a party so powerful, that it was resolved to raise its favourite and leader to the peerage. One darling object of ambition in St. John's mind had been the family title of Earl of Bolingbroke. It had expired about a year before at the death of Paulet St. John. Harley had been made an Earl, and St. John aspired, reasonably it might be thought, to a position already possessed by his kindred. How many "back-stairs" intrigues there may have been to compass this hope,—how many evenings at Lady Masham's,—we hardly like to think. Abigail is welcome to Swift with his *apparent* consistency of principle, but real indifference to all

considerations but those of self-interest (*vide* his letters to Stella). Swift, if he chose to degrade his wit with incense before the throne of an illiterate waiting-woman, excites not one moment's regret; but one feels that Bolingbroke was destined for better things than the small tactics of a Court presided over by one of the feeblest and narrowest of regal minds. Only as a struggle between two great powers can the small politics of St. James's interest us in Anne's time. The struggle was, however, at this epoch between St. John and Harley; it was their rivalry which broke up the great Tory, (the descendant of the great Jacobite party) in England; Harley this time conquered. St. John was created Viscount Bolingbroke and Baron St. John, but the earldom was suffered to expire.

After twelve years of public service, St. John regarded this elevation almost as an insult.

"To make me a peer," he wrote, "was no great compliment, when so many others were forced to be made to gain a strength in Parliament; and since the queen wanted me below *stairs* in the last session, she could do no less than make me a viscount, or I must have come in the rear of several whom I was not born to follow. Thus there seems to be nothing done for my sake, or as a mark of favour to me in particular."

He was sent, however, on an embassy to Paris, in order to put a stop to further hostilities; and the war, which had lasted ten years, was thus concluded. Bolingbroke remained only a few days in Paris, yet he could not escape the ready slander of Horace Walpole. According to him, De Torcy threw into his way the beautiful and celebrated Madame Tencin. Every one knows how often women are made the instruments of political intrigues. Madame Tencin ingratiated herself into the handsome viscount's confidence, and managed, it is said, to steal from Bolingbroke some papers of great importance. On his return he was attacked with accu-

sations of having openly courted James Stuart, the Chevalier, during his stay in Paris. Bolingbroke, it was stated, had sat in the next box to the ill-fated prince. Reports prevailed that Queen Anne, far from disliking her brother, had some idea of allowing him to be joined with her in the Government. The fact is that Anne was too gentle at heart to issue severe proclamations against one whom, in spite of all calumnies, she believed to be her brother. It came out afterwards that James Stuart was not in Paris when Bolingbroke visited that city, but was many leagues from the capital.

Pope was, meantime, completing his translation of Homer, which he had begun in 1712, in his twenty-fifth year, and which he finished in 1718, his thirtieth year. Lord Oxford had often regretted that Pope was not qualified by his health for any public employment; but Pope was far better off in his literary vocation than in a subordinate place under Government: 5320*l.* was the pecuniary harvest gained by his Homer.

The disfavour under which Bolingbroke fell, on the accession of George I. drove him into Paris, and was the foundation of all his earthly happiness. His first wife was now dead, and he was so fortunate as to meet in Paris with one whose charming manners and accomplishments were enhanced by what he much wanted, a large dowry; Madame de Villette, the niece of Madame de Maintenon and the widow of the Marquis de Villette, accepted his hand. Henceforth the moral tone of Lord Bolingbroke's mind seems to have been wholly changed. No "Clara" could draw him from one so good, and so amiable, and true, as her whom he delighted to call by his own name. His amendment of life sprang, indeed, from no high religious principles, but was the work of a deep and unalienable affection.

"I have been, then," he wrote to Swift, "infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter about with

some profusion amongst the female kind has been for many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for they are so called, and sometimes very improperly,) and a retirement from the world have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves. Those insects of various hues which used to buzz about me when I stood in the sunshine have disappeared since I lived in the shade.

"I am under no apprehension," he adds, "that a glut of study and retirement should call me back into the hurry of the world. On the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel is that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit."

Again: "The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing me how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise."

These extracts excite regret that the mind so stored, the affections which, though dormant in the career of vice, were genuine, were all under one corroding influence, that of Deism.

Swift * said of Bolingbroke: "If ever Lord Bolingbroke trifles, it must be when he turns divine." He allowed, however, that when he wrote of anything in this world, he was not only above trifling, but "even more than mortal." There are amongst modern writers some who will not allow the accusation of infidelity to rest upon Bolingbroke, despite his own showing; there are even those in our day who so dispute and so qualify the atheism of Voltaire, as to mystify all our impressions without, it must be confessed, satisfying our

* Erroneously said by Mr. Wingrove Cooke to have been Pope.

reason. It is not our purpose, nor would it be wise, to follow the course of Bolingbroke's arguments, which are so inconsistent as to draw forth from one of the great admirers of his intellect the confession, "that he is at a loss to decide whether the philosopher is serious at all; and if he is, where his seriousness terminates, and where his irony commences."

Our object being to show the more amiable features of human nature, we will not therefore attempt to touch the ruins of that fabric on which Bolingbroke built up his perishable system. We will not discuss his reasoning, which tended to show that the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ was nothing more than revived and modified Platonism; that it was, as he asserts, the established philosophy among the Jews and early Christians. Like all fallacious thinkers, Bolingbroke denied in one page what he had asserted in another as undeniably true. Neither will we come upon the subject of his rejection of the Old Testament and of his deriding both its inspiration, and its authenticity, as a history. There may be, doubtless there are, even in England,—certainly in France and Italy,—some who think as Bolingbroke once thought, or tried to think; but let them remember that he was neither settled nor happy in that gloomy philosophy in which he had, he said to Swift, "stripped metaphysics of all their bombast." "In practice," writes his able biographer, "he frequently felt the dreariness of his creed; and in his letters to his friends regrets that his reason should deprive him of the pleasure of believing that there is a future state where their intercourse would be uninterrupted and their happiness unalloyed."

"How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light,
To hear each voice — we fear'd to hear no more.
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right."

How far Pope became infected with the specious philosophy.
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losophy of his friend Bolingbroke, is still a disputed point among critics and biographers. On one point the poet was confessedly wavering. Reared in strictly Roman Catholic principles by the Jesuit Taverner, his mind was unsettled as to the validity of those doctrines to which his parents assented with all the force of their conscientious minds. His father, indeed, was one of those staunch and resolute believers whom no son of so gentle a nature as Pope's could dare to contradict. No Jacobite of the sternest loyalty ever hated the new dynasties more than Alexander Pope, linendraper (or, according to Mr. Ruffhead—merchant,) as he was; (and probably, as is now the case in Scotland, he might have been styled "a merchant" although a retailer of linen.) Such was the tyranny of the liberal government under William III. that Mr. Pope, senior, could not vest his money in real securities, on account of his being a papist. He scorned to lend it to a government which he did not acknowledge; and therefore he took with him, even into the then remote parts near Windsor Forest, the large sum of 20,000*l.*, upon which he lived, gradually consuming the capital, so that by the time of his death a great part had been consumed,—

"For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind."

To such a father Pope could not dare to betray the slightest deviation from the strictest rule of faith, far less to breathe a word of scepticism, or to utter a doubt of the authenticity of the Old Testament.

We think we see him, the fragile boy, making English verses at his father's desire with childlike docility, and feeling rewarded with those few words, "*These are good rhymes.*" Most parents condemn imagination. Even Pope, the elder, the stern Jacobite, who knew that his coffers were emptier than they had been, sometimes hinted at the honourable profession of medicine, for his son, Alexander; but the poet,

born as he was to fame, refused, and the refusal was allowed. Pope could say with truth,—

"I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd."

One loves to dwell upon this confiding relation between father and son; this spring time of Pope's life, in which he was, he used to observe, "like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they rose before him."

Whatever were his religious convictions or his doubts, Pope has left us the finest invocation to our Creator in our language. We recall his "Essay on Man," that poem of dubious principle, only in parts—only here, and there: but Pope's "Messiah" is ever in our memory and our hearts.

"O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire."

"Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives Him from the bending skies:
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise:
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay:
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way:
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold.
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!"

Well might Sir Richard Steele (no philosopher, but an honest, though erring believer) write to Pope, "I have turned to every verse and chapter (of the Messiah) and think you have preserved the sublime, heavenly spirit throughout the whole."

Before Pope and Bolingbroke had formed their famous intimacy, Wycherley the dramatist had distinguished the unknown poet by his preference. A coolness had nevertheless existed between them. Pope going to visit Wycherley was told by him that he was going out of town, but until his return was "his very humble servant." The journey, it

appears, was not to take place until afterwards. Estranged as they partially were, Pope went to see the old man on his death-bed, of which he relates the following story :

"He had often told me," Pope wrote to Mr. Blount, "as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of ; accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments, which wise men say, should be the last we receive ; for if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint at the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfy'd in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman who (he was told) had money, and showed an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir ! Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged those debts ; a jointure of four hundred a-year made her a recompense, and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate." *

Pope saw him several times after this, and found him neither much afraid of dying, nor much ashamed of marrying. The evening before his death, Wycherley called his young wife to his bed-side and said he had one request to make. Upon her promising to comply, he said : "My dear, promise me that you will never marry an old man again."

The life of a literary man is usually too bare of incident to excite the interest of those who regard the study of a powerful mind as without profit or fascination. Yet, as the French say, "*chacun a son histoire*," and that of poor feeble Pope had its episode of romance, to vary the heavy taskwork of the "Iliad," or to soften the hard warfare between the Poet and the Dunces.

Happily, perhaps, in an age when the moral code had far more latitude than in this, Pope's natural delicacy of con-

* Pope's Letters to Edw. Blount, vol. viii. p. 8.

stitution caused him to retire from the excesses in which most of his friends found delight. "True genius," it is said, "rarely resides in a cold, phlegmatic constitution." Pope has beautifully touched upon the felicity of married life, from which his own feeble health and circumstances precluded him. One of the entertainments at Buckingham House, then the centre of fashion, was the performance of a play, altered by the Duke from Shakespear. The chorus to this was written by Pope. It was not very appropriate to celebrate the praise of married happiness before the profligate Villiers, but the lines were justly admired.

"Oh, source of every social tie,
 United wish and mutual joy!
 What various joys on one attend,
 As father, brother, husband, friend!
 Whether his hoary sire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move!
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With reverence, hope, and love!"

These lines, however, came from the heart.

Amongst the friends dearest to Pope's heart was Edward Blount, of Maple-Durham, a descendant from an ancient Roman Catholic family. To Mr. Blount many of Pope's letters were addressed in 1714, and they show a more than ceremonious interest in the father of one whom Pope loved with all the ardour of an impassioned nature, and with all the hopelessness of one whose life was "one long disease." There is something touching in the devotion of a whole life to one who repaid the affection almost with contempt, even when Pope was dying.

The Blounts, Edward Blount at any rate, had the high and liberal views of their mode of faith which approximate all true Christians to each other.

"I am sure," Pope wrote to his friend, "if all Whigs and Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit it had been well for all others, for we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution."

The beautiful reflections contained in the following passage would assuredly not have been gratifying to the disciples of Voltaire and Bolingbroke:

"I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine, full of reflections upon the transitory nature of all human delights, and giving my thoughts a loose to the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on the world as at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds."

When Pope's father died, Edward Blount was the friend to whom the dutiful son poured forth his honest sorrow. Regarding his circumstances also, Pope threw all open to one whom he so truly loved.

"My father," he wrote, "had left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune that one false step would be fatal. My brother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really, each of us, in want of a friend of such a humane turn as yourself to make almost anything desirable to us. I can less express my regards to you than ever, and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever wrote to you, the shortest and fairest, perhaps, of any you have received. 'Tis enough, if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you and all that adjoins, and that I wish it may be long before any of yours shall feel for you, what I now feel for my father. Adieu."

Then he addresses his friend from Rentcomb, the seat of Mrs. Blount's ancestors, and writes one of the most natural letters that he ever penned:—

“Your kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by all her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me as her own Sir John was to demolish the Duke Lancastere. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces, the plantations and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those favourite amusements which engaged her, many years ago, in this place.”

When he describes his new villa and gardens at Twickenham, whither he removed after his father's death, he at last refers to the “young ladies.”

“Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my garden without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterranean walk and grotto. I there found a spring of the purest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you see through my area up a walk of the wilderness to a kind of open temple wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner, and from that distance, under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and

boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms, and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp or orbicular figure of thin alabaster is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place."

One cannot much wonder at the indifference, or perhaps disgust, that Martha Blount felt for a suitor who required to be propped in order to sit at a table of ordinary height; but one must marvel at the disregard of his feelings, the cold apathy at his death, displayed by one whom Pope had loved "not wisely, but too well."

In common, therefore, with other men who have had natural defects, Pope turned to ambition to console him for the absence of softer delights; and no one so fully shared his spirit in this respect as Bolingbroke. Nevertheless, both these great men wrote against ambition; Pope declaimed against it as "stooping, not rising."

Pope, with all his deficiencies, and with a mind on some points small as his person, was an amiable and charming member of society before he rose to preeminence in literature. Then, like others, he was spoiled and embittered at once.

"He was," writes one of his biographers, "in general happy in an agreeable flow of animal spirits, and he used to declare that he was not inclined by his constitution to be *hippish*. Nevertheless, his spirits never hurried him into any of those excesses or indecorums into which so many are apt to be transported. He was not weak enough to imagine, with others of less pretensions, that his genius would justify every immorality, indecorum, and affected singularity of conduct. He was free, yet decent; lively, yet discreet. He never thought that his merit and reputation gave him a right to dispense even with the lesser duties or forms of social life.

He perfectly well knew what belonged to others, and was exact in giving every one his due, without departing from the justice he owed to himself.

“He knew,” adds the partial biographer, “the just value of his own works; and he was too well acquainted with the narrow limits of human capacity to overrate their merits.”

He found in Lord Bolingbroke, not a patron, but a friend who esteemed all inequalities of station as cancelled by superiority of talent.

Their intimacy was interrupted by the political career of Bolingbroke and the vicissitudes of his life.

His flight to France, upon the prospect of an impeachment in 1715, was one of the first really adverse events which befell him. He had requested the honour of kissing the hand of the King, George I.; it was refused, and he received information not only that an impeachment against him was in preparation, but that a resolution was taken to pursue him to the scaffold. “His time for escape,” writes his able biographer, “was short: the toils were already closing around him. The Whigs had concluded their investigations; even the articles of impeachment were ready; every night expectation was excited of the opening of the charge; every hour was fraught with dangers. Bolingbroke’s deportment was, to the last moment, bold and fearless; his flight was precipitate and unexpected. When he had received intimation that the charge would be no longer delayed, he appeared the same night at the theatre, where he conversed with all his characteristic gaiety, bespoke a play for the next night, and subscribed to an opera to take place a fortnight after. But immediately the performance was over he left London with precipitation, travelled rapidly to Dover, crossed the Channel in a small vessel, and landing at Calais the next day found himself an exile.”

The handsome Bolingbroke had no sooner left the theatre, than he disguised himself in a black wig and large coat; and,

thus attired, joined M. La Vigne, one of the French King's emissaries, and travelled as valet to that gentleman.

Bolingbroke extenuated his flight, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne by declaring that his "blood was to have been the cement of a new alliance, nor could his innocence," he added, "have been any security after it had been once demanded from abroad, and resolved on at home, that it was necessary to cut him off." Had there been the slightest chance of a fair and open trial after having been already prejudged by two Houses of Parliament, he would not have declined the strictest examination. Of this he said he had positive information, and he challenged the most inveterate of his enemies to show that he had been guilty of any act of criminal intrigue abroad, or of corruption in the administration in which he had been concerned at home.

He was, nevertheless, formally impeached by Walpole, in the Commons, and his supposed delinquencies were magnified into the grossest crimes.

Only one friendly voice was raised in his defence. A Mr. Hungerford, indeed, breaking the profound silence which succeeded Walpole's powerful and bitter oration, said that no accusation could be made that amounted to high treason. Then General Ross stood up. This gentleman was an intimate friend of Bolingbroke's, who had shown him much kindness. When the General stood up to defend him he was so overpowered by his feelings that he could not utter a word. After remaining some time in an attitude to speak, he was about to desist, perfectly overcome. As he sat down in silence cheers burst from every part of the house. For a moment the General's composure returned; and he expressed his wonder that a hundred voices were not raised by those who were bound to Lord Bolingbroke by ties of friendship. Again his voice faltered: "I have much to say," he managed to say, "in my friend's defence, but I must leave it to another opportunity." He sat down amid loud cheers. "It is strange,"

he said to a gentleman near him, "that I cannot speak for my friend, when I would willingly die for him."

Those who are conversant with the knotty politics of the time in which Bolingbroke figured, will readily agree in the expediency of a mere rapid enumeration of events. It is as the friend of Pope that we consider this man of extraordinary powers; not either as the peer disgraced by George I., nor as the secretary dismissed by the Chevalier St. George (inaptnly termed by Mr. Wingrove Cooke "an adventurer").* His mission to Paris, whilst Louis XIV. was in his last illness; his meetings with Olive Trant, the political *intrigante* at the house of the ancient maid of honour, Mdlle. de Chaussery, another veteran *intrigante*; his attempts at propitiating, through them, the Duke of Orleans; all these would furnish scenes for many a fire-side talk in after times. "No man," Bolingbroke said, "ever embraced the man he was going to stab with a greater show of affection and confidence than did the Chevalier, the Secretary whom at parting he had made up his mind never to receive again."

The Queen Dowager, Mary of Modena, was, it appears, sensible of his merits; and wrote to him begging him not to resign the seals. "No," was Bolingbroke's reply; "tell them I am now a free man, and may this arm rot off if it ever directs sword or pen in their service again!"

As a "free man" his resources were books and travelling. He took his rightful place among the brilliant society of the French capital. Voltaire was then rising into celebrity. One can hardly fancy Voltaire ever young, but in 1717, when Bolingbroke was in Paris, he was only twenty-one years of age. The English peer and the French man of letters were both suffering from oppression; Voltaire had been imprisoned in the Bastille for a year for some philippics against the Government. The whole Court was ringing with one of his *mots*, when, on the production of the

* Life, vol. i. p. 307.

tragedy of "Œdipus," the Duke of Orleans, Regent, ordered his release from durance. Voltaire paid a visit of respect and gratitude. "Be wise," said the Duke, "and I will take care of you." "I am infinitely obliged to you," replied Voltaire, "but I beg your highness not to trouble yourself any more about my board and lodging."

It was as an accomplished celebrated widower that Bolingbroke figured in Paris, for in November 1718 his first wife left him in other senses than the political signification, a "free man."

Lady Bolingbroke had never *attempted* any reconciliation with her husband. Nevertheless, in a letter to Lord Oxford, she speaks of herself, as "a poor discarded mistress." A vehement partisan of the House of Hanover, she declared, on hearing reports of Bolingbroke's defection to the Chevalier, "that she would rather wear mourning for him than that those rumours should be true." He, however, wore mourning for her with, doubtless, great satisfaction.

A French wife was undoubtedly better suited to Bolingbroke than an English one; his scepticism was probably viewed in the gentle form of philosophy; his irregularities of life would never shock a Parisian so long as they produced no *scandale*. It is the *exposé* that distresses a polite French *grande dame*. No one, indeed, could have suited Bolingbroke so well as a widow; one, whose talents, whose conversational charms, whose *savoir faire*, and, last not least, whose fortune suited his taste and his circumstances. He had admired the young widow of ten years' standing, whilst Lady Bolingbroke was still alive: whilst gratifying accounts of her Ladyship's frail health often reached Paris; but the anxious lover was often distracted by jealousy of her whom, till his wife died, he could not claim as his own. There was a certain Macdonald, a handsome official in the Court of St. Germain, on whom the jealous fears of Bolingbroke turned. One day, when at dinner with the Marquise, he was so irritated by Macdo-

nald's attentions to her, that he rushed forward to chastise him, but in doing so overturned the table, and fell prostrate amid the broken dishes. The Marquise laughed, though her heart had long been devoted to one who certainly was framed to be at once loved and admired.

In May 1720 the attached pair were privately married at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Lady Bolingbroke then announced that she had become a Protestant.

This union produced as much happiness as any human tie can bestow. It was, for many years kept a secret, chiefly because Lady Bolingbroke received, as the widow of the Marquis de Villette, the interest of 50,000*l.* in the English funds. Had she been the avowed wife of Bolingbroke, that resource would have been seized by the British Crown, on account of his attainder. They lived, therefore, not at Marcilly, the estate of Lady Bolingbroke, but at La Source, near Orleans, a house between a hermitage and a *maison bourgeoise*, which took its name from the circumstance that the river Loire took its rise in the woods near. This river comes from the earth as wide and deep as it is in its whole course, and Bolingbroke could sail in his boat over the chasm in the earth where the river springs.

In this delicious retreat, something like rest and happiness was the lot of Bolingbroke. Lady Bolingbroke was the most charming hostess possible, and *La Source* was the resort of all that was distinguished and agreeable. Thither Voltaire went to consult the host about the "*Henriade*;" there *la bagatelle* was the order of the day; but *la bagatelle* with Bolingbroke and Voltaire to give to it their wit, must have been better than wisdom itself. There, however, Bolingbroke paid the penalty for former excesses in long fits of the gout, and in pecuniary troubles; there, at last, he received his pardon, removing, indeed, the sentence of death which had so long hung over him, but leaving him attainted in blood. This small measure of mercy he owed to his wife, who had

visited the Duchess of Kendal, and succeeded, with the bribe of 11,000*l.*, in gaining her husband's pardon; for the Duchess was one of those sensible Germans who turned the sovereign's favour to her own account; one who, as Walpole declared, "would set up the king's honour and kingdom to auction, and sell them to a shilling advance to the highest bidder."

One almost wonders that Bolingbroke could leave *La Source*, and revisit a country which scarcely received him. But he set out, and reached Calais just at the time when Bishop Atterbury had crossed from Dover. When Atterbury heard that Bolingbroke was on his way home he exclaimed, "Then I am exchanged." Bolingbroke, however, returned to France and remained there until 1725. He then came again to England, and bought the villa of Dawley, near Uxbridge, and here Pope, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gay visited the illustrious recluse. Being still disabled from entering the House of Lords, or from taking office, Bolingbroke, in order to countenance his calling Dawley a farm, spent 200*l.* in painting the hall with rakes, spades, and other implements of agriculture. Here, however, he fancied himself happy; yet a tone of melancholy pervades his letters. "He found," he wrote to Swift, "the more he proceeded on his journey, little regret when he looked backward, little apprehension when he looked forward." Yet even then he had neither the blessing of a calm retrospect on a well-spent life, nor the hope of one hereafter. Bolingbroke kept up the affectation of a farm. "I am in my farm," he wrote to Swift, "and I shoot strong and vigorous roots." Even the rakes and spades were drawn with black crayons, in imitation of the charcoal figures scratched upon farm-house walls.

Pope's description of his friend's enthusiasm is inimitable. "I now," he wrote, "hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letters (Swift's) between two haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on

the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate, between you and me, though he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm.”*

Bolingbroke was now in his forty-sixth year. Adversity had, perhaps, made him, morally, a better man, but it had left the one great scar in his heart unhealed—he was an infidel still; still scoffed, even in his letters to Swift, at religion; still threw out jesting, profane allusions. How this mournful fact blights one’s enthusiasm for his talents, his generosity, his affectionate devotion to his friends; friends, it is to be feared, almost as unsound in heart as himself.

It was at this era of their lives that Bolingbroke and Pope agreed to construct a system of ethics, the result of which was the “Essay on Man.” It was addressed by Pope to Bolingbroke.

“Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings;
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o’er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field—
Try what the open, what the covert yield,
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar.”

On this production, bound by our avowed abstinence from all literary discussions, we cannot but say with Young—

* Cooke, vol. ii. p. 101.

"O had he pressed his theme, pursued the tract,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire!
Soar'd where I sunk, and sung the immortal man."

But the last days of this long and illustrious friendship were destined to terminate without the great question being resolved :—whether Pope was imposed upon by Bolingbroke, and led unconsciously in adopting the system of naturalism, or whether, as the widow of Mallett asserted, Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke were all of the same sceptical opinions.

In 1736 Pope, as he expressed it, found himself going "down the hill." He was a sufferer from the asthma, which ended in dropsy.

We find him in his slow decline sitting in the air with Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont; whilst Martha Blount, whom the poet had loved too well, appears at the end of the terrace. Bolingbroke is asked to go and fetch her up. He crosses his legs, not liking the errand, and sits still. Lord Marchmont, younger and less captious, makes his way up to the lady. "What! is he not dead yet?" was the coarse, inhuman inquiry. And yet we are told, by one who knew them well, that "the life of one was pictured in the other's mind. Their conversation, therefore, was endearing; for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious himself of peevishness or impatience; or, indeed, perhaps if the poor poet had suffered himself to be alienated from Martha Blount, he could find nothing that would take her place; he could only have shrunk within himself." *

The suffering invalid lasted until May 1744. Delirium

* Cooke, vol. ii. p. 102.

came on. Pope's greatest uneasiness was inability to think. His friends Bolingbroke and Marchmont, tenderer than the grasping woman who coveted and who received so great a portion of his little all, hung over him. His death was edifying. He expressed to a friend his surprise, as eternity drew near and the world faded away, that there should be anything like human vanity. "I had enough," he added, "a few days ago to mortify mine, for I lost my mind for a whole day."

No man, according to some opinions, was ever a more sincere, warm, and disinterested friend than Pope. "His heart was not," as he himself well expressed it, "like a great warehouse, stored only with his own goods, or with empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition could fill them, but it was every inch of it let out in lodgings for his friends."

His regard for Lord Bolingbroke was thus expressed in a letter to his friend Mr. Allen :

"I am now alone; Lord Bolingbroke executed his deeds for the sale of Dawley on Friday, and set sail the next day for France from Greenwich. God knows if ever I may see again the greatest man I ever knew, and one of the best friends. But this I know, that no man is so well worth taking any journey to see, to any man who truly knows what he is. I have done so these thirty years, and cannot be deceived in this point, whatever I may be in any other man's character." *

He once declared to a common friend that Lord Bolingbroke knew more of Europe than all Europe put together.

And Bolingbroke appeared to return his affection. Let us end this chronicle of their friendship where we began. As Pope lay fancying that he saw things through a curtain,

* Ruffhead, vol. i. p. 531.

and in false colours, and asking Dodsley, the bookseller, what arm it was that came out from the wall, Bolingbroke wept over this wreck of the friend of thirty years' standing.

Pope's last words were: "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue." *

He died expressing his belief in a future state.

We wish all the dealings of one great man with another could here have ended. The grave closed, but a bitter feud arose from the very depths of that sepulchre. Pope had been entrusted with a manuscript of Bolingbroke's, styled "*The Patriot Prince*." He was requested to have a few copies printed. He had fifteen hundred printed. After his death, the printer brought this edition and gave it up, saying "that Pope had desired him to print, and retain them secretly."

Bolingbroke, one might have thought, might have pardoned an act which perhaps was meant to preserve a work of his friend's; but Bolingbroke's fury was unbounded. In vain did Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, endeavour to allay the storm; his apology for Pope was answered by "A Letter to the Most Impudent Man living."

Bolingbroke survived Pope fourteen years. He had resided at Battersea after the death of his father, and here, in 1750, he brought her, who, he said, "had been the comfort of his life," to die. Lady Bolingbroke had been very ill. Bolingbroke had loved her constantly, fervently. "You are very good," he wrote to Warburton, "to take any share in that affliction which has lain upon me so long, and which still continues, with the fear of being increased by a catastrophe I am little able to bear. Resignation, my lord, is a

* Cooke's Life, vol. i. p. 235.

principal duty in my system of religion. Reason shows that it ought to be willing, if not cheerful; but there are passions and habitudes in human nature which reason cannot entirely subdue. I should be even ashamed not to feel them in the present case, though I am resigned to the conditions of humanity and the usual course of things."

This was almost his last letter. He had lost one who thoroughly admired, comprehended, and loved him. Their tenderness had been signal. The charm of her society, her broken English, her eloquent French, were long remembered by those who knew Lady Bolingbroke. The experience for thirty years of her virtues had shown Lord Bolingbroke the value of woman. A little trait of Lady Bolingbroke, shows her clear perception of the change which came over her once brilliant husband in later days. Walking with her in his own grounds, accompanied by a friend, Bolingbroke began to relate some of the gallantries of his younger days. "He reminds me," said his lady to the friend with them, "of a fine old Roman aqueduct; but, alas! it is in ruins, the water has ceased to flow."

During Lady Bolingbroke's last illness, Bolingbroke bore witness in a letter to Swift of her resignation, and of the sources whence it was derived. The noblest of all human lessons is that of a death-bed of faith, and Bolingbroke would have been happy could he have died as she whom he ever deplored died, in hope and prayer.

In 1731, when Lady Bolingbroke was fast sinking, Bolingbroke wrote in these terms of her to Swift: *

"I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak. The slow fever works

* Swift's Letters, vol. ix. p. 119.

under and mines the constitution ; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more and more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors ; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain ; when life is tolerable she looks on him with dislike because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself."

The wife thus worthily beloved was buried in the church of St. John, in Battersea, where this inscription, written by Bolingbroke, is placed over her place of interment :

IN THIS VAULT
ARE INTERRED THE REMAINS OF
MARY CLARA DESCHAMPS DE MARSILLY,
MARCHIONESS OF VILLETTE AND VISCOUNTESS BOLINGBROKE.
BORN OF A NOBLE FAMILY,
BREED IN THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.
SHE REFLECTED A LUSTRE ON THE FORMER
BY THE SUPERIOR ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HER MIND.
SHE WAS AN ORNAMENT TO THE LATTER
BY THE AMIABLE DIGNITY AND GRACE OF HER BEHAVIOUR.
SHE LIVED
THE HONOUR OF HER OWN SEX,
THE DELIGHT AND ADMIRATION OF OURS.
SHE DIED
AN OBJECT OF IMITATION TO BOTH,
WITH ALL THE FIRMNESS THAT REASON,
ALL THE RESIGNATION THAT RELIGION, CAN INSPIRE.

Bolingbroke survived her only twenty months. In his letters no mention is made of the grief which *his* philosophy was so powerless to assuage. Before her death, as it appears

from the following passage in the letter to Swift in which he speaks of her illness, his health was impaired.

"I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermittent fever I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to it deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us. Let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we allow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay and stupidity not succeed."*

A brief, but unhappy interval passed before Bolingbroke was summoned to another world. He was a disappointed, joyless man; and, to the end, the mistakes he had made in life pursued him. He had kept his marriage to Madame de Villette secret; at her death her heirs in France denied that marriage, and claimed the property. In vain did Bolingbroke endeavour to obtain legal proofs of his marriage. In vain did he try to compromise the affair. It went to a trial. He lost his cause; and the memory of a wife whom he not only adored, but respected, was covered with reproach.

It is true that, eventually, justice was done. The Marquis de Matignon, the early and late friend of Lord Bolingbroke,

* Letter to Swift, vol. ix. p. 118.

appealed in his name. The necessary proofs were procured, the sentence of the *Chambre des Enquêtes* was annulled, and the claimant to the estates was obliged to refund the money he had received. But this came too late to solace the vexed impatient spirit of one who had made this world and this world's empty advantages his chief end and aim.

“Passions,” he observes in one of his letters to Swift, (says Pope, our divine, as you will see some time or other) “are the *gales* of life.” Few persons had so fiercely and continuously felt the force of such gales as Bolingbroke. Sometime in the wasting form of sensual pleasure, sometime in ambition, sometime in hate, sometime in love. Anger, disappointment, grief, perhaps remorse, were the companions of his last stage of existence. A fearful disease, a cancer in the face, now attacked him. A terrible death awaited him. He confided his case to the care of a quack (for the man who rejected revelation believed, it seems, in empirics), and the crisis was hastened by the fallacious treatment. The disease spread to the vital parts. He saw his end approaching. Did he then turn to a merciful Redeemer to support him in the awful agonies of his death-bed? Did he confess that all philosophy was weak and void compared with the Christian's creed?

It seems that he never for a moment confessed that his whole life had been one signal mistake. True to his “philosophy,” he rejected the offer of a clergyman who wished to visit him, — and died as he had lived, an avowed deist.

His epitaph was written by himself, and it is still extant in the British Museum. In that which he wrote on his wife, her religious hope and trust are specified; in his own, all reference of the kind is missed.* He was buried by her side.

* Cooke, 245.

HERE LYES

HENRY ST. JOHN,

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE

SECRETARY AT WAR, SECRETARY OF STATE, AND VISCOUNT

BOLINGBROKE.

IN THE DAYS OF KING GEORGE THE FIRST AND KING GEORGE

THE SECOND

SOMETHING MORE AND BETTER.

HIS ATTACHMENT TO QUEEN ANNE

EXPOSED HIM TO A LONG AND SEVERE PROSECUTION.

HE BORE IT WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND.

HE PASSED THE LATTER PART OF HIS LIFE AT HOME,

THE ENEMY OF NO NATIONAL PARTY,

THE FRIEND OF NO FACTION;

DISTINGUISHED UNDER THE CLOUD OF A PROSCRIPTION

WHICH HAD NOT BEEN ENTIRELY TAKEN OFF,

BY ZEAL TO MAINTAIN THE LIBERTY

AND TO RESTORE THE ANCIENT PROSPERITY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

DAVID GARRICK AND MRS. CLIVE.

GARRICK, OF FRENCH ORIGIN. — HIS FATHER SETTLED AT LICHFIELD. — GARRICK'S FRIEND. — WALMESLEY. — CAPTAIN GARRICK. — MRS. GARRICK. — DAVID, A TROUBLESOME, CLEVER BOY. — HE BECOMES FIRST JOHNSON'S FRIEND, THEN HIS PUPIL. — THEY GO TO LONDON. — PARALLEL BETWEEN THE FRIENDS. — CATHARINE RAFTOR. — HER FATHER. — FISH STREET HILL. — SKETCH OF THE STATE OF THEATRICAL AFFAIRS. — COLLEY CIBBER. — CATHARINE RAFTOR'S SUCCESS. — CREATES A SCHOOL OF ACTING OF HER OWN. — THE FARCE OF "THE DEVIL TO PAY." — ANECDOTE OF JOHNSON AND GARRICK. — ST. JOHN'S GATE. — GARRICK FIRST ACTS AT IPSWICH, THEN AT GOODMAN'S FIELDS. — MRS. WOFFINGTON AND MRS. CIBBER. — MRS. CIBBER'S PERFECTION AS AN ACTRESS. — MRS. GARRICK, HER HISTORY. — THE KINDNESS OF THE CORK FAMILY. — HORACE WALPOLE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE RICHMOND FIREWORKS. — LA VIOLETTE MARRIES GARRICK. — THEIR GREAT WORLDLY SUCCESS AND POPULARITY. — GARRICK IN PARIS. — MRS. CLIVE'S RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE. — THAT OF GARRICK. — HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND ASSOCIATES. — HANNAH MORE. — ANECDOTES OF GARRICK AND JOHNSON. — OF HENDERSON. — THE LAST YEARS OF GARRICK. — HIS KINDNESS. — THOSE OF MRS. CLIVE. — ANECDOTES OF HORACE WALPOLE.

DAVID GARRICK AND MRS. CLIVE.

BURKE has styled Garrick "one of the deepest observers of man." The penetration, however, of the great actor into human motives neither embittered his feelings nor made him indifferent to the welfare of others, even when he knew their faults; and although Johnson said of Garrick that he "had too many friends," he appears to have been faithful, affectionate, and kind to those who, on good grounds, secured his esteem.

His regard for the famous Catharine Clive arose out of their common pursuits; but in the playful intimacy which seems never to have been disturbed by any important coolness, there was more than the necessary but hollow union of two persons bound together by interest; there was confidence, there was admiration, and even tenderness, and each knew the failings of the other; and perhaps one never really likes people thoroughly until we know, and until we have made up our minds to their faults. Don Felix and Violante, both on and off the stage, must have learnt to comprehend each other perfectly.

It is quite consonant to our ideas of David Garrick to find that he belonged to the French nation. From that lively people he inherited his high spirits, his good-nature, the versatility of his countenance, his vanity, and his economy. From his French origin he derived his aptitude at fencing, his perfection of manner, his *tact* in turning aside subjects

of irritation, his power of assimilating with all classes and descriptions of men. To the French he owed his readiness of language, his wit, and his unblushing effrontery of plagiarism.

For his name and for these talents and disposition, however, he was indebted to that most conscientious and respected portion of the French nation who were driven by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to find toleration and safety on English shores. From that stock came, indeed, many of our most valued fellow-countrymen. His father, Peter Garrick, styled by Gilbert Walmesley an honest, valuable man, entered the English army, and married Arabella Clough, the daughter of one of the vicars of Lichfield Cathedral; but being on the recruiting service, Captain Garrick was at Hereford when his son was born, an event which took place at the Angel Inn in that city, on the 28th of February 1716. David was fortunate in his early residence at Lichfield, when his father had given up recruiting, and in being reared in a Cathedral town, where a certain refinement of tastes and a certain value for classical learning exists within the precincts of the Cathedral Close. We know not, indeed, the amount of our obligations to these old ecclesiastical establishments, nor to what extent they have preserved not only music,—which, as old Fuller writes, “sang its own dirge at the Reformation,”—but letters, amid the remote domiciles of a provincial town.

And remote indeed from London was Lichfield in those days. The roads were perilous for travellers: even royal visitants were half killed and half starved in their journeys to and from London. Charles III. of Spain, visiting Queen Anne in 1703, took fourteen hours to travel from Portsmouth to Petworth, and had nothing to eat all that time. The “nimble boors” of Sussex were obliged “to poise,” and support the Spanish monarch’s carriage with their shoulders part of the way, and the last nine miles of the road were

only traversed in six hours' time. Overturns were as common as stoppages, and to pass a whole day without them would have seemed miraculous. Again, at a later period, when Charles, called the "proud Duke of Somerset," chose to go from London to his Grace's house at Guildford, he was obliged to order his servants—those "who knew the holes and sloughs"—to meet him with lanthorns and long poles so as to help him on his way. If such difficulties occurred, one may easily conceive the horrors of "turnpikes," as the roads were called, even so near the metropolis as Lewes. An old lady, Daniel De Foe tells us, "a lady of very good quality, was drawn to church in her coach by six oxen; nor was this done in frolic or humour, but mere necessity, the way being so stiff and deep that no horses could go in it."

It is a matter of inquiry how far this entire separation of country towns, by the badness of roads, from the capital was injurious or beneficial to society; how far the inhabitants of towns, pent up as it were by the perils of a neighbourhood within a close compass, but not from stronger ties, may have cultivated a greater degree of hospitality, and imported the arts of society more completely into their own sphere than in the present day, when neighbours are independent of each other, and when people can always extricate themselves from dullness, instead of striving to make country life pleasant.

In the centre, however, of Lichfield, David—(or, as he was always familiarly called, Davy)—Garrick not only found a congenial mind, but experienced in that small sphere the benevolence of an influential friend. Samuel Johnson was his schoolboy friend, and Gilbert Walmesley, Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court at Lichfield, his kind patron. The worthy registrar, at that time a bachelor, took, indeed, so great a liking for "Davy," that many persons thought that had he not changed his condition Mr. Walmesley would have made Davy his heir. "He is," Walmesley wrote to his friend Mr. Colson, "a very sensible young fellow and a good scholar;"

this was in 1736, when Garrick had attained his twentieth year. "This young gentleman," the excellent man added, "you must know, has been much with me ever since he was a child; almost every day; and I have taken a great pleasure often in instructing him, and have a great affection and esteem for him."

Happily for the world Mr. Walmesley found his life monotonous as a bachelor; and when he married, Garrick lost his exclusive attention though not his regard.

We do not wonder at Walmesley's delight in the light-hearted boy. Among the tastes which rapidly develop imagination and invention, juvenile theatricals stand forth prominently. Davy, whilst with the instruction of the grammar school, he laid the foundation of the classical learning which he possessed, was, at the same time, in heart an actor. Probably his favour with Gilbert Walmesley was not due solely to his own childish attractions. The future Roscius had one great advantage; he was the offspring of parents who were popular. People do not often like the children of their friends for the sake of those friends merely. But Captain Garrick was amiable, agreeable, and courteous; and his wife, though not beautiful, was, Mr. Davies tells us, "very attractive in her manner; her address was polite" (and in those days of the good old school politeness was, as it still is in France, a science); her conversation was "sprightly and engaging; she had the peculiar happiness, *wherever* she went, to please and entertain;" and this quality so precious and so rare—since most persons, however agreeable to some, are dull to others—she transmitted to her son, who exercised in after life over others, even over men, a fascination that was quite irresistible.

To his preceptor, Mr. Hunter, master of the Grammar School, little Davy was by no means so engaging. He seems to have had in his element that volatile active principle which we do all we can to check in boys, but which is often

an earnest of future distinction if accompanied by courage and energy. The boys who give no trouble are rarely eminent in their subsequent career. They are satisfactory; they give no trouble; they perform all that is expected, but they are rarely shining lights.

According to Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous *jeu d'esprit*, namely, the imaginary conversation between Johnson and Gibbon, Johnson is reputed to have said of Garrick when they were schoolfellows, that little David "would either come to be hanged or come to be a great man." This knowing assertion was made by the embryo pedagogue in reply to an anxious inquiry on the part of Mr. Garrick "how little Davy went on at school?" This was when he was about ten years of age, whilst Garrick was under the care of Mr. Hunter, an amusing personage who liked books much, but country sports more. "He was a very severe disciplinarian," Davies tells us, "and a great setter of game. Happy was the boy who could slyly inform his offended master where a covey of partridges was to be found; this notice was a certain pledge of his pardon."

Schoolboys, however, in those days were not to be pitied; if they had to sustain hard usage at times they had many a respite. The old—I had almost said the good old—Popish practice of keeping Saints' days and other festivals, still prevailed when David Garrick and Samuel Johnson trembled before Mr. Hunter's frown. On the Saints' days there was service in the churches and holidays for the school-boy. Work was suspended; and the happy, riotous Davy and the feeble, anxious-minded Samuel might probably be seen wending their way along the pleasant meadows near the Trent. There was no temptation then, as now, to make the solemn observance of Good Friday a day of amusement and disgraceful carousal, as has long been the case in and near London, to the infinite discredit of our nation. Sunday was not then almost the only day that set the labourer

free; he had St. Jude, St. Matthew, the Conversion of St. Paul, Shrove Tuesday, the Feast of the Ascension, and many others, to claim for rest and pleasure if not for religious observance.

It was probably on one of these holy days that David Garrick got up a play, and invited his young companions each to take a part. His choice was characteristic, — "The Recruiting Officer," by Farquhar, — and he persuaded one of his sisters to play the part of the chambermaid, he reserving to himself that of Serjeant Kite. He collected all the young performers into a large room, and threw into his representation of the bold, humorous serjeant so much vivacity that great applause followed the performance. He was at this time (in 1727) not quite eleven years of age. One disappointment attended David's success — his friend Johnson declined to write a prologue for the piece; yet he and David were on the most intimate and friendly terms. That tribute of regard which Garrick had once asked in vain, was given, nevertheless, at a later period.

The great ambition of Garrick's parents was to make him a barrister; but in those days the bar was an exclusive profession, and none but University men could conveniently enter it. "The Captain hopes," Mr. Walmesley wrote to his friend Mr. Colson, "in some two or three years he shall be able to send him to the Temple, and breed him to the bar; but at present his pocket will not hold out for sending him to the University." So the parents of the little genius adopted another course, and sent their David off to Lisbon to visit an uncle in that city.

This relative was a wine merchant, and consorted with the other English merchants there. David's lively talents were soon discovered. After the hospitable dinners were over, and the cloth drawn, he was invited frequently to mount the table to recite, and most agreeable were the displays of his talents; he even extended them to the circles of the Portuguese; and

among his admirers was the Duke d'Aveiro, who was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy against the King of Portugal. This exciting visit to Lisbon did not happily last long, and David returned to be the school-boy in Mr. Hunter's classes once more. Still the play-house and all its accompaniments haunted his young fancy; and certain of his friends humoured this decided bent, and treated him now and then with visits to London to see the last new play. Quin and Cibber were the luminaries then in full splendour, as well as Macklin. There were theatres in Covent Garden and Drury Lane as well as in Lincoln's Inn Fields and in Goodman's Fields, whilst Aaron Hill had rooms in Villiers Street opened for dramatic representations.

The enchantments of the theatre were not favourable to Mr. Hunter's classes; and, perhaps, in hopes of diligence on the part of their son, his parents agreed to allow him to become the pupil of the staid and indefatigable Johnson.

Garrick was now eighteen; his friend had begun the actual battle of life before him, and had begun it in the approved way for poverty-stricken scholars by taking pupils, and amongst others he undertook to improve his friend David in classical literature.

There were six members only in the relation to each other of master and pupil, to which they added that of friends and associates. But what a companionship. Every one knows what Sir Joshua Reynolds afterwards stated to be *his* obligations to Johnson, although the Doctor was wholly ignorant of art.

"He qualified my mind," said the amiable and candid Sir Joshua, "to think justly. The observations he made on poetry, on life, on everything about us I applied to our art, with what success others may judge." Garrick doubtless thought in the same way; and, in fact, it is not the teaching of an able and zealous tutor that benefits a boy so much, as the communion between the inferior intellect and the greater

—the assimilation of the character which is yet unformed with one of more settled character ; the elevation of the moral standard ; the excitement to work which example produces ; the humility which superiority inculcates ; these are some of the benefits to be deduced from worthy tuition, and these were employed, enjoyed, and acknowledged by Garrick.

Nevertheless, the young dramatist must have tried the patience of his preceptor. Garrick, instead of writing themes, used to scribble scenes in a play. No wonder that, after six months' trial, they began to be weary, the one of teaching, the other of learning the classics. London was the mart, they thought, and the only mart for their genius. There was then no other mart. The great provincial towns were removed from each other hundreds of miles by the roads : if even only scores, by distance. York was the northern capital, the grand and ancient seat of the Hierarchy ; but it was no field for Garrick, and was perhaps overstocked with men (as classical teachers) little inferior to Johnson. Birmingham was a village ; Manchester a little old-fashioned country-town ; Derby a stately old place (alas, how changed !), full of furious Jacobites and stately aristocratic scions of county families living on Nun's Green and in the Friar-Gate ; but it was no place for David. Most of the county towns were Derby in miniature ; and Liverpool, with its magnificent river, its grand docks and harbours, and its suburbs, was a mere small, remote, seaport town. So that London swallowed up all the energy of the youth of England, and to London they went ; David professing that he was to be placed under the care of Mr. Colson, a clergyman living in Rochester, under whom he was to study mathematics, philosophy, and polite literature. "Few instructions," Mr. Walmesley wrote to Mr. Colson, "on your part will do, and in the intervals of study he will be an agreeable companion to you." Johnson had no such views ; his avowed object was to get a tragedy accepted for the

stage; after which he humbly hoped to be employed on some translation either from the Latin or the French. Poor Johnson!

They set out in life, these two friends, in very different positions in every respect. First as to means. Garrick, though poor, was not penniless, and was the nephew of a rich uncle. Johnson began years of struggling, nobly borne, with actually nothing. Garrick was to be entered into one of the inns of court: Johnson seemed destined to Grub Street. Nature too had blessed the one; and, independent of his great intellectual gifts, been a very step-mother to the other. Garrick had a gay, sanguine nature, a very inheritance in itself, good health, an intuitive knowledge of business, a ready perception of what was best to be done. Garrick was sociable and yet refined, a native fine gentleman. "At a convivial table," Reynolds wrote, "his exhilarating powers were unrivalled; he was lively, entertaining, quick in discerning the ridicule of life, and as ready in representing it; and on graver subjects there were few topics in which he could not play his part." Johnson, on the other hand, was diseased and melancholy. Youth seemed to have stepped over him and left him whilst yet a boy to middle age. He was repulsive, ill-bred, gross, not too clean, rude, disgusting. Happily, as his friends always knew, as the world eventually found, his noble, tender heart, his unequalled loftiness of mind, his stern justice, his warmth of piety, which had in it still the elements of a mournful dread and superstition,—these grand characteristics rendered him the centre of an illustrious circle of gifted friends, but they could not make him happy nor obtain for him fortune's smiles. He was, therefore, doomed to a long probationary season of an adverse fate, whilst Garrick rose almost at once to fame, and from fame to fortune. Nor was it long before that usual chance of "lucky birds," as Ben Jonson called the Villiers family, the death of a relation in good circumstances hap-

pened, so as to help David on effectually. His uncle from Portugal died, leaving him sufficient means to pursue his own pursuits and pleasures. He commenced, however, his career in London by becoming a wine merchant, his brother Peter being his partner; but in this line he did not long continue. Nevertheless, the wine trade was by no means one that drew him away from the final object of his hopes and aims—the green-room and the stage; and many a talk can we suppose him to have had with theatrical customers over the samples, when doubtless plays and managers, performers and patrons, — for the days of patronage were not over — came under review.

Garrick was then in all the freshness of youth and youth's enthusiasm. That artificial manner so easily acquired by persons who are for ever in the excitement of society, had not then dashed one of his greatest attractions, an easy, natural, yet graceful demeanour, full of that politeness which was a part of his nature. He was framed for companionship as well as for display. He had not the disadvantage of a ponderous form and overwhelming height (not that we agree with old Fuller that a tall man having his brains in a cock-loft must necessarily be endowed with a small portion). A lofty stature gives dignity to him who possesses it; but men of moderate height are less imposing, and therefore the most agreeable in a drawing-room; and Garrick was short, but with a figure perfect in proportion, neat, supple, and even elegant. His complexion we are told was dark, owing to his French origin, perhaps; his features were regular, but not of an elevated character; his voice was "clear, melodious, commanding," although it had, we are told, "neither the power of Mossop's, nor the musical sweetness of Barry's," but it was so flexible, its tones were so varied, that it was far more effective than that of either of these famous actors; and then it was, when Garrick became an actor, so perfectly modulated, and his articulation was so distinct, that it was intel-

ligible even to the remotest listeners in the most distant corner of a theatre; "whether," as the author of the "*Biographia Dramatica*" tells us, "in the gentle whispers of murmuring love, the half-smothered accents of in-felt passion, or the possessed and somewhat awkward concealments of an aside speech in comedy, as in the rants of rage, the darings of despair, or all the open violence of tragical enthusiasm."

Whilst, almost unconsciously perhaps, events were forming this child of genius into a great actor,—first, by a well-grounded education, and a certain indispensable amount of scholarship; next, by mixing him up with a variety of associates, thus eliciting his observation and drawing out his powers of mimicry,—there was growing up, in the unromantic region of Fish Street Hill, one who, in the natural turn of her humour, in gaiety and sweetness of character, and, above all, in her blameless, excellent life, was almost his prototype. This was Catharine Raftor, the famous comedian, the platonic attachment of Horace Walpole, the devoted friend of Garrick, who became, subsequently, Mrs. Clive,—to her contemporaries, Kitty Clive.

Whilst David was acquiring some of that business-like, practical habits, in his counting-house, which afterwards served him so well in keeping the fortune he acquired, the childhood of Catharine Raftor was overclouded by the less prosperous circumstances of her family, whose career had been one of adventure and vicissitude. Her father, William Raftor, had once been a man of landed property in Kilkenny; but troubles came, and the accession of William and Mary to the throne of England produced, among other great and small consequences, his ruin. He was "bred," as they say in old-fashioned phrase, "to the law;" but when James II. essayed to recover his lost crown in Ireland, Raftor adopted the Jacobite cause, which has always been fatal, even to its most powerful adherents; and William Raftor

was no slight sufferer. His paternal estate was considerable : but James was unsuccessful, and poor Raftor's lands were forfeited to the crown. His loyalty, however, was unabated. After the battle of the Boyne he followed his royal master to France, and obtained a commission, and afterwards a company, in a French regiment. He grew tired, it appears, in time, as many did, of serving Louis XVI., and, sobered down, came to England, received a pardon, and married the daughter of a rich citizen on Fish Street Hill. A sad descent for "le beau cavalier," who had, no doubt, loitered in the court of grim St. Germain's, under the alternate excitement of loyalty, and the depression of small pay. But so it was : and he certainly made a change for the better, although one can hardly fancy a blithe young officer, accustomed to Versailles, and to the Tuileries and the Louvre, settling down contentedly in Fish Street Hill. This street had been christened — one may presume to sweeten in imagination those precincts which were so offensive in reality — "New Fish Street." But it was still too near Old Fish Street to become genteel. There, in Old Fish Street, in olden times fish was sold on moveable boards or stalls, set out on market days, and then in shops, above which rose houses of three or four stories high, where the garrets, Sir William Davenant declared, "perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity, are so narrow that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home." * New Fish Street, where Catharine Raftor's mother resided, for merchants, as we know, then lived wholly in the city, was not only contaminated by being near old "Fish Street," but was (almost worse) infested by a wild and riotous crew. The King's Head, in Fish Street, was a place, says an old black letter tract called "Newes from Bartholomew Fayre," "where roysterers do range." Then it was the thoroughfare to Old London Bridge. "Up Fish Street!" says Cade, in the

* See Cunningham's London.

“Second Part of Henry VI.,” “down St. Magnus corner ! kill and knock down ! throw them into the Thames !”

Such were the old associations of New Fish Street, where, if Catharine Raftor dwelt not habitually, she must at all events have passed a great portion of her time ; and it is not improbable that she lived there altogether. Her father had been a proscribed man ; he was still, though pardoned, a ruined man, glad, one may almost venture to assert, of a home even on Fish Street Hill, unadorned as it then was by Wren’s great works, the Monument and the Church of St. Magnus. Houses in those days were lofty and capacious, and there is every reason to suppose that our extravagant plan of having separate abodes for every married member of a family,—and even now for unmarried ones, in great and rich families, with fastidious sons,—is of modern date ; and that formerly our young married couples lived in England, as they still do in France, under the same roof, until that home became either too small, or, as it certainly sometimes does in France, too hot for them. Had it not been for this system in the days of our forefathers, London could never have continued to occupy so small a space as it did, even with all the edicts issued by James I. to prevent country families from coming to the Court and the capital unless they were wanted. It is perhaps, therefore, tolerably certain that Catharine Raftor, the gay girl who was, like Garrick, destined by nature for the stage, resided in that region of fishmongers and “roysterers,” Fish Street Hill. And after this conjecture,—which, after all, is but a conjecture,—all her history is a blank. Much was said of her when she was in the blaze of her fame ; much in her wane, when she softly glided into old age, a goodly widow at Cliveden, Twickenham. One thing, however, is certain, from her own letters and those of Garrick, that she became in after life one of his few theatrical friends ; that a great admiration on his side and on hers for the distinguished talents of each, was cemented into

friendship by esteem, affection, and respect, and that these feelings never died out. The friends did not, as Garrick said to Hannah More,—or, as he called her, “the dearest of Hannahs,”—become like that of some other persons, who smile and shake hands, and backbite each other as genteelly as the best of them.”

Before we come to the eventful period of Catharine Rafter's life, when she ventured to appear before the critical audiences of those days, let us revert briefly to the state of the stage at that time. It is erroneous to suppose that the English stage was of a later date than that of its Continental neighbours. Fitz-Stephen, a monkish writer in the reign of Henry II., speaks of the “plays of a more holy subject” than the common interludes belonging to a theatre; plays, in which “representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear.”

Since Fitz-Stephen does not allude to these dramas as novelties, we are induced, upon good authority, to fix their earliest date about the time of the Conquest, and this is earlier than that of any Continental nation.

Sad vicissitudes had attended the drama between this remote era and the epoch when Garrick and Kitty Clive delighted the town. In the reign of Edward II. a company of men, who were styled vagrants, were whipped out of London; their offence was the representation of scandalous little incidents at ale-houses under the guise of masqueraders, or mummers. Violent outrages and blasphemous melo-dramatic scenes, taken from the incidents of the Holy Gospels, were also alleged against them; so summary justice was executed upon these masked and disguised performers. Yet these, we are told by the authors of the “*Biographia Dramatica*,” were the true original comedians of England; and their excellence altogether consisted, as that of their successors does in part still, in mimicry and humour. These

were, in fact, the theatrical progenitors of David Garrick and of Catharine Clive.

The mummers, master-rhymers, and minstrels were, it seems, a daring band; and, driven out of the towns where the law was upheld, these poor vagrants dispersed themselves over England and into the remotest parts of Wales. We hear much of the wonderful Miracle Play in the Ammergau, Bavaria, where the Passion of our Saviour is represented in an open-air theatre, amid the wildest scenery, by peasants. Formerly, a similar spectacle was beheld in our own country, and the famous Guary Miracle was acted in an amphitheatre, raised in an open field in Cornwall, "with devils and devices to delight as well the ear as the eye." And, indeed, the performance of mysteries and moralities, sometimes by school-boys,—those of St. Pauls' School, for instance,—and sometimes by parish clerks (a race prone of old to display), was the sole theatrical pleasure which even the great world could enjoy during what has well been called "the dead sleep of the Muses." These plays always turned upon some religious or moral theme. For "religion was then everybody's concern;" and during the early days of the Reformation it was usual for those of what they termed the ancient faith to defend its doctrines in these interludes. Private families too adopted as a sort of serious diversion the custom of performing some sacred drama; and the mystery and morality were once the delight of the humbler hostel and of the stately palace.

It seems almost idle to repeat what every one must remember, the successful innovation made by John Heywood, on these ancient dramatic productions. No one understood better than Henry VIII. how to choose what the French comprehensively call his *entourage*; and he gave no better instance of this than in his choice of John Heywood, one of our earliest dramatists, as his jester. His comedies were succeeded, after he had died a voluntary exile at Mecklin,

by those of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Thomas Norton, the authors of "Gorboduc;" and then by Edward Ferreys and by John Lillie, famous as the originator of Euphuism, "a new English," as his eulogists termed it, in "whichall the fine ladies of Elizabeth's court were his scholars; and all that beauty in Court who could not *parle Euphuism*, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks no French." Thus writes the publisher of Lillie's plays.

Out of this affected jargon, so well given by Sir Walter Scott in one of his romances, rose the dramatic wit; the struggle of nature and truth with bombast and affectation, was no slight contest. Euphuism is said to have originated the affected pedantry which James I. patronised and, as a writer, affected. It expired when Shakespear, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson brought the drama to perfection.

Still, whilst the creative genius of Shakespear delighted the age, acting was allotted to children, and, worse, to parish clerks. It was not until 1674 that a patent was granted to James Burbage and others, — servants as they were styled to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, — to form a company. The children of St. Paul's School, the children of the Chapel, and the Children of the Revels, continued to act the interludes and even some of the plays. These children, however, formed an excellent nursery for the theatre, and some of our earliest noted actors came from amongst them. Then your great nobleman had his own private company of players, who were not allowed to act publicly without his license and protection. These performers were, therefore, only retainers to noblemen, but their service preserved them from being treated as vagrants.

Upon any personality or impropriety they were liable, however, to be committed to prison, when a complaint was made; and great were the scandals, "the uncomely and shameful speeches," Stow tells us, that were often mingled up in the interludes with the representations of the noble deeds of our

ancestors, or even with that of Holy Mysteries. Sundays and festivals were the great days, and people left the churches to frequent the Inns of Court or hostelrys in which the plays were acted. And this state of things went on until, in the reign of King James I., a licence was granted under the Privy Seal to Shakespear, Fletcher, Burbage, Hemings, Condel, and others to act not only at the Globe, on the Bank-side, their usual theatre, but in every part of the kingdom.

The era in which Shakespear wrote and acted, in which Ben Jonson composed masques and Inigo Jones furnished decorations, was succeeded by the total suppression of all plays. It was not among the least melancholy effects of the great rebellion, that, whilst half the nation was in mourning for sons slain, or in sadness for estates beggared,—that whilst coming events cast the shadow over all, of Charles's death,—every dramatic entertainment, every solace to the few flourishing country homes still left, or to the depressed cavalier who loitered still in London, were abruptly ended; and on the 11th of February 1647, all stage players were declared to be rogues, and liable to be punished according to certain statutes. The play-houses were to be demolished, and all persons convicted of acting were sentenced to be publicly whipped. Any one who could be detected attending a dramatic entertainment was to be fined five shillings; any money collected at a play-house was to be given to the poor.

One can imagine the desolation of the poor vagrants, among whom, had he lived, our Shakespear would have been reckoned: and the monarchy and the stage fell together.

This review, slight as it is, of the state of the stage in early and mediæval times, serves to show us the merit and importance of those who raised not only the drama and dramatists, but the actors and actresses to their due level, and who were at once writers and performers; friends to society in both ways; friends to the poor, among whose few delights are plays; friends, Archbishop Tillotson tells us, to the thinking and

reflective world. "For plays," he says, "may be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful; to put some follies and vices out of countenance which cannot perhaps be so decently reprov'd, nor so effectually exposed and corrected, in any other way." *

It is somewhat touching, in looking back into those drear times,—when the Globe rang no more with applause, and nothing but the ghost of departed mirth seemed to linger around its ruins,—to glance at the fate of all these poor performers, licensed, be-praised, and well-fed retainers, but a short time ago, of my Lord Chamberlain, or of my Lord Leicester, or of my Lord Arundel, or of other magnates, wealthy, courteous patrons, who took a part themselves, and vied with each other in the success of their companies. It is curious to reflect what became of these vagrants, who dared not, lest they should be whipped, return even in the remotest corner of the realm to their old course of life; but, happily, they had still a career. They were some of them young, all loyal, all haters of the puritans, many of them high-spirited cavaliers at heart; so they dispersed themselves into different regiments and fought real battles, in which, we may presume, they were as dexterous in close fights as their superiors.

The Parliament had trouble enough to demolish the theatres, of which more than seventeen had been built during the late reigns; and Sir William Davenant was obliged, when he collected a troop of performers, to have performances first at the Cock Pit, near Drury House, in Drury Lane; but the first theatre on this site was not opened until 1662, by Thomas Killegrew. There were henceforth two companies of players; that under Sir William Davenant styled "The Duke of York's Servants," and that under Killegrew called "The King's Servants."

* Introduction to "*Biographia Dramatica*," ix.

From this period, the theatre, with the exception of an attack upon it by Jeremy Collier, in 1697, which, however, tended to purify rather than depress the drama, flourished until Garrick brought the prosperity of Drury Lane to its greatest height. He did more; he established the claims of a persecuted and almost outcast profession to respect, and showed to the world that a great actor may be a good man, whilst a similar example in their own line was afforded by the conduct of Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Abingdon, and others.

It was under the auspices of Colley Cibber that Catharine Raftor commenced her career. She was, in many respects, fortunate in the introduction of such a man as Cibber, then a veteran actor and manager of nearly sixty. The very impulsiveness of Cibber's nature, which had impelled him into some errors, was favourable to his acceptance of the young unformed actress, of whom Churchill wrote these lines:

"In spite of outward blemishes, she shone,
For humour famed and humour all her own:
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please,
No comic actor ever yet could raise
On humour's base more merit or more praise."

Colley Cibber was exactly the man to discern and value this unaffected humour, that easy, natural good breeding, indispensable to the stage. He had been long enough domiciled in the coterie of the Earl of Devonshire to form a standard of deportment, and his great merit was that he purified and elevated the drama by his good taste and value for decorum. He was kind-hearted and imprudent, and had married before he was twenty-two, on thirty pounds a year, merely, in the first instance, from hearing a sweet voice in the next room to him, where he was visiting a friend named Shore. Colley Cibber was one of those men who, in the actions of his life, seemed to

go right by a sort of accident. He was the gayest, the most indiscreet, and the most inconsistent of men ; he had the largest confidence in mankind that was ever possessed by one who had seen the world in all its phases ; he had that happy self-complacency, that ready wit, that charming candour (a rare charm it is), that palliated every error : it is not, therefore, any matter of surprise that no man had so many friends, no man so few enemies, as this celebrated dramatist. As a manager, the great advantage Cibber had was in the accuracy of his ear, and in his critical judgment of nature. As an actor, he was disqualified for great parts by physical defects. Pale, thin, with a weak treble voice, he excelled chiefly in the *fop*, in which, it is said, he had no equal. He was eminent also in old men ; and he tried, and, according to his own account, succeeded to a certain extent in a variety of characters.

"I was vain enough to think," he wrote, "that I had more ways than one to come at applause ; and that, in the variety of characters I acted, the chances to win it were the strongest on my side ; that if the multitude were not in a roar to see me in Cardinal Wolsey, I should be sure of them in Alderman Fondlewife ; if they hated me in Iago, in Sir Fopling they took me for a fine gentleman. And though," he goes on to say, "the terror and detestation raised by King Richard might be too severe a delight for them, yet the more gentle and modern vanities of a poet Bayes, or the well-bred vices of a Lord Fop-pington, were not all more than their merry hearts or nice morals might bear."

Catharine Raftor's first appearance was in Nathaniel Lee's *Mithridates* "King of Pontus," to which, on its original representation in 1678, Dryden had written an epilogue. The young girl, plain in feature, but perfect in her brief part, had nothing more important to do than to appear in boy's clothes, as a page, and sing a song. The song and the singer pleased, and the audience of Drury Lane recognised her with satisfaction when, in the year following her *débüt*, "Love is a Riddle," was

placed upon the stage. This piece, written by Colley Cibber, was a pastoral, and an imitation of the Beggar's Opera, which had come out the preceding year at Lincoln's Inn. The immense success of the "Beggar's Opera" determined the public, it appears, to accept no rival to their favourite performance, and the whole of the first representation was received with uproarious condemnation. One moment's respite was alone obtained; this was when the young girl, who had, in her page's dress, and with her artless song, delighted the gods and the audience, came forward again as a songster in Phillida. When she appeared, hisses and cat-calls were hushed; her success was ensured; and henceforth the Phillida of that evening became the pet of the play-going public.

On the ensuing night a royal visit would, it was thought, allay the general irritation; and Frederic, Prince of Wales—his first public appearance—did Mr. Cibber the honour to attend the representation. The disturbance then rose to its height. No voice could be heard except—and when she sang the murmurs and groans were again silenced—that of Catharine Raftor's.

We cannot wonder at this sudden success when we read the commendation bestowed on this accomplished woman's style of performance, by one of her own profession. "This performer," says Dibdin, "who fairly opened the book of nature, and pointed out every valuable passage to so good effect, that no actress in her way has completely succeeded who has not trod in her steps, and traced her through all those fanciful paths to which she was conducted, by the goddess who delighted in her, had certainly most superlative merit. We have seen nothing to succeed in her various styles of acting, but what has been modelled after her. She created a sort of school of her own, in which Mrs. Green, Miss Pope, and their imitators studied nature and effect."

Catharine Raftor soon derived solid advantages from her favour with the public. In 1731 a ballad farce was produced;

it was written partly by Coffey and Mortley, upon a plan, the groundwork of which was by Jevon the Player. It was reduced from three acts to an act and a half, and christened "The Devil to Pay." A number of songs were introduced into it; and even one of Lord Rochester's, written fifty years previously, was inserted. Colley Cibber contributed another, and the whole production was thus got up by six or seven hands.

The piece, gracefully acted as it was, gave offence, more particularly on account of the character of a Nonconformist parson, chaplain to Lady Loverule. Cibber, therefore, took it in hand, cut out the parson, and shortened it to one act. Mistress Catharine Raftor figured in this little operatic piece as Nell. Her acting was perfect, her singing, charming; and so greatly did the manager appreciate her talents, that he immediately doubled her salary. The name of the play was altered, and henceforth known as "The Wives Metamorphosed."

Garrick, meantime, was rapidly scoring out from the memory of all his friends, except Johnson, the incidents of those days when, in coming up to London, he "*rode and tied*" with his friend Samuel; but it was not always possible to keep that friend silent.

"That was the year," said Johnson one day, in a large company — referring to some chronological point — "when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket." Garrick hearing this exclaimed, "Hey! What do you say? Twopence-halfpenny in your pocket?" "Why, yes," replied Johnson, "and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine." This anecdote is, however, discredited by Mr. Croker, who naturally infers that Garrick, being destined to the bar, must have been provided with a sum of money by his friends.

The intimacy between these gifted friends continued unabated. Johnson introduced Garrick to Cave, the proprietor and editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine." A singular scene was the result. Cave lived in St. John's Gate, a wood-

cut of which figures on the cover of his famous magazine. This ancient portal is the only one that remains of all the monastic gateways once standing in the metropolis. It was once the grand south entrance to the Hospital of St. John's of Jerusalem, and there the half-military monks lived, a stately, superstitious, aristocratic order. They were replaced by Edward Cave, the publisher, who established his premises here, and who, from this ancient gateway, issued his magazine, which was begun in 1731. Johnson, when he first saw St. John's Gate, beheld it, as he told Boswell, with reverence. Not on account of its old memories of knights and tourneys, and masses, and processions; not for its antiquity, dated as it is from 1100; not because it was endowed with the revenues of the English Knights Templars; still less on account of the tragedy that followed its suppression, the last Prior dying of a broken heart on the day on which it was suppressed; but because it contained the phlegmatic, uncourteous, one idea'd Cave; whose usual question to a guest, sitting down all the while, was to put into his hand a leaf of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and to ask his visitant what he thought of it? Johnson perceived Cave's evident defects, but appreciated his not very evident virtues. He introduced Garrick to him, telling Cave what talents his Lichfield friend had for the stage. Cave, Boswell tells us, "had no great relish for mirth, but could *bear* it;" and he condescended to say he should like to see Garrick in some character. Garrick accepted the invitation. A room over the arch of St. John's Gate was prepared, a few journeymen printers called in, and, in the ancient chamber wherein once sat in all state the haughty Prior, premier temporal and last spiritual baron of England,—and called therefore by Selden, in his "Titles of Honours," a kind of otter, — where once knights, half spiritual, half temporal also, communed or prayed, — in that very chamber Garrick played, inimitably, the principal part in Henry Fielding's "Mock Doctor," Cave

looking on, and the journeymen printers, fresh from the press, reading the inferior parts. The piece, as it is well known, was borrowed from Molière's "*Médecin malgré lui*." It had a great success at Drury Lane, and was one of the most popular of the *petite pièces* of the day.

Garrick's first essay on the stage was at Ipswich, where he acted under the name of Lyddal. His success was great, and after spending a summer in the country he resolved to try his fate in London. He was, however, rejected at Drury Lane, and at Covent Garden, and, in despair, he applied to Mr. Giffard, the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields.

This locality owes its name to a farmer named Goodman, who, in the time of Stow, had thirty or forty milking kine in the fields near the nunnery of St. Clare, which was called the Minories. The Minories of the nineteenth century is a street between Aldgate and the Tower, inhabited by gunsmiths; but when Stow remembered the then rural district he could, he assures us, in his youth fetch from the farm many a "halfpennyworth of milk, and never had less than three ale pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a halfpenny in the winter." "Goodman's son," he adds, "being heir to his father's purchase, let out the ground first for grazing of horses, and then for garden plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby."

In 1729 a theatre was built in Goodman's Fields, in what is now called Leman Street, by Thomas Odell, and was licensed under Sir Robert Walpole's famous licensing act. But the government and the clergy were alike adverse to the stage. A sermon was preached against the theatre in the church of St. Botolph, in Aldgate, and Odell, in alarm, sold his property to Giffard. A new theatre was erected by Giffard on the same spot, and opened in 1732; but Giffard was obliged to retire, such was the public clamour, to Lincoln's Inn Fields, during two seasons. He returned, however, to

Goodman's Fields, and here, in 1741, Garrick made his first appearance.

His reputation rose to the greatest height; and, what is strange, never declined. The theatre was thronged with the great and the lettered; and though Horace Walpole, to borrow his own expression, "saw nothing wonderful in Garrick's acting," he was thought superior to Betterton. Gray, too, was no admirer of Garrick; but as the new actor was supported by a "dozen dukes," who went nightly to see him act, it "became heresy" to find fault with him. Goodman's Fields' theatre was pulled down in 1746.

I do not attempt to follow his theatrical career, with which we have far less to do than with his personal history; suffice it to say, that Garrick was now announced as the "gentleman that played King Richard." One or two incidents of great interest attended the young actor's performances. Amongst the audience was the Rev. Thomas Newton, afterwards Bishop Newton, and the author of the "Dissertation on the Prophecies." This eminent and good man had, like Garrick, been partly educated at the free school at Lichfield. It was, therefore, natural that he should hear with pleasure of the success of the idle but popular boy who had acted Sergeant Kite before his playmates. It is amusing to hear one who afterwards wore the mitre, writing in the following terms to Garrick:—

Grosvenor Square, December 28th, 1741.

"Dear Sir,

"I am to thank you in the name of our company for our entertainment last Wednesday. Our ladies are almost in love with Richard as much as Lady Anne; and, for us men, we like him better the second time than even the first. Your voice was more in tune and order; and I reckon we liked you better now, as we saw more of you than we did above, though really the people on the stage incommoded

us very much. The front boxes, I believe, are the most commodious, and pray let us have one of them for the 'Orphan' and 'Lying Valet,' and let it be taken in the name of Mrs. Deanes."

Garrick could not, however, oblige either the Rev. Thomas Newton or the Right Hon. William Pulteney, who was desirous of being with the same party, with the "Orphan" and the "Lying Valet" together, and received the following somewhat reproachful letter from Mr. Newton:—

"It certainly would have been a very great honour to you, if of no other advantage, for such a person as Mr. Pulteney to come so far to be one of your audience; and if I had been in your capacity, I should have thought it worth while to strain a point, or done anything rather than have disappointed him. I would have acted that night if I had shared myself all the rest of it."

After saying that the box need not be kept for them, Mr. Newton adds:—"I am sorry for these disappointments; but I was almost angry to see your name last week in the bills for Costar Pearmin. I am not fond of seeing you in such parts as Fondlewife, or even Clodio, nor should be of the 'Lying Valet' if it was not your own acting."

Garrick, however, appeared in "Lear," and the most critical of his friends were satisfied. "Mrs. Porter, who had at that time retired from the stage, was," Newton writes, "no less in raptures than the rest." This wonderful actress, of whom Dr. Johnson remarked, when speaking of her to Mrs. Siddons, "that in the vehemence of tragic rage he had never seen her equalled," returned to town on purpose to see Garrick again, and declared she would not have *not* done so for the world.

"'You are born' (Newton writes), she says, 'an actor, and do more at your first appearing than ever anybody did with twenty years' practice.' And when somebody mentioned your not doing Lord Foppington so well, she made answer,

‘that she was sure it was impossible for you to do anything ill; you might perhaps excel less in that, but you must excel in anything.’”

But, perhaps, the most gratifying incident of the great actor’s *début* was the glimpse which he caught, as he advanced across the stage, in one of his early performances of Richard III., of Pope’s keen, bright eyes fixed upon him from one of the recesses of a stage box.

“As I opened the part, I saw our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side box near the stage, and viewing me with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot, and thrilled like lightning through my frame, and I had some hesitation in proceeding from anxiety, and from joy. As Richard gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the *conspiring* hand of Pope shadowed me with laurels.”

Pope, turning to Lord Orrery, exclaimed, as the play proceeded, “That young man never had his *equal* as an actor, and he will never have a *rival*!” He expressed, however, his alarm lest Garrick should become vain, and be ruined by applause.

There was, however, another peril, and this was in the fatal attractions of the well-known Mrs. Woffington. This beautiful actress was then in all the bloom of youth, being born in 1718. There is no positive evidence to show that the intimacy between her and Garrick was more than that of friendship. At all events, it was sanctioned by the presence of a clergyman, and a bishop’s son, the Rev. Dr. John Hoadly, who read some of his productions at Mrs. Woffington’s breakfast-table to Garrick; for Hoadly so far broke through what he termed “the prudery” of his profession, as not only to write a tragedy, on the story of Lord Cromwell, but also to act in interludes, and among others, in a burlesque on the ghost scene in Julius Cæsar. Times are changed since then, and the world would look coldly, and

with justice, on a clergyman who frequented the theatres, and breakfasted with an actress of more than doubtful character. There is something consolatory in the midst of all our dissensions and troubles, in reflecting on the improved state of public opinion since those days. John Hoadly was a pluralist of the deepest dye. He held the rectories of Michelmarsh, in 1737; the same year was inducted in that of Wroughton in Wiltshire, September 28th; November saw him made rector of Alresford in Hampshire, and a prebend of Winchester; two years afterwards he was collated to the rectory of St. Mary, near Southampton; in 1746, to that of Overton. In 1760 he was appointed to the Mastership of St. Cross, and he held all these appointments with the exception of two, Mr. Baker, tells us, till his death. Yet the active man found leisure to join Garrick at Peg Woffington's breakfast, and assist at the following scene with Garrick and Hogarth.

The appearance of the ghost to Cæsar was selected for a parody. "Hogarth," says the author of the "*Biographia Dramatica*," "personated the spectre; but so unretentive was his memory, that, although his speech consisted of only a few lines, he was unable to get them by heart: at last they fell on the following expedient in his favour. The verses he was to deliver were written in such large letters on the outside of an illuminated paper lanthorn, that he could read them when he entered with it in his hand on the stage. Hogarth prepared the play-bill on this occasion with characteristic ornaments."*

Those times seem strange to us now. Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, the brother of the pluralist, was physician to both the Royal households, and a sort of medical pluralist in his way: yet the world blamed him not for writing the comedy of the "*Suspicious Husband*," and the title of that play comes after a list of Medical and Philosophical Essays.

* *Biographia Dramatica*, p. 238.

Whatever may have been the sentiments of Garrick for Mrs. Woffington, they were transient. They acted together in the "Provoked Husband;" and surely such a Lord and Lady Townley could never be seen again. There were still some, who ventured to speak coldly of the Roscius, as Garrick was now styled. Shakspeare, Horace Walpole admitted, was not more admired for his plays than Garrick for acting them: yet, adds Horace, "I think him a very good and very various player; but several have pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin in Falstaff, was as excellent in Lear; Old Johnson far more natural in everything he attempted. Mrs. Porter and your Dumesnil surpassed him in passionate tragedy; Cibber and O'Brien were, what Garrick could never reach, coxcombs and men of fashion. Mrs. Clive is at least perfect in low comedy; and yet to me Ranger was the part that suited Garrick the best of all he performed. He was a poor Lothario, a ridiculous Othello, inferior to Quin in Sir John Bruce and Macbeth, and to Cibber in Bayes, and a woeful Lord Hastings and Lord Townley. Indeed his Bayes was original, but not the true part; Cibber was the burlesque of a great poet, as the part was designed, but Garrick made it a garreteer."

However, in spite of Horace Walpole's cool praises, the acting alone of Hamlet convinced the world that they had never seen it performed before. Previous to Garrick's marriage, his stage wife in tragedy was the accomplished and unhappy Susannah Maria Cibber, the ill-used wife of Theophilus Cibber. She was the sister of Arne, the composer: of her as a performer, Dibdin writes:—"Mrs. Cibber was a most exquisite actress. In all characters of tenderness and pathos, in which the working of the female mind call for the force of excessive sensibility, she was, like Garrick, the character she represented. Her face, her figure, and her manner were irresistibly impressive, and her voice was penetrating to admiration. Actresses may have had more majesty, more fire,

but I believe that all tragic characters, truly feminine, greatly conceived and highly written, had a superior representative in Mrs. Cibber than in any other actress."

Whilst Churchill paid her this tribute:—

"Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart:
Pleased with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause."

And there was, perhaps, sympathy not only with the theatrical woes of the actress, but with the sorrows and frailties of her unhappy career. Born within the very precincts of Covent Garden, where her father was a cabinet-maker, Susannah Arne had first appeared on the stage as a singer. Good judges were struck by the plaintive sweetness of her voice, but it was some time before the higher faculties of her intellect were apparent. She became the great tragic actress of her age. Like *Rachel*, the delicacy of her form, the evident, fragile health, the slender, graceful figure, every attitude of which was a study, heightened the ineffable effect of her delicious, though mournful voice, and of her ever speaking, flexible features. Even after the bloom of her blighted youth was past, it is, we are told, impossible to view her figure and not think her young; or look into her face and not consider her handsome. Zoffany has transmitted to posterity her portrait and that of Garrick as he played Jaffier to her Belvidera, in the scene where she cries for mercy —

"Jaffier.—Nay, no struggling.
Belvidera.—Now, then, kill me!"

The slighted, betrayed wife of Theophilus Cibber, appears to have been a too enthusiastic admirer of her Jaffier. She wrote to him in the character of Margery Pinchwife, but, except their common interests at the playhouse, there is no proof in her letters of anything but a regard based upon ad-

miration. The world, however, thought otherwise. Yet it is not between persons who entertain sentiments, for which they have reason to blush, that passages such as these occur:—"Your assurances of friendship," Mrs. Cibber writes, "are very agreeable to me: you may depend upon my never forgetting it knowingly. I think we do our duty in attempting this thing; if it succeeds, we shall gain credit, and, as far as merit in the intention will go, I desire it should be equal. I am pleased I have an opportunity of convincing you that I have a confidence in it again. You assure me you want sadly now to make love to me, and I assure you very seriously, I will never engage upon the same theatre with you, without you make more love to me than you did last year. I am ashamed that the audience should see me break the least rule of decency, even upon the stage, for the wretched lovers I had last winter. I desire you to be always my lover upon the stage, and my friend off of it."

However he might regard Mrs. Cibber, Garrick permitted his wife to visit her, and at her death paid the poor sufferer, broken down long before her retirement by an inward malady, this tribute of mixed praise and invective. A gentleman who was with him when the news of her death was brought, heard him exclaim:—

"Then tragedy has expired with her: and yet she was the greatest female plague I had in my house."

Fortunately for "Little Garrick," as he was called, a virtuous and honourable attachment put an end to all dangerous influences, and stifled for ever the fascinations of his stage wife, Mrs. Cibber, so far as concerned their effect on him.

The fashionable world was full of the praises of a young dancer who had been brought to England from Vienna, under the patronage of Dorothy, Countess of Burlington. Eva Maria Veigel, for such was the real name of this charming girl, was at this time about twenty-one years of age,

having been born in 1724-5. She had been introduced at the court of Maria Theresa, by the ballet-master, in order to dance with the royal children, and the Empress, delighted with her performance, commanded her to assume the name of *Violette*, the word *Veigel*, signifying in Viennese patois, a violet. It has also been stated, that Maria Theresa, seeing that the Emperor, Francis I., was attracted by the youthful *danseuse*, sent her to England to protect her from evil. She came into this country with a family named Rossiter, who visited England in order to look after some property, and, almost immediately, was so kindly adopted and protected by Richard Boyle, fourth Earl of Cork and third of Burlington, that an erroneous report prevailed of her being his natural daughter. *La Violette*, or *Mademoiselle Violette*, as she was called, owed her birth, however, to the humble family of *Veigel*. Her sweetness of temper, her simple, correct demeanour, her devotion to Garrick, the gifted idol of her heart, her enthusiasm for his profession, caused *La Violette* to be as much beloved as she was respected. She stands forth in the annals of society, as a bright instance that a perilous career does not imperil the pure; that a woman may come upon the stage, even in its most conspicuous characters, and yet retain the modest dignity of her sex; that she may be admired, flattered, run after, without being spoiled as a wife, or a friend.

La Violette owed, however, no doubt, much to the generous kindness of the Cork family, who almost adopted her as a daughter. It is one of the most important privileges of rank to uphold struggling women, to protect them by their influence, to advise and aid them to honest independence. The Countess of Burlington appears to have performed this part of her duty to admiration; whilst the great world, of course, took up the cue after so great a lady. "The fame," Horace Walpole writes, "of the *Violette*, increases daily. The sister Countesses of Burlington and Tal-

bot exert all their stores of sullen partiality and competition for her. The former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick, and she sups at Lady Carlisle's." Lady Burlington herself attended the Violette to the theatre, throwing a pelisse over her as she came off the stage.

Her first appearance was at Drury Lane, on Dec. 3rd, 1747. Garrick was at that time at Covent Garden, driving his "Miss in her Teens."

The "Violette" became now the attraction of every party. Horace Walpole thus describes one of those fashionable *réunions*—which was composed of what he most valued upon earth—the *crème de la crème* of that exclusive set in which this man of pretended liberalism delighted.

"Whatever you hear of the Richmonds, you hear of the Richmond fireworks that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe it. I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Everything succeeded; all the wheels played in time; Frederick was fortunate; and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty; Mr. Austin himself would have been glutted; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole court of St. Germain's, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Modena, and two Anamaboos. The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river, and as soon as they were gone, the Duke had the music into the garden, and himself, with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects with singing 'God save the King' to them over the rails of the terrace. The Duke of Modena supped there, and the Duke was asked, but he answered, it was impossible; in short, he could not adjust his dignity to a mortal banquet. There was an admirable scene; Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my lady kept a most fierce look out. Sabbatini, one of the Duke of Modena's court, was asking me who all

the people were, and who is that? 'C'est miladi Hartington, la belle fille du Duc de Devonshire.' 'Et qui est cette autre dame?' It was a distressing question. After a little hesitation, I replied, 'Mais, c'est Mademoiselle Violette.' 'Mais comment Mademoiselle Violette? j'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violette, par exemple.' I begged him to look at Miss Bishop."

This favourite of nature and of fortune continued to enjoy the admiration of her noble patronesses: to so great an extent that the tickets for her benefit were designed, by Lady Burlington's orders, by Kent, and engraved by Vertue.

The follies of the day were almost its business and employment; and entered even into political circles, and it was amusing to hear how during the Duke of Newcastle's and Mr. Pelham's administrations, even the reception of the Violette was made a matter of importance. One night, three dances had been advertised by her; not being aware of it, Violette danced only two, and then retired with Lady Burlington. Lord Bury, and some other young men of fashion, began a riot, and insisted upon her being sent for from Burlington House. It was feared that, on her next appearance, she would be hissed, and an humble apology was promulgated. Not content with this, and taking into consideration that Lord Hartington was son-in-law of Lady Burlington, Mr. Pelham, who was devoted to that nobleman, prevailed on the Duke of Newcastle to order Lord Bury not to hiss, so greatly afraid were these cabinet ministers of any one interfering with the good reception of La Violette.

But the duration of her triumphs on the stage as a dancer, was transient. With fame wholly untouched—even by Horace Walpole,—she retired to be married. In referring to the close of Violette's professional career, let it be remarked that the dancing of those days was not the operatic dancing of ours. The stately Minuet de la Cour, the Gavotte, the Chartreuse, were modest, quiet dances; every woman might dance them

without shame or degradation, and La Violette, in her subsequent home at the Adelphi, or at Hampton, might refer to those performances without a blush.

She gave her hand to Garrick in 1749, being married first at the Protestant church, and then in a Roman Catholic Chapel. Notwithstanding certain hints thrown out by Horace Walpole, the generous Earl of Burlington gave her as a marriage portion, 6000*l*. And it was now in Garrick's power to add to it 4000*l*., both which, it seems, were settled on the happy Violette.

She was called by Lord Rochford, and others, on account of her gentle temper, Placida; and perhaps on that account her prosperous life was prolonged to 105 years. Wise as well as kind, she adopted all Garrick's interests, and considered his tastes: delighted in his favourites, adorned his home, and felt no jealousy of the band of female friends who adored the Roscius, and amongst others, none more than his "Pivy," as he used to term Mrs. Clive.

"Pray," wrote "Pivy," after years had cemented their friendship, "how does my dear Mrs. Garrick do? for I will love her, because I am very sure she would me, if you would let her; but you are a Rudesby yourself, and it is your fault that she does not take notice of me." There was, in fact, no separation of interests between Garrick and his wife. His friends were hers; hers, his; and as they were *never* separated a *single* day, every pleasure was common to both. There is something singularly delightful in the contemplation of an union so perfect in a world of sublunary friendships and bitter disappointments. The player and the dancer were the models of their time.

A very different fate awaited poor "Pivy," with her warm heart, her joyous nature, her wit, her respectability. She was not happy in domestic life. I am afraid she was vulgar. She *swore* occasionally; she spelt indifferently; her marriage apparently, was a fortunate one, for she was united to George

Clive, the brother of the then Baron Clive. They were soon separated; why, there is no chronicle to explain; no court cheap enough in those days for the hard-working actress to resort to existed then: at least, if we may judge by the arch reply of Dr. Johnson to Walmesley, who was registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court at Lichfield. When reproached by that kind friend with the having brought Irene, in his tragedy, into horrible distress. "How can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper distress?" cried Walmesley. "Sir," replied Johnson, "I can put her into the Spiritual Court."

In spite of envy, perhaps of temptation, Mrs. Clive continued her upright course of honest exertion, and of steady, dignified, and virtuous conduct. Not a breath of calumny ever assailed her during the forty years that she remained upon the stage.

Her letters—I wish the editor of Garrick's Correspondence had left them in their original spelling—were lively, good-natured, fearless, sharp. The following epistle written to Garrick when he was manager of Drury Lane, querulous as it is, produced no permanent coolness. It shows in what good order actors were kept under Garrick's management.

"Sir,

"I beg you would do me the favour to let me know if it was by your order that my money was stopped last Saturday. You was so good, indeed, last week to bid me take care or I should be caught,—I thought you was laughing, and did not know it was a determined thing."

"It was never before expected of a performer to be in waiting when their names are not in the *papers* or the *bills*; the public are witness for me whether I have ever neglected my business. You may (if you please to recollect) remember I have never disappointed you four times since you have been a manager; I always have had good health, and have ever been above subterfuge. I hope this stopping of money is not a French fashion; I believe you will not find any part of the

English laws that will support this sort of treatment of an actress, who has a right, from her character and service on the stage, to expect some kind of respect.

"I have never received any favours from you or Mr. Lacy, nor shall ever ask any of you, therefore hope you will be so good to excuse me for endeavouring to defend myself from what I think an injury; it has been too often repeated to submit to it any longer. You stopped four days' salary when I went to Dublin, though you gave me leave to go before the house shut up, and said you would do without me. I had my money last year stopped at the beginning of the season for not coming to rehearse two parts that I could repeat in my sleep, and which must have cost me two guineas besides the pleasure of coming to town."

The quarrel was soon made up, and we find her writing to him in the following strain:—

Twickenham, Jan. 2, 1774.

"Wonderful Sir!

"We have been for thirty years contradicting an old-established proverb — that you cannot make brick without straw; but you have done what is infinitely more difficult, for you have made actors and actresses without genius: that is, you have made them pass for such, which has answered your end, though it has given you infinite trouble. You never took much with yourself, for you could not help acting well, therefore I do not think you have much merit in that: though, to be sure, it has been very amusing to yourself, as well as the rest of the world; for while you are laughing at your own conceits, you were at the same time sure they would crave your iron chests. What put this fancy into my head was your desiring a good character of young Crofts. It is a sad thing, some people would say, that such a paltry being as an exciseman cannot get his bread unless he has behaved well in the world: and yet it is so perfectly right, that if everybody would have the same caution not to give good characters

where they did not deserve them, nor receive people into your family for servants or any kind of business, who had them not — if this was made an unalterable rule, the world must in time become all good sort of people.

“I send the enclosed, which may be depended on. Mr. Costard is our rector, one of the most honest and best men in the world : they say he has more knowledge in the world, and amongst all the sky people, than anybody, so that most of us take him for a conjuror.”

The continued prosperity of Garrick and his wife seems never to have alienated them for an instant from Pivy. Henceforth, Garrick not only assumed, but sustained the part of a respectable head of a family. Even the sage Johnson was sometimes rebuked by his friend. One night Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, after supping at a tavern, took it into their heads to knock up Johnson, in order to tempt him to a ramble. They thundered at the door of his chambers in the Temple. After a time the Doctor appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head ; and imagining that some ruffians had come to attack him, he brandished a poker in his hand. When they told him their design, he called out, “What, is it you, you dogs ? I’ll have a frisk with you.” They then set out, and went first into Covent Garden. Daybreak was at hand, and that marvellous sight, of waggons laden with fruit and vegetables for the supply of London, was just visible. Johnson tried to help the greengrocers to unpack ; but they stared so at the old gentleman that he soon retired. Then the three gentlemen went to a tavern near and asked for a bowl of *bishop*, over which Johnson exclaimed, referring to his loss of sleep —

“Short, O short, then, be thy reign,
And give us to the world again !”

Then they took a boat, and rowed down to Billingsgate ; but the party soon broke up, Langton going off to breakfast with some

ladies, or, as Johnson called them, "unidea'd girls." When Garrick was told of this ramble he said to Johnson, "I heard of your frolick t'other night. You'll be in the 'Chronicle.'"

"*He* durst not do such a thing," Johnson observed to his friend; "his *wife* would not let him." Some coolness occasionally occurred between Johnson and Garrick. "What do you think," Johnson said one day to Davies, "of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order will be worth three shillings." "O, Sir," cried Boswell, "I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to *you*!" "Sir," was the stern reply, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Boswell, of course, submitted.

On the formation of the *Club*, long called so, and only at Garrick's funeral christened the "Literary Club," Johnson is reported, though erroneously, to have objected to Garrick's admission, saying, "He will disturb us by his buffoonery." This was not true; and the real state of the case is thus reported by Boswell. "The truth is, that not very long after the institution of our club, Sir Joshua Reynolds was speaking of it to Garrick. 'I like it much,' said he; 'I think I shall be of you.' When Sir Joshua mentioned this to Dr. Johnson, he was much displeased with the actor's conceit. 'He'll be of us,' said Johnson; 'how does he know we will *permit* him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language.'"^{*} Nevertheless, Johnson, it seems, so long opposed Garrick's entrance, that the Club had the privilege of Garrick's society only the last five years before his death. Yet Johnson declared "that for sprightly conversation there was no one like David."

The world thought so too; and Garrick's house in the Adelphi, No. 5 of the Terrace, was frequented by the most varied and delightful society in the world. To this residence

^{*} Boswell's Life, vol. i. p. 493.

he did not remove until 1772, but his house at Hampton was his country abode some time previously. The ceiling of the front drawing-room of the Adelphi was painted by Antonio Zacchi, and a chimney-piece of white marble in the same room, cost 300*l*. Times were changed since the great actor had dated his letters from "Mansfield Street, Goodman's Fields," or from the "Perriwig Maker's, at the corner of the Great Piazza, Covent Garden;" but Garrick was still *Mr. Garrick* only; people in those days were as tenacious about the "Esquire," as they still are in France concerning the adoption of the "*De*."

It is said that the proficiency of his wife in dancing first induced Garrick to introduce that accomplishment more continually on the stage than heretofore, and to invite the celebrated Noverre, a French dancer, to England; and this was the commencement of the melo-dramatic *furor* which has so greatly injured the public taste.

A succession of triumphs attended the subsequent life which seems to have had scarcely a cloud of adversity over it. During his visit to the Continent, Garrick was indeed taken ill whilst at Munich, of that prevalent fever which has carried off so many victims in that beautiful city; yet he recovered, and was able to enjoy the society of Paris, the "unbought grace" of those matchless coteries in which Gibbon, Hume, and Horace Walpole delighted. Baron Grim has paid to Garrick's acting the following tribute, in one of his famous letters *: — "He is the first and only actor who comes up to the demands of my imagination; he realises my notion of what is *perfect* in his art; his great power is in the instantaneous possession which all characters take of the whole man in their turns, and by a simple volition on his part. Nor does any change disturb him." The well-known anecdote of Garrick's learning how to express the agony of King Lear, from a father whose child had sprung out of his arms into the street, and been killed, is said to have actually happened to the great

* *Memoirs*, xxxix.

actor in France. Baron Grim placed the scene in Ireland. Garrick, he said, visited the wretched father, who became insane, when the poor maniac was in confinement. "I never," Grim wrote, "saw anything more terrific than the state of this man: I say that *I have seen him*: for Garrick made me shudder as at *reality itself*." Garrick, delighted as he was in Paris, neither did not forbear to express his disgust at Voltaire's treatment of Shakspeare; neither did he wholly admire the acting of Madame Clairon. "There must," he said, "be *comedy* in the perfect actor of tragedy, just on the same principle that it requires humour even for the writer of a tragic tale or drama, to relieve the feelings, and to attain to the true conception of nature." Mrs. Garrick, *cette belle et grande dame*, as Madame Riccoboni called her, was exceedingly admired in Paris, and Garrick even confessed to a degree of jealousy. But this sentiment did not last long, for Violette was as true, as modest, and devoted as any man could desire. Various secessions from the stage, and some accidents, gave Garrick frequent trouble and uneasiness. Mrs. Woffington retired at forty-two, Colley Cibber still her veteran admirer; Foote had his leg amputated; King, a great actor, broke his, owing to a fall from a horse; and Powell, whom Horace Walpole affected to prefer to Garrick, died in the dawn of his fame at thirty-four. "Roscius" was still the idol of all the intellectual impartial judges of the day. Charles Fox was so anxious for the revival of "Macbeth" that he said he would act the part of Banquo, at Drury Lane, if Garrick would again put the play on the stage of Covent Garden. Garrick's biographer relates that at the close of the second act of "Lear," after the agonies inflicted by his daughters, when Lear exclaims "O God! I shall go mad!"—Fox was seen in the side boxes, holding up his hands with the most animated gesture, to denote to his friends the admiration and astonishment with which he regarded the performance.

On the 24th of April, 1769, Kitty Clive took her leave of the stage. She had long held the first place as a comic actress; she had few equals in the esteem and popularity which were the rewards to her virtues. A kinder heart, a truer capacity for friendship, never adorned any character. "I am glad," she wrote to Garrick before her retirement, "that you are well, for the sake of my audience, who will have the pleasure to see their own Don Felix. What signifies fifty-two? They had rather see the Garrick and the Clive at a hundred and four than *any* of the moderns. The *ancients*, you know, have *always* been admired." The epilogue, on that occasion, was written by her neighbour and friend, Horace Walpole; for she now resided at Twickenham, Walpole endowing her pretty abode with the name of Cliveden.

As it is only in his private career that we seek to show Garrick, we shall pass over the jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon, which was thus characterised, with more humour than justice, by Foote:—

"A jubilee," he says, "is a public invitation, circulated by puffing, to go post *without* horses, to a borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen, who are *no magistrates*; to celebrate a great poet whose *own works* have made *immortal*, by an ode without *poetry*, music *without melody*; dinners *without victuals*, and lodgings without *beds*; a masquerade where half the people are *barefaced*; a horse race up to the knees in *water*; fireworks extinguished as soon as they were *lighted*; and a gingerbread amphitheatre, which, like a *house of cards*, tumbled to pieces as soon as it was finished."

It was when Mrs. Siddons appeared for the first time in Portia, that the audience recalled the acting of Mrs. Clive, who used to imitate Dunning, the famous lawyer, in the trial scene; and found that the play fell flat. But still more was the gay, good Kitty missed, the majority of the spectators fancied, when Garrick, on the 10th of June, 1776,

appeared in Don Felix, and, after a brilliant performance, came to take a last farewell of the stage which he had restored, embellished, ennobled. His last appearance is thus described:—After the performance was over, he advanced to the front of the stage to address, for the last time, the audience whom he had so often delighted; groups of the actors stood on the stage, and heads were seen peeping out from the side scenes. A profound silence pervaded the house which had so lately rung with applause. With what varied emotions must those whose faces were now turned towards Garrick have beheld him. The old could remember the multifarious characters in which he had never failed to delight; they could recall him, in his early days—one week in the Ghost in Hamlet, the next as Master Johnny, a boy of fifteen, in the farce of the “School-boy;” on that occasion Cibber, the veteran actor and manager, turned to Mrs. Bracegirdle, and said, “Why faith, Bracey, the young fellow is clever!” They had seen him, though Garrick never would let his wife see him in these characters,—one night in Abel Drugger, the next perhaps in Hamlet: they now bade adieu on their part to pleasures that they could never more hope to enjoy in that house.

But Garrick had become weary, as he said, of his “cap and bells;” old friends were retiring or dying; the gout was making sad havoc with his own health; his friends had still thought him, as they said, “every inch a king” in Richard and Lear; they still admired him in the youthful character of Hamlet. Every night, on which he had acted, had been crowded to excess; persons of the highest station begging for a standing place merely where they could see him. He retired in the zenith of his fame, judiciously and gracefully; for he had chosen the night for his farewell, on which the profits were to be given to the Actors’ Fund.

Those near him perceived that it was only by a stern self-command that he raised his voice without tremor once

more to address the eager, motionless mass of listeners before him. He spoke, however, not without emotion, these words: —

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but, indeed, I found myself *then* as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should *now* of speaking it.

“ The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.

“ This is to me a very awful moment. It is no less than parting for ever from those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon that spot where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed.

“ Whatsoever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impression I have of your kindness will always remain here (putting his hand to his heart) fixed and unalterable.” *

He then referred to his successors: his address was interrupted by his unfeigned emotion, and with those words he retired, passing with a lingering step, as if he hesitatingly left for ever the scene of his triumphs, from the plaudits of the multitude in the theatre to the good wishes of friends behind the scenes.

One person there was, tall in person, and placid in countenance, who could view the scene without satisfaction. This was the well-kown David Williams, a lecturer of great ability, whose *purple suit* of clothes was, we are told, well remembered some years since by persons of middle age. Williams had, in a pamphlet, warned Garrick that it was time to retire. “ Rouge and powder,” he had told him, “ cannot give the bloom of youth; mere quickness of motion cannot give the appearance of agility; an old man, let him move ever so briskly, moves in straight lines, and turns almost at

* Biographical Memoirs, p. 58.

right angles; your eyes have lost the power of imitating softness, if ever they had it; that fine, bewitching liquid, which passion sends out into the eye of youth, cannot be imitated by any old man; your mouth has no sweetness; your voice is growing hoarse and hollow; your dimples are furrows."

These are unpleasant truths, nor can we see either talent, or good sense, or good taste in impressing them. It is particularly easy, and particularly absurd, to make personal attacks on the score of age, which is a change that must come to all; and sincerity of this species is, we are inclined to think, allied to brutality. Garrick's biographer calmly remarks, that "Garrick never sat for the above portrait."

David Williams's praise, written as if he despised its object, was, however, discriminating.

"You have been deservedly," he thus addresses Garrick, "for above thirty years at the head of your profession. The justice with which you conceive and exhibit the poet's meaning are in general masterly. You act with much greater truth, spirit, and variety than any man I ever saw. It may be said I take you at a disadvantage in the decline of life. I believe not. In those tragic parts where your organs seem to have had a power almost peculiar to represent the poet's meaning, your execution is masterly. It is much improved within a few years. Your province lies principally where the passions are exhibited by the poet as agitated or wrought up to the highest degree; your perfection consists in the extreme."

The tender sympathy of the kind-hearted Kitty Clive attended Garrick on the memorable occasion of his farewell.

"Is it really true," she wrote, "that you have put an end to the glory of Drury Lane Theatre? If it is so, let me congratulate my dear Mr. and Mrs. Garrick on their approaching happiness. I *know* what it will be. You cannot have an idea of it; *but* if you should still be so wicked not to be satisfied with that *unbounded*, uncommon degree of fame

you have received as an actor,—and which no other actor ever did receive, nor no other actor ever can receive, — I say if you should still long to be dipping your fingers in their theatrical pudding (now without plums), you will be no Garrick for the Pivy.

“In the height of the public admiration for you, when you were never mentioned with any other appellation but the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies, when they were admiring everything you did and everything you scribbled, at this very time, *I, the Pivy*, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you with your magical hammer in your hand, *endeavouring* to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own. I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you, and I have seen you when that could not be done, — I have seen your lamb turned into a lion. By this, your great labour and pains, the public was entertained: they thought they all acted very fine; they did not see you pull the wires.

“There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence. They think themselves very great: now let them go on in their new parts without your leading strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is. I have always said this to everybody, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. While I was under your control I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery, and you know your Pivy was always proud; besides, I thought you did not like me then, but *now* I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter.”

Every flattering attention that rank and fashion could bestow followed the retirement of Garrick. It seems idle to rehearse great names, in order to shed lustre upon great

talents or great virtues. The lustre in such cases is conferred, not received, by genius. Garrick honoured with his friendship many of the highest individuals of the aristocracy, but he never sacrificed in doing so the humbler friend; he had not attained that worldliness, the very pest of social life, which separates the closest bonds between the fortunate and the ill-starred. To Pivy he was ever the same. Horace Walpole did not invite her to his choice parties, but Pivy could never be otherwise than welcome at Hampton or the Adelphi. And there was another admirable woman, whose value we of the present day too little consider, who owed to Garrick and his wife an introduction to the lettered and the great, as well as many happy hours and some substantial benefits. I speak of Hannah More. We remember her now as the friend of Mrs. Montagu, the beloved of bishops and bishops' wives, the pet of the *grandes dames* who graced their high stations by a love of literature. But when Garrick first knew her, she was, in conjunction with her sister, keeping a boarding-school at Bristol; and she had recently sustained a disappointment from the rupture of an engagement with a gentleman who, each time that the marriage day was fixed, contrived to postpone it. A small settlement, which she had at first indignantly refused, was made upon the fortunate Hannah, who lost a husband of furious temper and doubtful conduct (for it seems vain in Hannah More's biographers to talk of Mr. Turner's "strict honour and integrity" after such a line of conduct as he pursued), and had enough to live upon and to write upon, and leisure and opportunity to make herself celebrated in her own day, and, if we judge her works fairly, useful in ours.

It was in 1773 or 1774, before Garrick's retirement, that Hannah More visited London, full of a desire to behold a "live author." Garrick had seen a letter of hers describing her emotions on seeing him in *Lear*, and was pleased at an introduction. He introduced her to Mrs. Montagu, and

the great boundary between obscurity and fashion was, in those days, considered to be overpassed when Mrs. Montagu adopted any one as a minor "Blue." Of course the enthusiasm expressed by Hannah More for Garrick was liable to misconstruction. As people could say nothing worse, they declared that she flattered Garrick: it was also said that she flattered Johnson.

Quoth Johnson one day: "I was obliged to speak to Miss Reynolds, to let her know that I desired she would not flatter me so much."

Somebody now observed: "She flatters Garrick!"

Johnson. "She is in the right to flatter Garrick. She is in the right for two reasons: first, because she has the world with her, who have been praising Garrick these thirty years; and secondly, because she is rewarded for it by Garrick. Why should she flatter *me*? I can do nothing for her. Let her carry her praise to a better market."

He referred, in this remark, to the following scene at Sir Joshua Reynolds', where "Miss More began to pay her court to him in the most fulsome strain. 'Spare me, I beseech you, dear Madam,' was his reply. *She still laid it on.* 'Pray, Madam, let us have no more of this,' he rejoined. Not paying any attention to these warnings, she continued still her eulogy. At length, provoked by this indelicate and *vain* obtrusion of compliments, he exclaimed: 'Dearest lady, consider with yourself what your flattery is worth before you bestow it so freely.'

Poor Hannah More! Little had she dreamed of this rebuff when she vented her delight at the prospect of seeing Johnson, to her sister. "Yes; Abyssinia's Johnson; Dictionary Johnson; Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! — *his very own house!*" True, the Doctor shook his head when Miss Reynolds told him of all these praises, and said *she was a silly thing*; yet he called for his hat, and attended the ladies down a very long entry to their coach, *en cavalier*; and Hannah believed herself to be a great favourite, and would

have been so had she not, certainly with the worst taste imaginable, descended to the flattery that no one believes and that all despise. In that way she lost her pre-eminent place in the regard of a warm heart.

Garrick, however, and Mrs. Garrick judged her more leniently, and her friendship for them was a life-long friendship. She enjoyed their tea-table at Hampton when Garrick and Johnson, never seen to such advantage as when together, talked of boyish days at Lichfield. Johnson wrote a stanza of her "Sir Eldred," and Garrick read it aloud "with all his graces and all his pathos," and so inimitably that Hannah cried like a child. Certainly those were the *beaux jours* of authoresses. We should find few persons to read "Sir Eldred" now. Then the tea-table lasted two hours and a half, and Hannah had a head-ache next day by sitting up so late with "that gay libertine, Johnson." One can forgive a little folly and flattery in all the delights of such society; for one great charm was, at Hampton, that, whatever the splendours of the Adelphi, *there* no great parties were allowed. There, lords and ladies, with critics and poets, were kept in a roar of laughter for four hours at Garrick's "Jack Rocklington," a story of an actor who came to offer himself for the stage with an impediment in his speech. "There was scarcely," Hannah More wrote, "an expletive man or woman" in the great and learned circle at Hampton. Garrick managed to put Johnson always in good humour; and Sheridan, in all his youthful brilliancy,—then manager of Covent Garden,—"dares to censure Shakspeare." Hannah "raved and scolded," and Garrick "nearly beat him."

Then at times Garrick would imitate Johnson to the life. Always suspicious that Johnson somewhat sneered at him, he amused Boswell one day by saying in the Doctor's manner: "Davy has some convivial pleasantry about him, but 'tis a futile fellow." Yet Johnson did him justice; he did not even

pass remarks upon him with what Hannah More calls “all the malice of a friend.”

At Hampton Mr. and Mrs. Garrick lived in the style of the *noblesse*. Their house was in good taste; he drove four horses in going to London. Miss Letitia Hawkins, one of those graphic writers whose native accuracy seems to be expressed in every line, thus describes Garrick at Hampton:—

“I see him now in a dark blue coat, the button-holes bound with gold, a small cocked hat laced with gold, his waistcoat very open, and his countenance never at rest, and indeed seldom his person; for, in the relaxation of the country, he gave way to all his natural volatility, and, with my father, was perfectly at ease, sometimes sitting on a table, and then, if he saw my brothers at a distance on the lawn, shooting off like an arrow out of a bow in a spirited chase of them, round the garden. I confess I was afraid of him, more so than I was of Johnson, whom I knew not to be, nor could suppose he ever would be, thought an extraordinary man.”*

But all this splendour was to close before what we should now consider as the usual limit of man's existence:

At sixty-two years of age Garrick expired. He had been staying with his beloved friends, Lord Spencer's family, at Althorp; and, during that, his last visit, was often in such high spirits that no one could suppose he was ill. On the Sunday after his return, Dr. Cadogan was sent for. From that time there was no hope, no amelioration of symptoms; yet when the room was filled with physicians, Garrick stared with surprise, for he had no notion that he was in danger. Dr. Cadogan, in the true spirit of an honourable physician and of a good man, told him, however, of his danger, and exhorted him, if he had any worldly affairs to arrange, to settle them. The learned doctor justly comprehended the

* Life of Johnson, vol. iv. p. 119.

man to whom he addressed that advice. "I am not afraid to die," was the calm, deeply significant reply. What a life was told in those words! The invalid sank at times into stupor; but, when symptoms of consciousness returned, he continued, during the few remaining days, to press the hand that held his, and to turn for an instant to the devoted wife who watched him to the last. There were moments when he was again himself, again aroused,—eloquent, witty, and even hopeful. Then his friends saw their own Garrick once more,—the man envied by Johnson as the best table companion in the world, the delight of all society.

But these glimpses were transient. His behaviour, during the last solemn night before his death, was full of kindness and politeness to all around him. He sank to rest without a groan.

Mrs. Garrick bore the separation as one who merited that the affection which was for ever removed from her, should be revived,—for *surely* our best affections *will* be revived,—in another world. "The goodness of God to me is inexpressible," she said. "I desired to die, but it is His will that I should live; and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body and *grace* to my heart." She survived him forty-three years, and her earthly remains were placed by his in Westminster Abbey.

His death was mourned by many, for he was an old-fashioned man, and he neither changed his servants nor his friends, when he could avoid it. To many it was a surprise; for no one, as Boswell observed, could associate the idea of death with one of so much vivacity.

Dr. Johnson felt his loss poignantly; and the more so that no account of symptoms, no arguments, could convince him of Garrick's danger. To say that a man was ill was, Johnson declared, like wishing him to be so; he was almost offended when any one predicted the death of an acquaintance. "Ay,

ay!" he used to say, "Swift knew the world pretty well when he said:—

"Some dire misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend."

He did this friend of his boyhood, however, justice. When Boswell "silly introduced Mr. Garrick's fame, and his assuming the airs of a great man," Johnson replied: "Sir, it is wonderful how *little* Garrick assumes. Consider, Sir," he added, "celebrated men, such as you have mentioned, have had their applause at a distance; but Garrick had it dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night with the plaudits of a thousand in his cranium. Then, Sir, Garrick did not *find*, but *made*, his way to the tables, the levées, and almost the bed-chambers of the great. Then, Sir, Garrick had under him a numerous body of people, who, from fear of his power, and hope of his favour, and admiration of his talents, were constantly submissive to him. And here is a man who has advanced the dignity of his profession. Garrick has made a player a high character. If all," he remarked, "had happened to Cibber, or to Quin, they would have jumped over the moon; yet Garrick speaks to *us*." "And Garrick," Boswell hastened to observe, "is a very good, a very charitable man." "Sir," Johnson said, "a liberal man? He has given away more money than any man in England. There may be a little vanity mixed; but he has shown that money is not his first object." Boswell: "Yet Foote used to say of him that he walked out with an intention to do a generous action, but, turning the corner of a street, he met with the ghost of a halfpenny, which frightened him." Johnson: "Why, Sir, that's very true, too; for I never knew a man of whom it could be said with less certainty to-day, what he will do to-morrow, than Garrick; it depends so much on his humour at the time." Scott: "I am glad to hear of his liberality; he is represented as very saving." Johnson: "With his domestic saving we have

nothing to do. I remember drinking tea with him long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. He had then begun to feel money in his purse, and did not know when he should have enough of it."

Boswell describes the first dinner-party given by Mrs. Garrick at the Adelphi after her husband's death. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Dr. Burney, and Boswell, composed the company; to these we must add Hannah More, whom Mrs. Garrick called "her chaplain," and who lived with her chiefly. The rooms, the furniture, the pictures, the friends, were there, but the spirit that had gladdened the superb home was gone, and for ever. The widowed hostess spoke of her loss, and, casting her eyes upon her husband's portrait, said, "that death was now the most agreeable object to her." Even Boswell admits her grief to have been as "sincere as wounded affection and admiration could produce." Some time afterwards Johnson and Boswell, walking near the Thames, stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on that river which presents such a host of associations to the mind. Boswell had the tact to say to Johnson, with some emotion, "I am thinking of two friends we have lost, who used to live in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick." "Yes, Sir," Johnson answered with much tenderness, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied." These gentle remembrances, these accidental tributes, how fugitive soever, are such as most people would desire after death from those who are still in all the distraction and hurry of life, and, perhaps, all that they could expect.

There is yet, among hundreds, a still more touching testimony to the goodness of Garrick's heart to be found among his correspondence. It is a letter from a convicted felon, and is dated from Newgate cells (Oct. 7, 1765). The writer was a young man named Robert Turbutt, son of the comedian.

He was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a silver cup from a public house, found guilty, and condemned to death. It was whilst this sentence hung over him that the letter was written. Late on the previous evening Garrick had received an intimation that the "dead warrant" for Robert Turbutt's execution had been brought to the gaol "to prepare, *among the rest*" (for those were the terrible days of excessive capital punishment), Robert Turbutt for execution. Nothing could save the culprit but a petition signed by a nobleman. Garrick, it seems, before this extremity had befriended the young man, who thus addressed him : —

"Newgate Cells, Oct. 7, 1765.

"Most ever good and gracious Sir,

"Since I find it is the will of Almighty God that I must die, I here take this last opportunity to return you, good Sir, my ever sincere and last thanks for your kind endeavours and good intentions. I own I flattered myself too much with hopes of my life being saved by the news my poor unhappy wife brought me last Tuesday: but when the dreadful summons came to me last night to prepare to die on Wednesday next, the shock at first overpowered me; but, thanks be to God, I am something easier in my mind, which as I fear there is no possibility now of saving my life, and no mercy to be found in this world, I hope God will have mercy on my soul in the next. But there has come another heavy blow, which is my poor wife; but God and all good friends I hope will be her comfort. Oh! I could say a great deal on this head, but that my heart is too full; and for fear I be too troublesome, I here return you my last thanks for all your goodness to me in this world, and am, with due respect, your dying and ever obliged servant,

"ROBERT TURBUTT.

"P.S. Pardon me, good Sir; but here I hope God in heaven will bless you and all your good family."

The intercession availed; and Garrick had the satisfaction of knowing that the delinquent was left to penitence and reformation.

We would gladly point out more closely the benevolent actions of one whom even the fastidious Wilson Croker eulogises as an "amiable, inoffensive, and most friendly man." Garrick's profession made him peculiarly accessible to the attacks of ill-nature. He is said never to have wholly forgiven the character of "Prospero," which Johnson, it was rumoured, had drawn of him in the "Rambler." Henderson the player, also offended him greatly. Garrick hearing of his imitations of other performers invited Henderson to breakfast. Barry, Woodward, and Love, were the first victims to Henderson's powers of mimicry. Garrick was in ecstasy. "Sir!" he cried, "you'll kill poor Barry; you'll slay Woodward; you'll break Love's heart. Your ear must be wonderfully correct, and your voice most singularly flexible. I am *told you have me*, too, my dear sir; let me hear what I am; for if you are equally exact with me as with Barry and Woodward, I shall know exactly what my peculiar tones are." Henderson excused himself by saying that Mr. Garrick's powers were superior to imitation; that he would not presume to attempt it; and begged leave to decline so hazardous an undertaking, in which he was conscious *any* man must fail; but the other two gentlemen pressing him to comply, he in an evil hour consented, and gave imitations from "Benedict." The imitation was perfect; but Garrick sat in sullen silence, then walked across the room. "Egad!" he said; "if that is my voice I never knew it myself. It is wholly unlike what I *conceived* to be my voice, totally unlike any sound that had ever struck upon my ears till *that* moment." "He shuddered," as Henderson remarks, "at the shadow of ridicule."

The scene must have been amusing. Henderson's powers of mimicry were not, however, equal to the pathos of his

reading. Never could those who heard him forget the effect he gave to the beautiful story of "Le Fevre."

Life must have appeared dull to the gay-hearted Kitty Clive, when he who was her patron and her friend was removed from the world. One specimen of Garrick's letters to her shows the pleasant, kindly intimacy between them. Mrs. Clive had written to him: —

"There is no such being now in the world as *Pivy*. She has been killed by the cruelty of the *Garrick*; and the Clive (thank *God*!) is still alive, and alive like to be: and did intend to call you to a severe account for your wicked behaviour to her."

To which he replies: —

"Hampton, Friday morning.

"My dear Pivy,

"Had not the nasty bile, which so often confines me, and has heretofore tormented me, kept me at home, I should have been at your feet three days ago. If your head (somewhat combustible like my own) has played off all the squibs and rockets which lately occasioned a little cracking and bouncing about me, and receive again the more gentle and pleasing firework of love and friendship, I will be with you at six this evening, to revive, by the help of those spirits in your tea-kettle lamp, that flame which was almost blown out by the flouncing of your petticoat when my name was mentioned.

"'Tea is a sovereign balm for wounded love.'

"Will you permit me to try the poet's recipe this evening? Can my Pivy know so little of me to think that I prefer the clack of lords and ladies to the enjoyment of humour and genius? I reverence most sincerely your friend and neighbour (Horace Walpole), not because he is the son of one of the first of first ministers, but because he is himself one of the first ministers of literature. In short, your misconceptions about

that fatal *champêtre* (the devil take the word) has made me so cross about everything belonging to it, that I curse all squibs, crackers, rockets, air-balloons, mines, serpents, and Catherine wheels, and can think of nothing, and wish for nothing, but laugh, gig, humour, pun, conundrum, carri-witchet, and Catharine Clive.

“I am, my Pivy’s most constant and loving, &c.

“D. GARRICK.

“My wife sends her love, and will attend the ceremony this evening.” *

Mrs. Clive’s disposition was as kind as that of Garrick’s; nor did she hesitate to remonstrate with or to plead for others, even when he had just cause of offence against them.

No one now remembers Miss Pope. She was considered the most perfect *lady* on the stage. Mrs. Clive did ample justice to her merits, which fortunately did not clash with her own, she being the “romp” of the theatre. Miss Pope had offended Garrick. The good-natured Pivy thus pleads for her:—

“Now let me say one word about my poor unfortunate friend Miss Pope. I know how much she disobliged you; and if I had been in your place I believe I should have acted just as you did. But by this time I hope you have forgot your resentment, and will look upon her late behaviour as having been taken with a dreadful fit of vanity, which for that time took her senses from her, and having been tutored by an affected beast, who helped to turn her head; but pray recollect her in the other light, a faithful creature to you, on whom you could always depend, certainly a good actress, amiable in her character, both in her being a very modest woman and very good to her family.”

In 1769 Mrs. Clive retired from the stage and took up her abode at Twickenham. She had then been forty years on

* Vol. ii. p. 129.

the stage, and in the "sprightliness of her humour" was, according to Johnson, unequalled. "What Clive did best," he said, "she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well. She was a better romp than any I ever saw." It was Johnson's custom to go behind the scenes, or in the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and gold-laced hat; this, he thought, was the proper costume of a dramatic author. He remarked to Mr. Langton that when in that dress he could not meet people with the same ease as when in his plain clothes; the finery had, it seems, a due influence over his manners.

On such occasions he generally selected Mrs. Clive to converse with. Mrs. Pritchard's ignorance disgusted him. She talked of her "gownd." But Clive — "Clive, Sir," he used to say, "is a good thing to sit by: she always understands what you say." She, on the other hand, remarked, "I like to sit near Dr. Johnson; he always entertains me."

Mrs. Clive now retreated to the society of one who was opposed in politics and prejudices to Johnson, and who "damned with faint praise" the efforts of Garrick. "The more one learns of Johnson," Horace Walpole wrote, "the more preposterous mixture he appears of strong sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudices, of pride, brutality, fretfulness, and vanity, and Boswell is the ape of most of his faults without his sense. It is like 'Boswell's Life,' the history of a mountebank and his zany."

Mrs. Clive henceforth, therefore, lived in continual association with one who abjured all the reverence for Johnson; and laughed at the tenderness of the friendships which he could neither comprehend, nor secure for his own possession. But the gay, sociable Kitty made herself happy everywhere; dined at Strawberry to meet the "House of Pritchard" and Mrs. Metherton. From a hint thrown out by Horace, she appears not to have despised the pleasures of the table. "I promise you the Clive and I will not show one another our pleasure

during the banquet. Then, in the evening, the party go to a play at Kingston at twopence a head. The great company at Richmond and Twickenham had been torn to pieces by dissensions, but continued acting." There were moments when Mrs. Clive, she wrote to Garrick, "found the country very dull, and when Twickenham had only twenty people in it; still she thought it was better than London." In one of her letters she says:—"I might date this letter from the ark. We are so surrounded with water that it is impossible for any carriage to come to me, or for me to stir out, so that at present my heavenly place is a little devilish. I believe I must win a house in the Adelphi, and come to town in the winter."

We catch here and there glimpses of Mrs. Clive's home pleasures. "Thank you," Horace Walpole writes to George Montague, "for your offer of a doe. You know when I dine at home here it is quite alone, and venison frightens my little meal; yet, as half of it is designed for *dividium animæ meæ*, Mrs. Clive (a pretty round half), I must not refuse it—venison will make such a figure at her Christmas gambols. Only let me know when and how I am to receive it, that she may prepare the rest of her banquet. I will convey it to her." Sometimes the sarcastic old bachelor could be "afraid that the Clive was desperately nervous, but, finding it did not become her, had recovered her rubicundity." Sometimes she is gone to Marlow, where she expected a "harvest at cards." The two now aged neighbours and friends joked each other, as old persons between whom there have passed perhaps certain gallant attentions, are fond of doing.

When Lady Shelburne took Richmond House at Twickenham, a *bon mot* was elicited from Mrs. Clive. "You know," Horace writes to George Montague, "my Lady Suffolk is *deaf*, and I have talked much of a charming old passion (Madame du Deffaud) I have at Paris, who is *blind*." "Well," said the Clive, "if the new Countess is but *lame*, I shall have no chance of ever seeing you." Mrs. Clive died in

1785, enjoying to the last the competency earned by her talents and merited by her conduct. The close of her life, except for the glimpses which the letters of Horace Walpole give us, is almost as great a blank to us as its earliest years. Why she separated from her husband — whether she ever saw him again — whether they were ever reconciled, are points on which no light is thrown. We see her but in the sunniest hours of life. Churchill thus describes her on the stage, one of Rich's troop :—

“First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
 Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen’ral Clive;
 In spite of outward blemishes, she shone—
 For humour famed, and humour all her own.
 Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
 Nor sought the critic’s praise, nor fear’d his rod;
 Original in spirit and in ease,
 She pleas’d by hiding all attempts to please;
 No comic actress ever yet could raise
 On humour’s base, more merit or more praise.”

He next refers to Miss Pope, Mrs. Clive’s pupil :—

“With all the native vigour of sixteen,
 Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
 See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip,
 Corinna, cherry, honeycomb, and snip;
 Not without art, but yet to nature true,
 She charms the town with humour just and true.
 Cheer’d by her promise, we the less deplore,
 The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.”

Mrs. Clive was not handsome. Her features were plain but flexible, and her figure good. There is, as far as we can judge from her portraits, a shrewd, merry look in her eyes, and her forehead was fine and intellectual. Her talents were varied, and her walk in comedy extensive. As the chamber-maid, she was perfect; but she could soar to the high-bred Lady Fanciful or descend to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg. She could personate the country girl, the virago, the super-

annuated beauty, the dowdy old maid. With the charm of her voice she carried away all her hearers; and nature, in giving her that, had done much in her behalf. But it was the native joyousness of her character, her good humour, her freedom from all art, that constituted, on the stage as in private life, her attraction. No one could be grave when Catharine Clive was gay; and it was gaiety without malice or impropriety; it was the gaiety of a good heart and of a respectable woman.

Such was the friendship subsisting between two persons who, but a century before, might have been whipped out of any town in which they acted, like vagrants.* They merit honour for ennobling a profession hitherto so despised — for establishing greater purity in those representations by which the national character is so greatly influenced. They merit the truest respect as individuals, who, in a difficult career, rose above temptation.

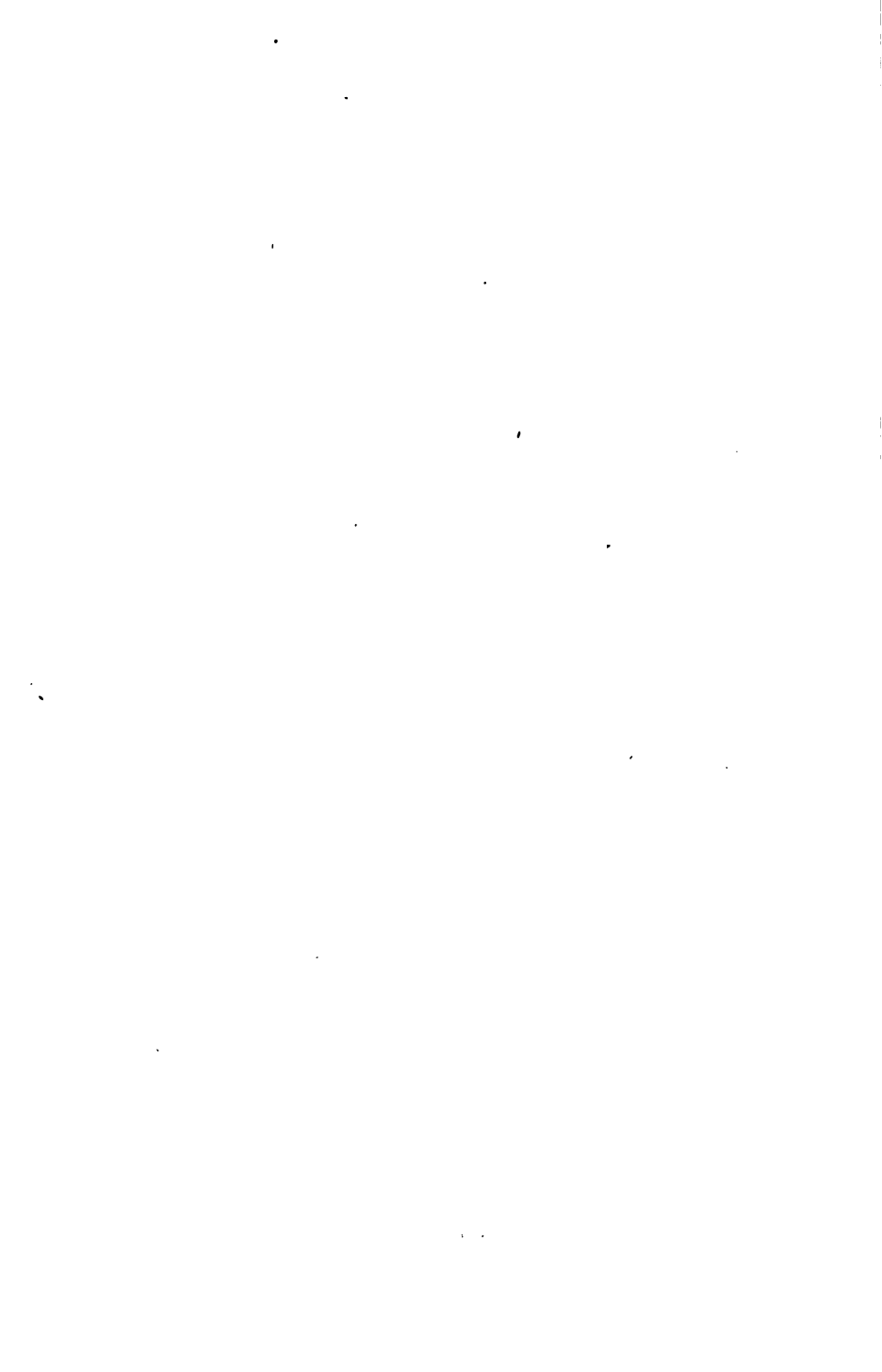
“Actors as actors, are a lawful game,
The poet’s right, and who shall bar his claim?”

Churchill wrote, and he attacked them accordingly; yet, he allowed that if—

—“Well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state.
If, with each social virtue grac’d, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife,
Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
Though mimics bark, and envy split her cheek?
No honest worth ’s beneath the muse’s praise;
No greatness can above her censure praise:
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.”†

* See Warton’s “History of Poetry.”

† Churchill’s Apology.



EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON,
AND
LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

ORIGIN OF THE DISTINCTIVE APPELLATIONS OF ROUNDHEAD AND CAVALLIER. — CHANGE IN COSTUME. — REMARK OF MR. HUTCHINSON'S. — EDWARD HYDE AND LUCIUS CARY. — HYDE BEGAN LIFE POOR, FALKLAND IN GOOD CIRCUMSTANCES. — HYDE GOES UP TO OXFORD. — ENTERED AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE. — RIDES THE CIRCUIT WITH HIS UNCLE. — ATTACKED BY THE SMALL-POX. — RECOVERS. — LOSES HIS UNCLE, SIR NICHOLAS. — THEN HIS YOUNG WIFE. — MARRIES AGAIN IN THREE YEARS. — HYDE'S FATHER DIES. — FRIENDS OF HYDE. — SELDEN. — CARY. — KENELM DIGBY. — CARY'S PERSONAL ATTRIBUTES. — HIS MARRIAGE. — HIS REPENTANCE. — HIS GENEROUS CONDUCT. — RETIRES TO BARFORD. — CIVIL WAR APPROACHES. — THE DEEP MELANCHOLY OF FALKLAND. — HIS UNHAPPY ATTACHMENT. — HIS DEATH. — HYDE'S GRIEF. — THEIR SOLE ALTERCATION. — WAGER BETWEEN FALKLAND AND CHARLES I. — HYDE'S ADVICE TO CHARLES I. NOT ACCEPTED. — RETIRES TO JERSEY. — IS MADE LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE RESTORATION. — MARRIAGE OF HIS DAUGHTER TO THE DUKE OF YORK. — CLARENDON PROTECTS THE QUEEN — AND IS INSULTED BY LADY CASTLEMAINE. — HIS MISFORTUNES AND UNPOPULARITY. — HIS SECOND EXILE. — DIES AT ROUEN. — HIS LAST LITERARY WORK, HIS OWN LIFE. — NOBLE SENTENCE IN THE CONCLUSION OF THAT WORK.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON,

AND

LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

THE distinctive appellations of Roundhead and Cavaliers originated, we are told by Miss Lucy Aikin, in the street-fights between what was called Lunsford's band, and the London mob. It was before Charles I. had quitted Whitehall, therefore, that the cropped hair, as well as the deep yellow or orange colours assumed by the "parliament people," as they were styled, began to mark the insurrectionists. Apprentices and mechanics had hitherto worn, from convenience, shock-heads; and were distinguishable, in all the frays of the unruly period before the actual commencement of the rebellion, by short locks and round hats: whilst the King's party rode about with their love-locks dangling about their Vandyck collars; with high-crowned hats, the brims of which were turned back in Spanish fashion: with a single feather or a plume on the left. The custom thus adopted, going up from the lower classes to the upper ones—a fact rarely to be heard of in any other instance—began soon to be retained as the particular mark of zeal and superior piety, as it was deemed; and both men and women affected a lowly simplicity, which, as Mrs. Hutchinson remarks, "grew into a faction." "Had it been," she adds, "a real declension of vanity and embracing of sobriety in all those things, it had been most commendable in them, but their quick forsaking of those things when they were where they would be, showed that

they either never took them up for conscience, or were corrupted by their prosperity to take up those things they durst not practise under persecution."

Few of the Puritans, therefore, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears; and many of their ministers chose to have it cut close round their heads, with many little peaks. Hence the whole party obtained the name of Roundheads: and when the brave army marched forth, they looked even, Mrs. Hutchinson says, "as if they had been sent out only till their hair was grown."

Indeed, to have a fine head of hair was ungodly: to curl it and keep it in order was positively blasphemous; and even the brave Hutchinson incurred censure for his flowing tresses, and his language devoid of cant.

And the dissimilitude between the two parties, the Roundhead and the Cavalier, was obvious throughout the whole characters of the two parties: elegance, sentiment, the politeness that is never more needed than it is in the intimacies of common life, self-sacrifice, refined taste, in short, all the poetry of life centered in the Cavalier. The Roundhead outside was a type of the hard, calculating, uncompromising spirit within. It is therefore from the Cavaliers or gentlemen, that we take our instances of a friendship as firm, as enthusiastic, as it was disinterested.

The friends whose troubled fortunes it is here attempted to pourtray, differed but little in age or station. Edward Hyde was born in 1606; Lucius Cary about the year 1610: Hyde was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire; Cary from the Devonshire Carys of Cockington. It was not until 1620 that Henry Cary, the father of Lucius, was created Viscount Falkland of Scotland. "Scotland and England," Horace Walpole observes, "have each pretensions to this conspicuous line, of which four successively were authors; England gave them origin: Scotland, their title."

Edward Hyde was, however, in one respect less favoured

by birth than his friend Cary: his father, Henry Hyde, was a younger son, and very small provision was made in those days for any sons except the heir and hope of the family. Young Hyde, therefore, began life under a certain amount of privation; whilst Cary, whose father the first Lord Falkland was made, in 1622, Viceroy of Ireland, was educated in that ruinous court, and accustomed to deference, and more than competency of means. His friend Hyde, on the other hand, had it not been for his mother's coming into a fortune after the death of his grandmother, would have set out in life with the great disadvantage of genteel poverty: his father having, as a younger son, an annuity of forty pounds a year only. That father, however, marrying one of the co-heiresses of Edward Langford, of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, was able to retire to Dinton, about six miles from Salisbury, where Edward was born, and where his parents afterwards lived in comfort and respectability.

Probably the parents of him whom Horace Walpole styles "the Chancellor of human nature" had no abundant means, after all; but they were in some matters wiser in their generation than we in ours: they stayed at home. True, Henry Hyde, Edward's father, served as a burgess in the reign of Elizabeth; but after her death, though he survived that great queen thirty years, he never went to London; and his wife, though an heiress, and though married to him forty years, never was in London in her life. "The wisdom and frugality of that time being such," Lord Clarendon writes in his life of himself, "that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journeys, but upon important business, and their wives *never*; by which providence, they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in their houses, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbours."

After thus quietly commending the practice, which was so soon afterwards laid aside in the reign of James, Edward

Hyde — living as he did in exile at Montpellier, where he wrote his life — mentions with pride among the sons born to Henry Hyde, his own name. Seven or eight children were born to Mary Langford and Henry Hyde, and of these the third was “he who came to be Earl of Clarendon and Lord High Chancellor of England.”

Educated by the vicar of the parish, who had turned out many good scholars, Edward Hyde was sent up to Oxford at thirteen; he failed to get a demyship at Magdalen College, though King James himself desired that he might be elected, and was obliged to be content at Magdalen Hall, waiting for another vacancy. Meantime his elder brother died, and Edward's father resolved to send him to one of the Inns of Court. He left Oxford, therefore, rather with the reputation of a man “of parts and frequency of wit,” than of a hard worker — and was entered at the Middle Temple. Lord Clarendon had always, he said, “an esteem for the University,” but rejoiced to leave it; for drinking was then the prevalent vice — his elder brother had contracted a fatal habit of intemperance; and Edward Hyde felt that in leaving Oxford he was leaving temptation.

Peril to young men is, however, everywhere to be found. James I. was dead, and Charles I. had plunged the country into a war with Spain and France; and the expedition to Rhé was going out when Edward began to eat his dinners in the quaint old Hall of the Middle Temple. It happened, that at this time London was full of soldiers. The young Templar soon formed the acquaintance of many of the military, dashing *blades* about town; and thus a year was wasted; but, at the end of that time, Hyde retired from society so dangerous, not sorry, however, to “have had some experience in the conversation of such men, and of the license of the times.” Probably, in writing his History, Clarendon found his reminiscences of great service.

The year 1628 was marked by that then fearful pestilence,

the small-pox, which raged especially in London. Edward Hyde, therefore, was willingly permitted by his father to "ride the circuit" with Chief Justice Hyde, the uncle of the Chancellor. Nevertheless, whilst at Cambridge, the disease attacked him. He was then living with the judges in Trinity College, but was removed to the Sun Inn, where he was so ill, that the medical consultations chiefly consisted of discussions where and how he was to be buried. He recovered, however, and returned home. Here he happened one day to be reading Camden's Annals, and was just at the passage in which the name of John Felton was mentioned, when a neighbour knocked at the door, and, on coming in, told Mr. Hyde, that a post was just then passing through the village to Charleton, to inform the Earl of Berkshire that the Duke of Buckingham, on the 24th of August, the day before St. Bartholomew's Day, was killed by one John Felton. Little did the invalid, just recovering as he was, then imagine that he should one day become the author of a comparison between Buckingham and Essex,—written with great elegance and discrimination.

Two misfortunes early in his life chequered the path of Edward Hyde. One was the death of Sir Nicholas, his father's brother, and the Chief Justice, who died of malignant fever, caught in those days of utter ignorance of sanitary precaution, from the infection of some gaol during his summer circuit. The other was the death of Edward Hyde's young wife; for he had, even whilst only a law student, married, with his father's consent, a young and beautiful cousin, the daughter of Sir George Ayliffe. Small-pox was the cruel disorder which, after six months' marriage, carried off the fair bride. Her father being a man of large fortune, the loss was augmented by the event, for Hyde was a man who looked, even in his youth, to the main chance.

For a time, however, the stout heart which in after life bore adversity so well, was stricken with the deepest melan-

choly. Edward even wished to throw up all hopes of advancement, and to go beyond seas. He was, however, dissuaded from this course, and in three years induced to think of a second marriage. He was then only twenty-four years of age. His motives to the match were first, his duty to his aged father, who much wished him to marry again. For this excellent parent he had a profound reverence; next, his fear that *though* "called to the bar" (he should have said *because* called to the bar), there was some apprehension when once his revered parent was dead of his *not* restraining and suppressing "all those appetites." So he resolved to wed, in 1631, the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Baronet, Master of Requests to the King. He lived, as he expresses it, "very comfortably, in the most uncomfortable times, with this, the mother of many children, amongst them Anne, the wife of James II.;" and during an union of six and thirty years experienced the greatest possible conjugal happiness.

But the commencement even of this marriage was inauspicious. Hyde's father died suddenly; in him the future Chancellor lost not only the "best father, and the best companion, but the best friend that he ever had." During the course of his troublous life it was the delight of the great historian to refer to his parents, and to say that he valued no honour or preferment so much as he did being the son of such parents, for whose sake he believed God had conferred the blessings of success upon him. After his second marriage, Hyde devoted his time and thoughts chiefly to his profession; yet, being tolerably rich, he "would not make himself a slave to it." He never "rode the circuits," as the term was in those days; he afterwards repented not having done so; for, besides knowing the gentry, people and manners of England, which such journeys ensured, there was also, Hyde adds in his memoirs, "a very good and necessary part in the learning of the law, which is not so easily got

any other way as in riding those circuits, which, as it seems to have much of drudgery, so is accompanied with much pleasure and profit." Then, to our surprise, he adds: "and it may be, the long lives of men of that profession (for the lawyers generally live to more years than any other profession) may be very reasonably imputed to the exercise they gave themselves by their circuits, as well as to their *other acts of temperance and sobriety.*" Surely the state of legal society, habits and manners must have changed strangely in our own days.

A delightful circle of friends during the calm which preceded the Great Rebellion centered around Hyde. John Selden, to borrow Hyde's words, "was a person whom no characters can flatter, or transmit to us any expression equal to his merit and virtue." So stupendous was his learning, that any one might have thought that Selden was conversant only in books, and did nothing but read or write; yet so great was his courtesy, so charming his affability, that one might have supposed he had been nowhere but at courts, and those the most polished, had not his charity and delight in doing good shown the source of this good breeding to lie deep in the genial heart and Christian spirit of Selden. Then, near this favourite friend of Hyde's, at his table, sat Ben Jonson, whose rough, coarse face was contrasted with the thoughtful expression and symmetry of Selden's countenance. Cowley, who thought that Hyde should give up even business for his conversation, added to the brilliancy of such an assemblage as has rarely met under any roof at one time; but perhaps the most striking figure in the famous group was that of Sir Kenelm Digby, a man, Hyde says, "very eminent and notorious" from his cradle to his grave; rich in spite of the attainder of his father; singularly handsome; indeed, "of an extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, which were more fixed by a wonderful, graceful behaviour; a flowing courtesy

and civility, and such a volubility of language as surprised and delighted; and though in another man it might have appeared to have somewhat of affectation, it was marvellous graceful in him, and seemed natural to his size and mould of his person, to the gravity of his motion and the tone of his voice and delivery." He had, as his panegyrist adds, "a fair reputation in arms" — without which no gentleman's character was then thought complete. Nature and art with a great "presentness," as Hyde calls it, "of mind," and a capital education had raised him, in spite of the stigma on his father's name, and notwithstanding some personal vices of his own, his changing and rechanging his religion, and his marriage with the frail Venetia — nothing, in fact, ever sunk Sir Kenelm from the position which society accorded him as if by common consent.

At Hyde's dinners — for suppers he avoided — though *they* were then the repasts in vogue — there appeared among these great men — pigmy-like near the ponderous form of Ben Jonson — puny beside Digby — the smallest of heroes — Lucius Cary, afterwards Viscount Falkland, described by John Verney, in a MS. note on Falkland's "Eclogue on the Death of Ben Jonson," as "little in person, and of no great strength; his hair blackish and flaggy, and his eyes black and quick." The portraits of Lucius Cary do not, however, convey this notion of his appearance. In that best known, the hair, or probably wig, is long and slightly curled; the face is broad, the figure bulky, and the very deep Vandyck collar edged with rich points, falls over shoulders either naturally large or artificially bombasted, for a contrivance of wool may have set out the slashings of white satin, divided by velvet bands, and opening here and there over an inner vest of white satin, in which this admirable cavalier is generally painted.

Hyde always esteemed himself fortunate when he was the "worst man in a company." To Selden he gave all

pre-eminence of mind and acquirements; to Falkland, Hyde ascribed any good that might be in himself. His respect for Selden was unbounded; but with Sir Lucius Cary, as he at first styles him, he had, he says, "*a most entire* friendship without reserve, from the age of twenty years to the hour of Cary's death," about twenty years after the commencement of this enthusiastic, this confiding, this *womanish* friendship.

Beautifully indeed does Lord Clarendon describe Cary: he admits at once his personal disadvantages; allows that his stature was low, "smaller than most men;" his movements ungraceful; his "aspect by no means inviting," except that it had in it something of simplicity; but the worst of all was his voice; "so untuned, that instead of reconciling it offended the ear, so that nobody could have expected music from that tongue." In short, never was a man less behoven to nature than Lucius Cary; nevertheless, "that little person and small stature was quickly found to contain a great heart, a courage so keen, and a nature so fearless, that no composition of the strongest limbs and most harmonious and proportionate presence and strength ever more disposed any man to the greatest enterprise; it being his greatest weakness to be too solicitous for such adventures; and that untuned tongue and voice easily discovered itself to be supplied and governed by a mind and understanding so excellent, that the wit and weight of all he said carried another kind of lustre and admiration in it, and even another kind of acceptance from the persons present, than any ornament of delivery could easily promise itself, or is usually attended with; and his disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him." *

* Hyde's Life.

Rendered independent of his father at nineteen years of age, by the bequests of his grandmother, Lucius Cary "committed," Hyde terms it, "a fault against his father." He married from attachment, and not for ambition. He passionately loved the object of his choice, and she was worthy of being the wife of Falkland. Nevertheless, such were the notions of that age, that, though his union was blessed in every sense, Cary confessed with deep penitence that he had erred. The first Lord Falkland's estate was then mortgaged; he had hoped, on favourable terms, to have arranged a marriage for his son which would have improved his own sinking fortunes, and a wedding without a wedding portion was as sorry an event in England then as it is in France now. It was also very unusual for a young man to marry without parental consent, and Lucius Cary was deeply penitent for his act of disobedience. Earnestly and repeatedly he entreated pardon; but Lord Falkland refused to be pacified. Then the noble-hearted Cary caused conveyances of his estates to be drawn up by counsel, with a view to making them over to his father, in order to repair the injury he was supposed to have done him. He determined, in fact, to give up his whole fortune to his father, and to throw himself entirely on the bounty of Lord Falkland. Still the obdurate parent refused to be appeased; and, in despair, Lucius went with his family to Holland, intending to buy some military command, but being disappointed in his scheme, he returned to England, resolved that if he could not make a figure in arms, he would do so in letters. In the midst of study and retirement his father died, leaving him a burdened estate and a title. To redeem the fortune he was obliged to sell a finer property of his own; to support his rank, he incurred increased expenses; so liberal, so charitable was this great and good man, that he seemed, as Lord Clarendon observes, to have "his estate in trust for all worthy persons;" and his bounty, bestowed with de-

licacy and true feeling, was experienced not only by Ben Jonson, but by many others.

He again retired to Burford (on Tew), near Oxford; and here his house, only ten or twelve miles from the University, seemed by the company in it to be itself an University. Chillingworth wrote at Burford his famous work against the Jesuits; Sheldon, Hammond, Ben Jonson, the lively, reckless Carew, the poet, all found a welcome at Burford. The lord of the house neither knew of their coming nor of their going, till he came to dinner, or supper, where all met; "otherwise," Clarendon relates "there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better inn, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together, whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society." Those were, in fact, the days, and perhaps the only days, in which many of the great cast aside all worldliness, the besetting sin of modern England. Consequently here hospitality promoted what really merited the name of society. In this our own time there is much company but little society to be met with in most country houses. Fashion has supplied the place of those broad distinctions of rank which have a certain convenience, and which lofty-minded men only view in that sense.

In this happy condition, surrounded by the good and the intellectual, Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, lived for many years, until the scourge of civil war came to blast every joy at Burford. By continual study, Falkland made himself an accomplished scholar; yet he was perfectly free from affectation and pedantry; a Christian and indeed a theologian; he was tolerant of difference of opinion; his memory was wonderfully retentive; his judgment admirable; yet his moral perfections surpassed all his mental qualities. Lord Clarendon has thus beautifully drawn his character:—"But

all his parts, abilities, and faculties, by art and industry, were not to be valued or mentioned in comparison of his most accomplished mind and manners; his gentleness and affability was so transcendant and obliging, that it drew reverence and some kind of compliance from the roughest and most unpolished and stubborn constitutions, and made them of another temper in debate, in his presence, than they were in other places. He was in his nature so severe a lover of justice, and so precise a lover of truth, that he was superior to all possible temptation for the violation of either."

Such was Falkland, even in his youth, for such is he described when only twenty-five years of age. It is remarkable that the period abounded in great *little* men. Chillingworth and Hales were both short; there was a diminutive man, of a lofty spirit, in whom Falkland still more delighted: this was Sidney Godolphin. "There was never," says Clarendon, "so great a spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy in so very small a body." Lord Falkland used to rejoice, when comparing himself with Godolphin, that he was himself the "properer man" of the two. Witty, yet of a "composed judgment," gifted, courteous, Godolphin was a general favourite: nevertheless, he was constitutionally melancholy (an indication of early doom), and loved to be alone; and his frame was so delicate that a little wind or rain would deter him from a journey, and even in the snow he most cherished, if the wind blew in his face he would turn his horse and go home. Yet when the civil war began, the man who seemed born only for a carpet knight, volunteered into the first troop raised in the west for the King, and all the delicacies of constitution, the refinements of habit were laid aside. He bore all the hardships of a winter march cheerfully, until bravely pursuing the enemy into an obscure village in Devonshire, he was shot by a musket. He uttered

the words, "O God, I am hurt!" and fell dead from his horse. Thus fell Godolphin; and other weightier woes were impending over the aspiring Edward Hyde, and the good, the true patriot, Falkland.

It was in the year 1639 that England enjoyed the "greatest measure of felicity," according to Clarendon, that it had ever known. Continental nations were, as he expresses it, "worrying each other's crowns:" whilst the King of England was alone seated on "that pleasant promontory," whence he could look down placidly, and with self-gratulation, on the misfortunes of others.

But whilst the skies above Charles's regal head seemed so serene, "a small, scarce discernible cloud," Clarendon wrote, arose in the north: which, he relates, "was shortly after attended with such a storm that never gave over raging, till it had shaken and even rooted up the greatest and tallest cedars of the three nations; blasted all its beauty and fruitfulness; brought its strength to decay and its glory to reproach, and almost to desolation; by such a career, and deluge of wickedness and rebellion, as by not being enough foreseen, or, in some suspected, could not be prevented." Falkland in happier times was noted for his gaiety, his easy flow of language, a gaiety never descending into buffoonery, or tinged with indelicacy; but from the very commencement of the war the anticipations of Hyde were shared by Falkland, who, began to evince a deep melancholy; life seemed a burden to him. Hyde, on the other hand, being more actively engaged, both in redressing the grievances of the nation, in promoting the security of the Church, and in saving the honour of the crown, bore with a greater elasticity the disasters of that terrible period. Falkland, in his retirement, suffered more than Hyde, whom Charles promoted to be Chancellor of Exchequer, in all the difficulties of that post. There is a relief in action. The sadness that amounted almost to indifference to life was in Falkland ascribed generally

to a prescience of all that was to befall his country, and perhaps his sovereign. But some there were ascribed it to another cause. Falkland was said to have loved passionately a "noble lady," whom, his friend states not: and thus, Clarendon remarks, "was the more spoken of, because she died the same day, and as some computed it, the same hour that he was killed; but they who either knew the lord or the lady, knew well that neither of them was capable of an ill imagination. The lady was a person of unblemished reputation; never married; possessed of great ability, but of no alluring beauty." At the time that Falkland died, she was in a consumption, which must sooner or later have killed her. Besides, Falkland was a kind husband; his friend does not, however, positively assert that he had found in his wife all those qualities which were to console him for the loss of his father's affection. He speaks of her as an "excellent person." Whilst of her who was supposed to have riveted Falkland's esteem, or engaged his affections, he says that Falkland exceedingly loved her conversation: that "she was in her understanding, and discretion, and wit and modesty above most women." Clarendon, therefore, we are glad to find, wholly discredits this report; we hope that there was no such stain on the high moral rectitude of Falkland's conscience as an unhallowed attachment. The very character of his mind and opinions strengthens that hope. He was a Christian in belief, and in practice. We know, indeed, that Christians may err: but an error of that nature seems foreign to Falkland's other attributes. Party spirit had little mercy even in its dealings with virtuous men; and Falkland was a mark for its slings and arrows.

It was at the battle of Newbury that Falkland's brief career was closed. In that engagement twenty gallant officers of note were killed. Falkland, who, at that time, held the office of Secretary of State, was not obliged, in honour, being in a civil employment, to join in the fight. Being dissuaded from it by

his friends, he answered : "I am weary of the times, and foresee much misery to my country ; but I believe I shall be out of it before night." Being, as his friend Hyde calls it, "inquisitive for danger," Falkland posted himself in the front of Sir John Byron's regiment, that, he believed, like to be in the hottest service ; he was then appointed to charge a body of foot : as he did so, a musket shot him, and he fell dead from his horse. The very day that the news of his death reached Oxford, Hyde received a letter from him, written in reply to one in which the more cautious friend had warned the fearless Falkland not to imperil his life so recklessly ; and admonishing him that it was not for a Privy Counsellor and Secretary of State to visit the trenches, as he did ; and conjuring him, out of duty to the King, and from consideration for his friends, not to throw away his life in dangers "not incumbent on him." And the advice was urged with a bleeding heart ; for the strong-headed, worldly-minded Hyde loved the brave, impassioned Falkland with a love that scarcely seemed to belong to one whose life was so embroiled with state matters as that of Hyde. The great business of his office, however, seems never to have turned away Hyde's attention from the friend then and ever dearest to him. He saw the peril coming down on Falkland's doomed head from afar — and he could not divert it from its course. Falkland's reply was dated from Gloucester. He said "that the trenches were now at an end, and there would be no more danger there." He added, "that as he was conspicuous for a desire for peace, so it behoved him to show that he feared not the chances of war." "He said," Hyde continued, "some melancholy things of the time, and concluded that in a few days they should come to a battle, the issue whereof, he hoped, would put an end to the misery of the kingdom."

"Truly, indeed," Hyde observed, "that Falkland died as much of the time as of the bullet."

Hyde's affliction was thus expressed : "In this battle of

Newbury the Chancellor of the Exchequer * lost the joy and comfort of his life: which he lamented so passionately that he could not, for many days, compose himself to any thoughts of business." The prominent though onerous post which Hyde then held, was given him by the King, at the earnest entreaties of Falkland.

Twenty-five years afterwards, Hyde, in exile, at Montpellier, penned that tribute to a lost friend. Neither the troubles of the nation nor the intoxicating principles of the Restoration, nor Hyde's personal exaltation, nor the after vicissitudes of banishment could efface from the memory of the heart that early friendship which had thus been closed before any chance of change or of disgust between the friends thus linked. "From this age of twenty years" Hyde wrote in 1668, Falkland "had lived in an entire friendship with the Chancellor, who was about six months older, and who never spoke of him afterwards but with a love and a grief which still raised some commotion in him. And he very often used to lament him in the words of Cicero concerning Hortensius."

Hyde and Falkland present a proof of what all good hearts will be willing to admit: that occasional differences of opinion, and even irritation of temper, will never cut short a well-founded friendship. Once and once only had they spoken bitter words to each other. It was at a time when the passions of all were excited; and when Falkland's anxieties assumed the form of that pitiable effect of anxiety, —temper. Few people make allowance of the variable humour that is produced by secret care; but Hyde was an exception; he was lenient and considerate.

It was when the famous nineteen propositions had been framed by the Houses of Parliament, and sent to the King, that this sole difference broke out. These propositions contained, Hyde declares, "the disinherison of the crown of all

* Hyde then held that office.

its choice regalities, and left only the shadow and empty name of the King." The answer, therefore, was a point of signal importance; and Hyde being overwhelmed with business, it was intrusted to Falkland, and to Sir John Colepepper. After being prepared, it was sent to Hyde to be printed and published. The wary lawyer looked over it with the careful judgment of a man who knew that the affairs of the country were in a balance, and that the weight of a feather would turn the scales. He found the document witty, sharp, but containing some injudicious and erroneous statements. He, therefore, hesitated about printing it, and satisfied the King that he was right in so doing.

When Lord Falkland and Sir John Colepepper came to town they were displeased at the delay, and Falkland "in some passion" said that "Hyde disliked the answer, because he had not written it himself." "I never," Hyde, much hurt, rejoined, "expected from you so unkind a reproach." He sent the document forthwith to be printed. This circumstance did not in the least abate the friendship of the two friends. Falkland, who, Hyde knew, intended no unkindness, was afterwards sorry that the answer had been printed, as, too late, he perceived Hyde's reasons, and the justness of his objections.

Falkland was about thirty-four years when he was killed. If, as a military commander, he could never be missed in the national struggle, since he was no soldier; if, as an adviser to the crown, he was often injudicious; if, as a writer, his works have gone down with him to the grave — still his death was lamented; for his honourable, disinterested, noble character gave a tone to society, and loyalty became well a man who had nothing to gain but everything to lose by his devotion to Charles I.

Falkland is still a model Cavalier — a name dear to England, and proverbial for learning, chivalry and religion.

We pity the mind that could sneer at such virtues as his. Horace Walpole, who has calumniated him, was, in fact,

incapable of appreciating Falkland, whom he calls "a weak man." Horace was a man of bitter, narrow prejudice. Nor is it to be expected that one of his *calibre*, existing in the days of the Georges, could comprehend the virtues of Falkland's romance,—without a dash of which all human beings are grovelling—and which was wholly exploded by the whole tribe of Walpoles, Herveys, and Pelhams; and the affection which the best of the Stuarts inspired was classed with that despised attribute. We agree with Sir Egerton Brydges that Walpole's attacks on Sir Philip Sidney and Lord Falkland—men whose very names he was not worthy to pronounce, "are the disgrace of his royal and noble authors." We delight in the frank condemnation of Horace Walpole by Bishop Warburton: "Walpole will blush," he says, writing to Bishop Hurd, "if he has any shame, for his abuse of Falkland."

Lord Falkland used to say: "I pity unlearned gentlemen in a rainy day." James I., whatever his faults, had introduced a necessity for learning among the higher classes; and the introduction of the Reformation had long shown the advantage of theological studies as the basis of education. The nobility of Charles's time were instructed as our gentry now are, or perhaps still more generally and carefully. Falkland became an enthusiast in those highest of all branches of knowledge which comprise divinity. Poetry, which was his delight, became subservient to this new pursuit. Suckling, in his "Sessions of the Poets," says—

"He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though to say truth, and Apollo did know it,
He might have been both his priest and his poet."

Falkland is said to have assisted Chillingworth in his work called "The Religion of Protestants." Although a firm Protestant, he was of opinion, as he expressed it in the House of Lords, that they should "not root up this ancient tree of episcopacy, as dead as it appeared, till they had tried whether,

by lopping the branches, the sap, which was unable to feed the whole, might not serve to make what is left both grow and flourish." Preferring the Church of England to any other church, he did not object, nevertheless, to any alteration of the government of the Church that might be changed for the public benefit.

His friend describes him as a man of a severe nature, yet of a cheerful conversation, free from dissimulation, and sometimes blunt, even to the King; for he had no great reverence, we are told, for the Court; and whilst he served the monarch from principle, foresaw that his own ruin would be the result of his fidelity. He so hated the suspicion of aspiring to preferment that he treated all those in power almost with moroseness, and "left," it was said, "nothing undone which might prevent the King's favour towards him, but the deserving it, being above corruption of any kind."

He was mercifully taken away from sorrows by which his sensitive mind would have been too keenly affected; whilst Hyde, the strong, the sanguine, and, in his youth, the jovial, remained to cope with the miseries of that disastrous period.

The temptations of youth were over with Hyde. The "sea of women, and wine, and quarrels, and gaming," which had, he tells us, overspread the nation, had no more shoals for him. Now came the characteristics of middle age. He indulged his palate (he owns it) very much, and took delight in "eating and drinking well;" yet "talked more like an epicure than was one." The Earl of Dorset, Lord Conway, Lord Lumley, men famous for luxury, were his associates, now he had cast off the rough soldier friends; but he takes care to tell us that, although not in very good company — although brimful of wit and of a luxuriant fancy, he never was heard to speak a loose or a profane word. No small praise in those days.

He had, however, great difficulty in combating with a temper both proud and passionate — "a humour," he confesses, "between wrangling and disputing, very troublesome."

People ascribed it to his family failing, and observed with wonder the gradual effects of good company, and the reform in manner which had ensued. Then he was sanguine — that element almost indispensable to a great man helped up step by step. He abhorred diplomatic reserves, was cheerful and confiding, and had a “very particular passion and devotion for the person of the King,” and Charles soon gave him unlimited confidence. “Is Mr. Hyde of that mind?” was Charles’s constant inquiry when a measure was proposed to him. His style of writing was peculiar, as is shown by the following anecdote of Lord Falkland’s wager with King Charles about it :—“After the King came to Oxford with his army, his Majesty, speaking one day with the Lord Falkland very graciously of Mr. Hyde, said he had such a particular style that he could know anything written by him if it were brought to him by a stranger amongst a multitude of writings by other men.” Lord Falkland replied that he had his doubts of this ; that, intimately as he knew Mr. Hyde’s works, he had often met with works of his, the identity of which had puzzled him. The King then said he would lay Lord Falkland an angel that if he were to bring him a sheet of paper containing anything written by Mr. Hyde he would discover it amongst a number of others. Lord Falkland answered that it should be a wager. “Some days after the Lord Falkland brought several packets, which he had then received from London, to the King, before he had opened them, as he used to do ; and after he had read his several letters of intelligence, he took out the prints of diurnals and speeches, and the like, which were every day printed in London, and as constantly sent to Oxford ; and amongst the rest there were two speeches, the one made by the Lord Pembroke for an accommodation, and the other by Lord Broke against it, and for the carrying on the war with more vigour, and utterly to root out the cavaliers, which were the King’s party.”

“The King was very much pleased with reading the speeches, and said he did not think that Pembroke could speak so

long together, though every word he said was so much his own that nobody else could make it; and so, after he had pleased himself with reading the speeches over again, and then passed on to other papers, the Lord Falkland whispered in his ear (for there were other persons by) desiring him he would pay him the angel; which his Majesty in the instant apprehending, blushed, and put his hand in his pocket and gave him an angel, saying he had never paid a wager more willingly."

After the death of Falkland, the King pressed on Hyde the acceptance of his vacant post of Secretary of State. Hyde's refusal, however, was firm; it was based partly on his ignorance of French, which, as there was a new ambassador expected from France, was very important; and Lord Digby, who had been abroad, was chosen to supply the place of the lamented and accomplished Falkland.

Hyde's public life comprises the history of his times, for he was, of course, the unfortunate King's adviser. Unhappily, Charles did not accept his councils. In dissolving the Parliament he acted directly against them. He also opposed, though in vain, the fatal step of removing the Prince of Wales into France.

In March, 1645, we find him, therefore, in retirement at Jersey, where, he says, "he had requested leave to go until he could discern some way in which he could serve his Majesty." He foresaw, in fact, that the conversion of the Prince would be attempted by Henrietta Maria, with whom Hyde was always on bad terms. From Jersey he wrote the following touching letter to his friend, Lady Dalkeith:—

Sir Edward Hyde to the Lady Dalkeith.

Jersey, 24th October, 1646.*

"I have now recovered ease enough to think and write, which I could hardly do when you heard from me last, and I shall be much revived that you are perfectly recovered; for

* Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 284.

by yours I found you were not then well. Take heed of these lewd times and the unpleasantness of your own fortune make not a greater impression upon your mind than they ought to do; for you then begin to be, when the comfort and conscience of your own innocence is not a greater pleasure than the guilt of others an affliction to you. I hear no news from England or France, but of a multitude of men of honour running to compound. I neither envy nor censure them; though I confess I am not able to tell myself how that comes to be lawful now, which would have appeared three or four years since very odious to most men; or that anything can be honest to recover an estate, which had not been so to have preserved it. And truly, though I must confess we have by our own gross folly and madness lost a game that might have been longer played, I do not know that any man doth now undergo a worse condition than he has reason to expect, when upon such infinite disadvantages he first engaged himself in the King's good cause, nay, I am confident he hath not now so many against him, as he had then; but it seems conscience, that was then a good motive, is not thought a good end now. I confess the straits of men of all conditions are forced to submit to, are very unpleasant, and were not submitted to, if God Almighty had only forbid us to be impious, or sacrilegious, or rebellious, as long as we could keep our estates, or to depart from good consciences till we are in danger of being banished or starved. I know that all sober reliance upon God's providence is now called expecting of miracles, and the fixing upon honest principles, which all men must acknowledge, is reproached and laughed at as delighting in metaphysical notion and imaginary speculations. Yet sure, when men do a little consider either the being saved in the next world, or their being fairly mentioned after their death in this (which is the most glorious and desirable blessing after the other) they will find that this negligent treating with their consciences is not the way to either. Oh my Lady Dalkeith, I pray God preserve poor England from being invaded by the Turks; for sure,

men would give their Christianity and two years' purchase for the preservation of their estates. I had a word sent me last week by a gentleman, that now all men made haste over, for all were admitted to compound at two years' purchase; he never reckoned how many oaths, and how many lies they paid more; sure they would treble the latter to save six months in the former. I intended not to keep you so long. God bless you, and keep me *honest*."

It was at Jersey that, with the King's approval and assistance, Hyde began his "History of the Rebellion." Until the Restoration he did not return to England, being, in May, 1648, called to Paris by the Queen, in order to occupy, under Charles II. the same post that he had filled near his father; and, in spite of many attempts made to ruin him with his new master, Hyde continued in favour, and was made, in 1657, Chancellor of England.

We glance next at the honours with which his political life was marked, his knighthood and his peerage; his being chosen Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1660, and raised to the peerage, first, as Baron Hyde of Hindon in Wiltshire; and secondly, in April, 1661, as Viscount Cornbury in Oxfordshire, and Earl of Clarendon in Wiltshire. Those titles have long since been extinct, at least in the Hyde family; but there remains in the neighbourhood of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, descendants of the illustrious Hyde in an humble sphere.

His honours, it is well observed, were not above his merits; on the Restoration, he showed justice and moderation in settling the boundaries between the crown and the liberties of the people; he reduced confusion into order; and where property was concerned, adjusted opposing claims. Nevertheless he could not regulate his own household, nor prevent dishonour from sullyng his hearth.

Amongst his family, the pride of Lord Clarendon's heart was his daughter Anne, high-spirited, well-informed, deter-

mined, yet frail; this gifted woman had been maid of honour to the Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of Charles I. Anne was thus brought up in a bad school; she suffered herself to be seduced under a promise of marriage, by James, Duke of York, a man of passions equally gross with those of Charles II., and of a disposition far less amiable than that of his royal brother. No sooner had James inflicted this disgrace, than he contrived, as he thought, to get out of the scrape. He had given Anne the promise of marriage signed with his blood, so Pepys tells us; he managed to get this contract by stealth out of her cabinet, so that there should be no proof of his promise. Charles II., to do him justice, wished his brother to marry Anne, but he refused; "So," as Pepys writes, "it is very bad for the duke and them all; but my lord do make light of it as a thing, he believes, is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad."

"My lord" being Pepys' patron, Lord Sandwich, who, with the ex-tailor chatted in French, over his dinner, upon this celebrated *faux pas*.

The Duke, however, had this time encountered a spirit that seldom was disappointed in its effects on others. The young lady listened with contempt to great promises and great threats at once from the Duke. "She was his wife," she declared, "and would have it known that she was so, let him use her afterwards as he pleased." It soon became the current talk, says Samuel Pepys, "that the Duke do own the marriage between him and the Chancellor's daughter." The case had, in fact, been submitted by Charles II. to the bishops and judges, and the marriage was, in that state of the law, "declared by the law of England and the gospel to be a good marriage."

Thus they were married; and we soon find a notice in Evelyn's Diary of "the Lord Chancellor and his lady, his purse and mace borne before him, going to visit him at

Sayes Court." "They were very merry," says Evelyn, "and 'collationed' with us. They had been our old acquaintance in exile, and indeed this great person had ever been my friend." Soon afterwards, Evelyn and his wife "went to kiss hands" at Worcester House, the Chancellor's residence in the Strand. Evelyn could not help being struck with the change in all things, and wondering to what it could lead. It is said that her father guessed the secret of Anne Hyde's marriage to the Duke by seeing her mother serve her at table before her elder sister.

On the marriage of Charles with Catharine of Braganza, Clarendon befriended that injured queen, and deprecated the elevation of the odious Lady Castlemaine. Poor Catharine! She told the Chancellor that she regarded him as one of her only friends; but begged him to pardon her if in her misery she sometimes "gave vent to that passion which nearly broke her heart." No wonder; she was insulted by the appearance of that lady at court, even though she had protested that she would never suffer her in her presence. No one could forget the scene at Hampton Court; the haughty beauty, Lady Castlemaine, in all her guilty charms, led by the King himself into his wife's chamber: presented by the King himself to Catharine. The Queen received her with the same grace as she had done the rest; but, when seated in her chair, the colour fled from her cheeks; tears gushed from her eyes, she fainted, and was supported to another room. Then the company all retired, and the Countess and her royal paramour were temporarily deserted. This public offence to Lady Castlemaine was ascribed to the influence of Clarendon. Lady Castlemaine henceforth resolved to ruin him; and not daring to speak it openly of one who had so faithfully served the King, she tried ridicule. A capital mimic, nothing that the Chancellor said or did escaped her malice; the King laughed, and one point was gained when a joke amused the monarch. Cla-

rendon, when he became unpopular, was insulted by the mob, who, in 1667, set up a gibbet before his house, and broke his windows, inscribing upon his gate these words: — “Three sights to be seen, Dunkirke, Tangiers, and a barren queene.”

The completion of a magnificent house was the event which immediately preceded Clarendon's fall, as it did that of Wolsey. Evelyn speaks of going to visit the Lord Chancellor in 1667, at Clarendon House, “a goodly pile to see to, but had many defects as to the architecture, yet placed most gracefully.” Pepys, in the same year, announces himself “mightily pleased with the nobleness of the house, and the brave furniture and pictures, which is very noble.” This fine structure, erected by one, who was reproached with avarice, was pulled down by Sir Thomas Bond, in 1686, who “purchased it,” as Evelyn tells us, “to build a street to his undoing.” The architect, according to the same authority, was Mr. Pratt.

The collection of pictures, justly styled by Evelyn, “the most honourable ornament, the most becoming and obliging,” that the palace could boast of by way of ornament, was partly selected in accordance with Evelyn's advice; and writing in 1689 to Pepys, he remarked upon the judgment shown in Lord Clarendon's collection in these terms: — “I confess to you I was not displeased with the fancy of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde*, when to adorn his stately palace (since demolished), he collected the pictures of as many of our famous countrymen as he could purchase or procure, instead of the heads and busts of foreigners, whose names through the unpardonable mistake (or shall I call it) pride of painters, they scorn to put to their pieces, imagining it would dishonour their art were they to transmit anything valuable to posterity besides faces,” which, as he remarks, may not have been drawn from the great ancients, but may be the pictures of “some porters or squalid

* Evelyn, vol. iii. p. 245.

chimney-sweepers." It is melancholy after this characteristic passage to read Evelyn's reflections on viewing in 1683 the demolition of the costly and sumptuous palace where he had often been so cheerful and sometimes "so sad" with the Chancellor.

And now, of this structure no trace is left except an engraving from a rare print in Smith's "Antiquities of Westminster." For some time, indeed, Clarendon House, part of which was situated in what we now call Albemarle Street, was occupied by the Duke of Albemarle. Then it was sold, as, Evelyn tells us, to certain undertakers. Well might he, as, during Clarendon's exile, he passed the "glorious palace" in a coach, with Lord Cornbury the Chancellor's eldest son, "turn his head away till the coach had gone past it, lest he might minister occasion of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him that in so short a time their pomp had fallen."

The first open attack made upon Lord Clarendon was in 1663, by the Earl of Bristol, who had formerly been the Chancellor's intimate friend. The immediate cause of their quarrel was a refusal on the part of Clarendon to grant a "patent to a certain court lady." The charges against one to whom the country owed so much, were numerous; they were aggravated by that jealousy of outward prosperity which is a mark of corrupt minds.

It was in 1664, just after Lord Bristol's attacks, that Clarendon House (or, as the populace called it, in allusion to the loss of Dunkirk, "Dunkirk House") was begun. The King had given his Chancellor the site. Hyde had at first only intended to build an ordinary house; but the contractor ran up the expense to 50,000*l.*, "just," says Bishop Burnet, "three times as much as the Chancellor meant to spend on it." During the wars and the plague he kept 300 men at work, chiefly with a view of employing the poor. But this had a contrary effect: "Dunkirk House," the mob cried, was built

with the price of Dunkirk; others called it Holland House, because Clarendon was no friend to the war. "Dutch money had paid for it;" a report prevailed that the house was erected with stones intended for the repair of St. Paul's; no matter that Clarendon had bought the stones: the obloquy grew and grew. "Clarendon's house-warming," a spiteful ballad, appeared with this epigram at the end of it:—

"UPON THE HOUSE,
HERE LIE THE SACRED BONES
OF PAUL BEGUILLED OF HIS STONES;
HERE LIE THE GOLDEN BRIBERIES
OF MANY RUINED FAMILIES;
HERE LIE THE CAVALIER'S DEBENTURE WALL,
FIXED ON AN ECCENTRIC BASIS;
HERE'S DUNKIRK TOWN AND TANGIER HALL*,
THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE AND ALL,
THE DUTCHMEN'S 'TEMPLUM PACIS.'"

In August, 1667, Clarendon was removed from his post of Chancellor; in the following November impeached in the House of Lords of high treason; in the beginning of December he retired to France, and on the 19th of that month an act of banishment was passed against him. His fall was owing, not to his faults, but to his virtues; he had served the King faithfully, and his country honestly. During the first two years after his restoration, true to the real patriotism which had found him and Falkland together, he had maintained the constitution by opposing both the papists on the one hand, and the dissenters on the other.

That he fell by court faction, no one could dispute. Conscious of virtue, he had become grave and stately. "There goes your schoolmaster," cried the merry reprobates around the King, to Charles II.; his disgrace was, at last, agreeable to Charles, for the virtuous Chancellor had counteracted his

* Tangiers was the marriage portion of Catharine of Braganza.

Majesty in his great design of procuring a divorce from Catharine of Braganza, with a view to marrying *La Belle Stuart*. Charles assigned as a reason for banishing one to whom he owed so much was the "Chancellor's" intolerable temper; but the real origin of it was that Clarendon promoted an immediate marriage between Miss Stuart and the Duke of Richmond, a step never forgiven by the royal lover.

Before his departure Clarendon attempted in a petition to the House to vindicate his conduct. It was presented to the Commons by George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, with these words: "The Lords have commanded me to deliver to you the scandalous and seditious paper sent from the Earl of Clarendon. They bid me present it to you, and desire you in a convenient time to send it to them back; for it has a style they are in love with, and therefore desire to keep it."

One just man remained to honour his memory, and to detest the ingratitude which sent the honoured Clarendon to die in a foreign land. Evelyn thus laments his exile:

"But I shall say no more of his ministry; and what was the pretence of his fall, than that we have lived to see great revolutions. * * * 'Tis something yet too early to publish the names of his detractors, for fear of one's teeth. But time will speak truth; and sure I am the event has made it good. Things were infinitely worse managed since his disgrace, and both their Majesties fell into as pernicious counsels as ever princes did; whilst, whatever my Lord Chancellor's skill, whether in law or politics, the offices of state and justice were filled with men of old English honour and probity; less open bribery and ostentation, there was at least something of more gravity and form kept up (things however railed at necessary in courts)."

The testimony of such a man is enough. Evelyn visited

* Evelyn's Mem., vol. iii. p. 302.

Clarendon before he left the magnificent house which had lost him, not only an immense sum, but his popularity, but after that last interview they met no more.

Even in France Clarendon was not in safety. Oliver Long wrote from Evereux, in April, 1668, the following account of a shameful outrage attempted against the illustrious exile:—

“ As I was travelling from Rouen towards Orleans, it was my fortune, April 23rd, to overtake the Lord Clarendon, then in his unhappy and unmerited exile, who was going towards Bourbon, but took up his lodgings at a private hotel, in a small walled town called Evereux, some leagues from Rouen. I, as most English gentlemen did to so valuable a patriot, went to pay him a visit near supper time; when he was, as usual, very civil to me. Before supper was done, twenty or thirty English seamen and more came and demanded entrance at the great gate, which, being strongly barred, kept them out for some time. But in a short space they broke it, and presently drove all they found, by their advantage of numbers, into the Earl's chamber; whence, by the assistance of only three swords and pistols, we kept them out for half an hour, in which dispute many of us were wounded by their swords and pistols, whereof they had many. To conclude, they broke the windows and the doors, and under the conduct of one Howard, an Irishman, who has three brothers, as I am told, in the King of England's service, and an ensign in the company of Candolles, they quickly found the Earl in his bed, not able to stand by the violence of the gout; whence, after they had given him many blows with their swords and staves, mixed with horrible curses and oaths, they dragged him on the ground into the middle of the yard, where they encompassed him around with their swords, and after they had told him in their own language, how he had sold the kingdom, and robbed them of their pay, Howard commanded them all, as one man, to run

their swords through his body. But what difference arose amongst themselves before they could agree, God above, who alone sent this spirit of dissension, only knows. In the interval, their lieutenant, one Swaine, came and disarmed them. Sixteen of the ringleaders were put into prison, and many of those things they had rifled from him found again, which were restored, and of great value. Mons. la Fonde, a great man, belonging to the King of France's bed-chamber, sent to conduct the Earl on his way hither, was so desperately wounded in the head, that there were little hopes of his life. Many of these assassins were grievously wounded; and this action is so much resented by all here, that many of these criminals will meet with an usage equal to their merit. Had we been sufficiently provided with fire-arms, we had infallibly done ourselves justice on them; however, we doubt not, the law will supply our deficiency."

One of Clarendon's great sorrows of his old age, was the changing of religion of his daughter Anne, Duchess of York, to whom he wrote a pathetic appeal on her becoming a Papist.

His health was declining, yet he survived the Duchess of York two years; finding himself insecure in Normandy, he retired to Montpelier, where his own Memoirs are dated; he then went to Moulins, and, finally, to Rouen, where, on the 9th of December, 1673, his laborious and chequered life was ended. His body was brought to England — ungrateful England — and was deposited in a vault, the north side of Henry VIII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

His later days were occupied with his life — the most delightful history of his own times in our language,—and by "Discourses of Piety and Devotion," more especially his "Devotions on the Psalms."

In the conclusion of his life he thus speaks of his exile:—"This was the occasion and ground of his second retreat

and recess from a very uneasy condition, of which he was not more weary, in respect of the difficulty and melancholy of the business, from which he could not entirely disentangle himself by absence, than in respect of the company he was obliged to keep in the conducting it, who had humours and inclinations uneasy to him, irresolute in themselves, and contrary for the most part to his judgment."

"He was conversant," he adds, "in a court of another nature, humour of another kind, and of grandeur and gravity of another constitution and policy, and where ambassadors are more esteemed and regarded, and live with more conversation and a better intelligence among themselves, than in any other court in the world!"

Late in life this wonderful man learned French and Italian. At Montpellier, he completed the work his heart was most set upon,—his History of the Rebellion. At Montpellier, he dedicated to his children his work on the Psalms; it was finished before the death of his daughter Anne. He concludes his life in this admirable sentence:—

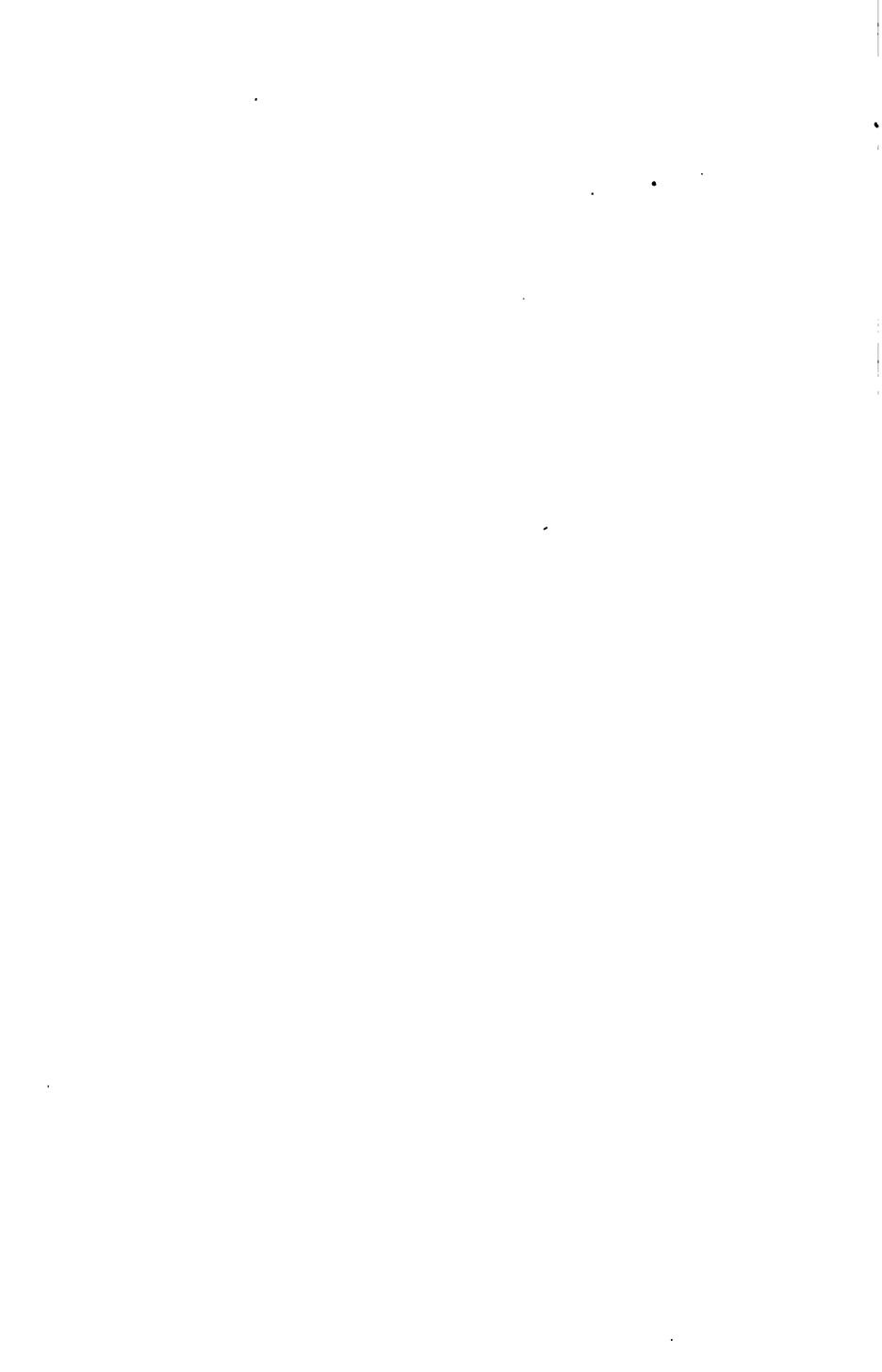
"In a word, he did not only by all possible administrations subdue his affections and passions, to make his mind conformable to his present fortune; but did all he could to lay in a stock of patience and provision, that might support him in any future exigent or calamity, that might befall him; yet with a cheerful expectation that God would deliver him from that powerful combination which then oppressed him."*

That hope was never realised. In a letter full of pathos, Clarendon had petitioned the King to let him spend "the small remainder of his life, which could not hold out long, beyond seas, never to return;" and the request had been granted. He was so completely forgotten, or remembered only to be ridiculed, as if he had never served his master, and his master's royal father.

* Life, p. 993.

To Clarendon might almost be applied the lines which he wrote on Dr. Donne, whom he knew in his youth.

"I cannot blame those men that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
In tuneful elegie; there's not a language knowne
'Tis for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne;
Fate hath done mankinde wronge; vertue may aime
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame."



FRANCES, COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,
AND
HENRIETTA LOUISA, COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

LETTERS OF THESE LADIES. — THEIR STATIONS EQUAL. — LADY HERTFORD'S ORIGIN. — DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HER LETTERS AND THOSE OF LADY POMFRET. — HER PATRONAGE OF EMINENT MEN. — SHE INTERCEDES FOR SAVAGE, THOMSON, AND SHENSTON, AT HERTFORD HOUSE. — HER PURSUITS. — DEATH OF HER SON. — HER OWN DEATH. — DESCRIPTION OF LADY POMFRET'S CHARACTER. — HER FATHER, LORD JEFFREYS. — HER SON AND DAUGHTERS. — HER AMBITION. — LORD LINCOLN. — LADY SOPHIA CHRISTENED "JUNO." — HER MARRIAGE AND DEATH. — SNEERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. — GOOD QUALITIES OF LADY HERTFORD AND LADY POMFRET.

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,

AND

HENRIETTA LOUISA, COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

THE friendship of these two clever and spirited ladies might have expired with their lives, had they not left signal testimonies to all existence in the form of letters. These, we will venture to say, no one ever reads now; they are sensible, well considered, and prosy compositions, in the production of which the great world — which was some day or other to be edified by them,—was kept ever in view. It was a friendship in full dress. They wrote to each other, “Dear Madam,” and “Your obedient humble servant” — according to the practice of ladies of rank in those days. “Your ladyship’s obliging commands,” “your ladyship’s extreme goodness,” were phrases sent from one to the other, like a shuttlecock, as light and as easy of despatch. The sympathy each expressed for the other was all on stilts. The compliments all cut out according to the proper Court pattern. It seemed impossible they should quarrel: it seemed impossible they could love each other. Yet, expressed in their letters, friendship has immortalised the names of Frances, Countess of Hertford, and of Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret.

In their respective stations in the world they were as nearly equal as most people are, or as they can be. There might be the slightest shade of difference, because Lady Hertford was the daughter of a commoner, and Lady Pomfret

of a nobleman : her father was, happily, the last of his line,—he was the despicable son of a despicable father. Such was Lord Jeffreys, son of the judge to whose character Macaulay has done such terrible justice. Both Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret were, however, in a manner born to a court ; they were among the supreme *bon ton* of their day ; they were favourites of Queen Caroline, and they were also heiresses. Lord and Lady Hervey, the Walpoles, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague were blended with the associations of their early married lives ; associations which comprised the vulgar Court of George II. and centred round Queen Caroline in her closet and on her death-bed.

Lady Hertford was by far the most amiable, and the least worldly of these two ladies, both of whom inclined to the characteristics of *Les précieuses Ridicules*. She was a daughter of the house of Thynne, anciently Boteville, but called Thynne, when John Boteville in the time of King John, took up his abode in one of the Inns of Court, and was called John of th' Inne, and hence the name of Thynne. One of the house thus designated had the merit of erecting the first well-built house in England, Longleat. It was begun in 1567 and finished in 1579. How its magnificence escaped the plunderers of the Great Rebellion, does not appear. Sir John, who built it, had enriched his coffers by marrying the sister and heiress of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of Gresham College and the Royal Exchange : it is probable that this taste for architecture was imparted by Gresham to his brother-in-law. There had been a sort of restoration fever in England now for some years ; and when we consider all that was done in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts, we may conclude that the mania for building then existed in all its vigour.

The mother of the amiable Frances, Countess of Hertford, was Grace Strode, daughter and heiress of Sir George Strode, of Leweston, in Dorsetshire. Her father, Henry Thynne, son

of Sir Thomas Thynne, died without male issue; but his two daughters, Frances, and Mary afterwards Lady Brooke, inherited his property. She was, through the various intermarriages of which our English peerage presents so many instances, related to Lady Pomfret.

From an early age Lady Hertford had displayed the most engaging modesty of disposition. Even Horace Walpole pays her the tribute of saying, that she had as much modesty about her own writings, as admiration for those of others. Whilst in extreme youth she became the wife of Algernon, Lord Hertford, eldest son of Charles, commonly called the Proud Duke of Somerset, of whose almost inordinate hauteur and ostentation so many anecdotes have been related. Algernon had the good fortune to be the son of Lady Elizabeth Percy, that wife whom the Duke of Somerset alone allowed to be considered as his equal. Lord Hertford seems to have inherited the best qualities only of the Protector Somerset, whose ambition and upstart qualities were atoned in a measure by his sense of justice to the poor, for whom he erected a Court of Requests in his own house, that their complaints might be heard and redressed. With Algernon the accomplished Frances Thynne is said to have enjoyed a degree of domestic happiness which was rare in the conventional alliances then prevalent among the English nobility. Yet their independence and privacy must have been interfered with by the position that Lady Hertford so long held as one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber of Queen Caroline. Married in 1713, she remained under that courtly bondage until 1737, a large portion of her existence. It was not until 1738 that the famous correspondence, so formal and so proper, commenced.

The death of the Queen was sincerely lamented by these two friends, and a frequent recurrence to past happiness appears in Lady Pomfret's letters. Perhaps the excitement of a court was essential to such a character as hers. Yet the

post must have had its annoyances; one of these was the rivalry and hatred between the Court of St. James's and that of Leicester House, where the Princess of Wales, the mother of George III., continued to receive in royal state. On one occasion when the ladies attached to the Princesses, the daughters of George II., went to Leicester House, the door was shut upon their attendants by the ladies of Leicester House, whereupon a pitched battle commenced between two court ladies, Lady Anne Montague and Lady Catherine Edwin, the latter of whom "scolded most bravely."

"I have had the pleasure of seeing at Rysback's" Lady Pomfret wrote to her friend, "a bust of our ever lamented mistress, so like her (except a little too much height in the nose), that I could not look upon it without feeling a return of that tender concern which we each experienced this time twelve months, with as much truth as any that were in her service, though possibly with more silence. The recollection was so strongly on my spirits all Sunday and Monday, that I was downright ill, and had in imagination much conversation with her on the subject. During both these days I was almost persuaded that you and I were again placed on each side of the fire, in the little waiting-room at St. James's, where we sat that fatal Sunday night which robbed the world of one whose loss there is every day greater cause to regret, and on whom I can never think without a sigh." *

In Queen Caroline's intimate circle these young and high-born ladies had learned to value literature, and to look upon the reward and patronage of the learned as one part of their duties. In Lady Hertford's character these notions were united to great sweetness of temper and liberality; her charities were extensive; her interest in every kind of merit, genuine. Happily for herself she had no enemy in Horace Walpole to attack her memory, or to shower down upon it that ridicule with which he colours every action of Lady Pomfret's

* Letters, p. 59.

life. From the time when the friends quitted for ever the Royal Palace, they seemed to have embraced very different modes of existence: Lady Pomfret's letters are full of Versailles and St. Germain's: full of Florence and Rome, and of pictures, churches, palaces. Lady Hertford writes from the country, or if in London, is far, she says, from the great world, and ignorant of its concerns. Her epistles turn on Mr. Pope's last volume of poems, of Mr. Mallet's new play, of Mr. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*. She writes often from Marlborough, where her *Bergerie*, as she calls Hertford House, was under a course of improvement. "My Lord Hertford had widened the channel of the water that surrounded the house, and formed cascades: the lower one surrounded by a Gothic arch, the stones of which were interspersed with tufts of house-leek and moss, so that you might fancy the arch a building of a century old." She writes like a happy wife, sad only when her husband has a fit of the gout,—she writes like the contented possessor of many blessings. "There is," she says, "an intrinsic value in home-felt peace, from a sense of having acted rightly, that all the grandeur and pomp of the earth cannot boast." And this sentiment seems to come from her heart.

It was during Lady Pomfret's travels that the letters were regularly written and answered. As they wrote, the cold intimacy of the Royal bed-chamber, fenced round with all its formalities, warmed into friendship.

"In the meantime," Lady Pomfret writes, "let us continue this pleasing commerce of letters, and fancy we are talking to each other till we do it in good earnest. I must confess, that I grieve with you the time we lost, and often reflect how great a happiness it would have been in our late situation to have known each other so well then as we do now; but it was not so ordained. All have their lot, and we must make the best of ours; like actors in a play, in one scene we are to be pleased, in another angry; now struggling with

misapprehension and deceit, then made happy in the enjoyment of this world, or quiet in the grave, where we no more desire them."

Reading over Lady Pomfret's letters, and thinking of them formed, meantime, a great part of Lady Hertford's entertainment at Marlborough—then, she says, a part of England remote from "all the polite, the gay, and busy world."

Sometimes, however, Lady Hertford varied the scene, by tempting to her country retreats the poets in whose works she delighted. One noble trait dignifies her gentle character. This was the mediation which she effectually set on foot for the unhappy, misguided Richard Savage,—the man of no friends, the worse than orphan, the offspring of a fiend, pursued through life by maternal hatred and by guilty shameless persecution.

Savage, from his birth, seemed doomed to misery. His very existence was made a plea for the separation of his mother, the Countess of Macclesfield, from a husband whom she hated. To secure a release from the Earl of Macclesfield, she made a voluntary confession that the wretched infant, who first saw the light in Fox Court, Holborn, was the offspring of the Earl of Rivers. The infant was christened Richard Smith: but he took, eventually, the name of Lord Rivers, and as Richard Savage, is remembered as one of the most remarkable, and the most unhappy of men.

After the separation had been thus procured, Lady Macclesfield began to look upon her son with abhorrence. She resolved to disown him: his birth had served her turn; he might perish or he might grow up in sin; it was all alike a matter of indifference to her. She committed him, therefore, to the care of an old woman, and went on in her guilty career, secure, that, except to pay a pittance for his support, she would never hear more of her base-born child. There were hearts, however, less inhuman. Lord Rivers, acknowledged his son, and Lady Mason, the mother of Lady Maccles-

field, placed the boy at a grammar school, where he bore the name of his nurse. Again, too, was Lord Rivers touched with remorse; in the course of a dangerous illness, he asked after this poor child, and stated his wish to provide for him with *others* who had equal claims on him. He was answered by the Countess of Macclesfield, to whom he sent a message, that "the boy was dead." In consequence of this reply, the sum of 6000*l.*, which Lord Rivers had destined for Savage, was bequeathed to another of his natural children; and Savage was left destitute.

Such was the commencement of his childhood. All its romantic events are well substantiated; the attempt, on his mother's part, to get him kidnapped to the plantations; her scheme of apprenticing him to a shoemaker—these were devices that failed, and left to her crime such retribution as shame could produce upon so abandoned a woman.

The boy, however, discovered by means of Lady Mason's letter to his nurse, that he was Lady Macclesfield's son. That discovery was his ruin: his nature was proud, morbid, impetuous. Henceforth he was unfitted by the development of these qualities for any mechanical employment; and was, as it were, cast away on those barren shores of precarious security, on which so many have been stranded—the literary profession.

One cannot avoid lingering in this brief review of a miserable life, over the pictures which its various scenes present to the imagination. The disowned, the hated youth, hovering near his mother's door, trying to catch a glimpse of her to whom his young heart, yet unseared, turned with the fondness of a nature capable of strong attachment. We see him penning the eloquent but futile appeals to a heart that returned those burning words with its inmost curses. We see him chased by her servants from her door. We see him, at eighteen, in a garret, writing, unsuccessfully it is true, yet securing the kindness of Steele, and the pitying aid of Wilks,

the actor. In time prosperity attends his efforts; but *he* could never be prosperous. His moral nature had in it the taint of unthriftiness. The intellect was great, the character was weak. We see him scribble on little bits of paper the poems and the plays that brought him celebrity and gave him bread. We behold him in company with Samuel Johnson, poverty-stricken, but great still in moral truth and energy, spending the night sitting on a bulk; for these two men were among the "houseless poor" of those days. With all this, Savage was a delightful companion, agreeable, accessible, and brilliant. And even these qualities — so adverse was his destiny, so complete in him seemed the retribution that is visited on the children of the wicked, — seemed to turn to his destruction. It was in a tavern broil, where his talents had delighted the company and prolonged the conviviality, that Savage killed a man named Sinclair, by running him through the body with his sword.

He was committed, with another man, similarly charged, to prison, heavily ironed. At last, therefore, his mother was gratified, for her son lay under sentence of death, and royal mercy could alone avert his doom. But the fiend who had given Savage birth, was, strange to say, still admitted, still believed in at the Court of Queen Caroline, to whom all appeals for mercy were usually addressed, and Lady Macclesfield now resolved that no such petition should be heard. She determined that her son should die; and she filled the mind of the Queen with prejudices against the poor ill-starred poet who had thanked her in bitter, powerful verses for his birth:—

"O mother! yet no mother,—

'Tis to you,

My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due!"

He was now nearly owing her a boon that might, perhaps, have proved still greater — his death. Had his life then closed, how many years of misery, of self-indulgence, of vice

and degradation and hopeless wretchedness might not Savage have been spared !

But it was not so that his career, which, as he wrote, shone "eccentric like a comet's blaze," was to end. Lady Hertford was still then in the precincts of St. James's, still influential among the great, ever kind to the humble.

She heard Savage's history, and hastened to the Queen. A singular picture might be formed from the interview between the Countess and the Queen ; the earnest, importunate explanations of the one ; the prejudice, the incredulity, the gradual softening of the other. Whilst the humane, unexceptionable and fashionable woman was urging in deep respect the cause of Savage in the Queen's closet, Sir Robert Walpole was listening — perhaps interrupting the discourse with a jest or two — to a narrative of poor Savage's wrongs from another fair advocate ; the kind, the frail Ann Oldfield, she who had befriended poor Farquhar in his utmost need — was pleading for the life of Savage. The life thus begged for was redeemed : Savage lived on ; and the world has repaid the mediation of Lady Hertford with loud and continued praise. Mrs. Oldfield found, perhaps, in her own heart the consolation, that sinning as she was, she was not "all evil," but no fame followed her efforts.

It would have gratified both these earnest pleaders, no doubt, had Savage justified their encomiums, or even lived in decent obscurity. His career bore out still the characteristics of the dissolute Rivers, and of the haughty implacable Lady Macclesfield, that were in him. He was ungrateful, implacable, sensual, irreclaimable ; he loved his friends, it was said, yet claimed their kindness not as a boon but as a right. Like all such persons, the assistance he received contributed to influence his pride, and failed to moderate his extravagance. Lady Hertford had reclaimed him once from a jail ; but she could not save him from himself. He was arrested, after suffering all the agonies of poverty, hunger, and contempt,

for a debt of eight pounds due to the mistress of a coffee-house; and in Newgate found a pitying friend and a safe home. The jailer's heart bled for the gifted reprobate Savage. The good man took him to his own table, gave him a comfortable room, allowed him to stand, for air, and sad recreation, at the door of his prison; conducted him sometimes, too, to the green fields round London; and Savage could once more breathe the fresh air and recal the few happy associations of his youth: for though his years only numbered forty-five, he was then, from dirt and dissipation, an old man;—and under this gentle thralldom—securing him, perhaps, from a worse doom by incarceration—he died. His last illness was aggravated by a letter from Pope, accusing him, doubtless too truly, of ingratitude. Pope, to his honour be it told, had given Savage an annuity of 20*l*. The reproach of the poet went to a heart, perhaps, nearly broken. A fever came on, and on the 1st of August, 1745, Richard Savage expired.

In other literary persons whom Lady Hertford patronised she found far greater satisfaction. Amongst the most eminent were Dr. Watts and James Thomson. To Dr. Watts's poems she contributed under the name of Eusebia. Thomson has left, in his "Spring," evidence of the benevolent patronage for which he has immortalised her:—

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee."

Thomson, is said, however, actually to have taken more

delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his guests than in the meditations of Lady Hertford ; yet what a companion he must have been, for he was suited at once to the convivial nobleman by the cheerful, open, indulgent temper in which his friends delighted, and qualified at the same time for the society of the refined and high-minded Lady Hertford by his sense, his religious convictions, and the sympathising nature of his disposition. He whom Collins so honoured that he forswore Richmond lest the remembrance of Thomson should make his head ache ; he whose death Armstrong declared made a "hideous gap," and turned the "sweetest scenes in England into a desolate waste," must have been worthy of the friendship of such a patroness as Lady Hertford.

Shenstone was also an intimate associate in Lady Hertford's family, and his "Ode to Rural Elegance," published after her death, in 1750, was dedicated to her. Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Rowe, and Isaac Watts were amongst her votaries. Her life, attended with every outward prosperity, was eminently happy until the storm, that in some shape or another comes to all in life's journey, overwhelmed her with its violence.

Lady Hertford was not one whose philanthropy was bestowed on society to the exclusion of her home duties. She devoted herself zealously to the education of her children, and her efforts were repaid with success. Her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Seymour, afterwards Duchess of Northumberland, became the benefactress of the poor, the patroness of literature and the arts, the ornament of her high station. Nine years younger than his sister, George Seymour, Viscount Beauchamp, lived only long enough to justify the hopes of his gifted mother, but not to realise her expectations. His excellence, as she herself expressed it, "promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parent could hope." But she was not destined to see these virtues ripen here

upon earth; and the greatest trial, save that of mental aberration or of guilt, that could befall a mother, the death of a young, and gifted, and affectionate child, was decreed as one of her few, but bitterest trials: the young man set out on his travels, followed by the anxious affection that was soon to bemoan over his grave. At Bologna, Lord Beauchamp was seized with the small-pox; he sank under the disease, and expired on the evening of his nineteenth birth-day. It would have been an unspeakable consolation to have been near him,—about him,—to have watched those last moments; but he died among strangers, far from the mother who would have imperilled her own life to save his. Henceforth a shadow was cast over an existence hitherto all prosperity. Religion taught her, and not in vain, to submit; but natural affection,—and the void that can never be replaced when one who has been our pride and consolation has passed away, made her a life-long mourner. Many carry about with them a serenity that deceives others, and try to dispel in society the undying sorrow of a bereaved and lonely heart. But with Lady Hertford it was not so; she retired into seclusion, resigned, meek, kind, useful, but indifferent to what is called the world.

A painful circumstance precipitated probably this retreat. The proud Duke of Somerset, Lord Hertford's father, was still alive. He was not only one of the most absurd, but one of the most heartless, of men. Lord Hertford, whom even Horace Walpole styles "as good a man as lives," had always been ill-treated by the tyrant, his father. However, as bad fathers always blame their sons, and bad sons their fathers, the Duke threw upon Lord Hertford the most cruel aspersions. The death of Lord Beauchamp was, he wrote to Lord Hertford, a judgment upon him for his "undutifulness to himself, and that he must, therefore, always look upon himself as the cause of his son's death."

The title reverted to the family of the Protector Somerset,

who was of the elder branch of the Seymour family, and this branch had been unjustly deprived, not only of the title but of the estates, by the father of the Protector. Every one knows the answer Sir Edward Seymour, the Speaker, made to William III., who on landing addressed him thus:—
 “I think, Sir Edward, you are of the Duke of Somerset’s family?” “No,” replied Sir Edward; “he is of mine:—” and in that line the ducal title still continues.

One duty remained—to watch over the broken health and last hours of Lord Hertford; and his wife performed it well. In 1749–50, Lord Hertford expired. We have, in writing this memoir of Lady Hertford, retained the name by which she is best known—the name which she bore when she befriended Savage, and which Thomson has immortalised, but she had sometime then been Duchess of Somerset. Lady Elizabeth Seymour, married to Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, in Yorkshire, inherited the great estates possessed by her father, Algernon, Duke of Somerset, in Middlesex and Northumberland. Lady Hertford, or, as she ought properly to be styled, the Duchess of Somerset, lived at Richking’s, near Colnbrook, and here her life was closed. She died in July, 1754, and was buried in the same vault with her son and husband, in St. Nicholas Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Her description of her state of mind was told in these words:—

“I have indeed,” she wrote to her friend Lady Luxborough (the sister of Bolingbroke), “suffered deeply; but when I consider it is the will of God, who never chastises his poor creatures but for their good, and reflect at the same time how unworthy I was of those blessings which I now lament the loss of, I lay my hand upon my mouth and dare not repine; but I hope I can, with truth, appeal to Him in the following words:—‘Such sorrow is sent that none may oppose His holy dispensations. Let me sigh, and offer my

sighs to Him; let me mourn, but in the meantime, in the midst of my sorrow, let me bless His sacred name.' ”

It is honourable to Lady Pomfret to have been the friend of such a woman as Lady Hertford. They were, indeed, so dissimilar in character, that were it not for consanguinity and for their congenial literary tastes, one can hardly imagine how they could have formed a friendship.

Lady Pomfret's grandfather, the infamous Judge Jeffreys, was succeeded by a son, John, Lord Jeffreys, of Wem, whose name, except as the son of the Lord Chancellor, and as the hero of a well-known incident, would have passed away wholly into oblivion : —

“John, Lord Jeffreys,” writes Horace Walpole, “was a dissipated, notorious braggart, nevertheless his father's favour at Court, or ill-gotten wealth, procured him an alliance with one of the most gifted and popular, as well as the highest noble families; and the Lady Charlotte Herbert, the daughter of Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, had the ill-fortune to become his wife. Lady Pomfret was the only surviving issue of this marriage.”

Her father died, after a career of riotous and profligate living, in 1703, but he had lived long enough to make himself ridiculous upon a very signal occasion.

It was on the 1st of May, 1701, that Dryden, with whose name the name of Jeffreys will henceforth ever be associated, departed this weary life. It was to the great poet a happy release; and all he seems to have desired was rest, and the last struggles were over: “Glorious John” expired in agonies, but his spirit was in peace.

His son Charles, who had closed his father's eyes in filial reverence, received a message the next day to say that the Dean of Westminster would make a present of the ground for the burial, and would also remit all Abbey fees. Lord Halifax sent word also to say that he would defray the

funeral, and add 500*l.* for a monument; and the offer was accepted.

On the Sunday morning after the poet's death, when the hearse was at the door and the poet's body in it, whilst eighteen mourning coaches were attending, a party of young rakes rode by the door, and one of them, Lord Jeffreys, seeing the procession, which had begun to move, asked whose funeral it was. He was told it was Mr. Dryden, whereupon he declared that so great a poet should not be buried in so private a manner, and he declared he would take upon himself the honour of interment, and give a thousand pounds for a monument. After a time he persuaded the servants to show him up to the room where Lady Elizabeth Dryden was still in bed: they complied, and he unfolded his wishes. Lady Elizabeth refusing, he fell on his knees and declared he would never rise till she granted his request. Poor Lady Elizabeth fainted away, and Jeffreys pretending that he had gained her consent, went down stairs, and ordered the body to be taken to Cheapside, to a Mr. Russell's, an undertaker, there to await further orders. Meantime the choirs and the Abbey were lighted up, the grave was dug, and yawned to receive the dead. The Bishop awaited the corpse, and awaited for hours in vain. The following day Charles Dryden went to the Bishop, and Lord Halifax, and stated the whole case to them. The undertaker repaired also three days afterwards—having heard nothing—to Lord Jeffreys for orders; but was told that his Lordship remembered nothing of the matter, and supposed it was a drunken frolic:—and added he might do what he liked with the body.

Mr. Charles Dryden, in consternation, wrote to Lord Halifax and the Bishop of Rochester, who now refused to have anything to do with the affair, and the body remained unburied three weeks, until Dr. Garth, Dryden's intimate friend, sent for it to the College of Physicians, and among that body of men, ever noted as is the profession foremost in

humanity and a liberal spirit, raised a subscription for the funeral. At length the remains of Dryden found a resting-place. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration over them; but no bishop stood in solemn state to read the service, nobler as it is by far than any oration. No anthem sounded, no torches lighted up the old pile, no organ played, a singing boy or two, each with a candle in his hand, preceded the coffin, singing an ode of Horace; all, even the coaches which followed the funeral from the college to the abbey, were in disorder.

One heart throbbed with passionate grief and anger as the body of John Dryden was thus lowered into the earth. It was that of Charles Dryden; that ill-fated, high-spirited young man, whose nativity his father had cast. And certainly no augury could have been too foreboding for the career of Charles Dryden. Jupiter, Venus, the Sun, were all under the earth at his birth, and the lord of his ascendant "afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn." After several times nearly perishing from accidents, after falling from an old tower in Rome, owing to a swimming in his head, Charles Dryden was spared to witness his father's death, and to see the dishonour done to his remains.

No sooner were the funeral obsequies over than he sent a challenge to Lord Jeffreys. It was not answered. Several others were sent. At last the young man went himself. Charles Dryden receiving no reply, waited and watched for the young lord; but waited and watched in vain; for Lord Jeffreys found it best to depart from London, and the insulted family of Dryden found no redress; and the matter was settled, as many disputes are, by the great arbitrator death. Charles Dryden was drowned in the Thames at the age of thirty-two. Lord Jeffreys died from a constitution ruined by his infamous life, in the year 1703; and his widow married again, Thomas, Earl of Windsor.

The infant daughter of Lord Jeffreys, Henrietta Louisa,

seems to have participated in the qualities both of her lofty Herbert lineage, and of her vulgar Jeffreys' descent. From the Herberts she must have inherited what she could *not* have derived from the Jeffreys' family : her love of art and of letters ; from her father's house she received her worldliness, her arrogance, and her quick and somewhat vindictive temper. Her portraits depict her as elegant, rather than handsome, with a slight figure : a face of flexible features in which the lines of temper are marked. She had all the love of notoriety of her father, the busy, restless spirit also of the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. She was married in 1720 to Thomas Fermor, Lord Lempster, who in the following year was raised to the peerage as Earl of Pomfret, or Pontefract, in Yorkshire. In 1727 the earl was appointed Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline, his wife being then one of the ladies of the bed-chamber.

Three sons and six daughters were the offspring of this union. The Fermor family were an honourable and favoured race, whose prosperity, though for a time injured by their conscientious adherence to the Church of Rome, had been upheld by their loyalty. Lady Pomfret, first of that name, brought a fortune to the old manor of Easton Neston, which was rebuilt, and which now forms one of our stately specimens of English country houses in the midland counties. Thomas, the first Earl of Pomfret, seems to have held the respectable position of a cipher in his household. He was " husband to the Countess of Pomfret ; " to her popularity at court he possibly owed the elevation to the peerage.

Numerous daughters in royal houses are supposed to add power and wealth to the parent stock, owing to the various alliances which a well-conducted family, in a matrimonial sense, may contract. Lady Pomfret, according to Horace Walpole, regarded the lovely group of girls whom she presented at Court, as so many sources of collateral influence flowing into the parent stream. The three best known in

the fashionable world were Lady Sophia, Lady Charlotte, and Lady Juliana; young, exclusive belles, whose beauty was most likely the precious gift of the Fermors, ever noted for personal advantages since the days when Mistress Arabella Fermor won the exquisite homage of Pope's genius in one of his most delightful poems. The estimable and charming Lady Charlotte Fermor, afterwards Lady Charlotte Finch, was destined, it appears, to have been the wife of the young Lord Hertford, whose death was so deeply deplored by his parents.

Whilst the correspondence between Lady Pomfret and Lady Hertford was going on with the usual professions of regard, Lady Hertford protesting that, except "her ladyship," she could not say there were above three people (out of her own house) with whom she could "converse freely or hope for kindness," — whilst this perhaps real friendship was going on in every stately form, Lady Pomfret and her daughter Lady Sophia were playing out what seems to us an enigmatical game of matrimonial speculation.

Lady Pomfret, in writing to her serious friend, avows herself, in her letters, born "with a great desire to an innocent pleasing society. "This," she adds, "had often betrayed her to grasp the shadow for the substance." And in no instance does she appear to have been more betrayed than in the husband to whom she gave the beautiful Lady Sophia Fermor in the flower of her youth.

In the summer of 1740 Lady Pomfret writes to her friend from Florence, and sends from that city, now so well-known to the *beau monde* of England, a map of the place to show Lady Hertford the localities in which her dear ladyship resided.

"Near the place," she writes, "where you see our house and garden marked, is the Porta de Prato, out of which almost every evening we drive to the neighbouring Cascine, where there is a mixture of grass, wood, and water, worthy

of England itself. Amongst a vast variety of walks, both in close and open wood, are large pastures of the finest turf, where cattle graze, and where in an evening people come and walk. These lie on the banks of the Arno, and on the holidays, the companies of citizens and common people that make parties of pleasure, and sit eating their *merendas* in the woods and in the plain, give a cheerful beauty to the whole, and remind me of the poetical description of Arcadia."

These delicious scenes were "the very places for whispering lovers" to evade the eyes of ambitious mothers; and accordingly, when another paragraph in the correspondence is read, one almost anticipates a romance. Lord Lincoln, it seems, was "a lively, sensible young man," the son of Lady Pomfret's early friend, Lady Lucy Pelham, sister of Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, was one of the exclusive set in whose society Lady Pomfret found most pleasure at Florence. There were, indeed, very few English in that city. Horace Walpole, Horace Mann, in whose house Walpole was staying, Lady Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and one or two others, formed the lively and high-bred *coterie*. Every Monday there was a reunion at Mr. Mann's, he being then either secretary of legation, or chargé d'affaires at Florence. Nothing seemed to disturb the easy, happy life led by Lady Pomfret and the two daughters, Lady Sophia and Lady Charlotte, except an inundation, which would serve, at all events, to give the social parties something to talk about. But it proved to be nothing; and "the dullest of carnivals," as Lady Pomfret calls it, that of February, 1741, found her still at the Palazzo Ridolfi, in Florence.

In the November of the same year we find Lady Pomfret again in the great world of London, a mark for the gossip of Lady Townshend, a singular character of that day, and for the ridicule of Horace Walpole.

"Lady Townshend told me an admirable history; it is of *our friend* Lady Pomfret. Somebody that belonged to

the Prince of Wales said that they *were going to court*. It was objected that they ought to say to Carlton House; that the only *court* is where the King resides. Lady P., with her paltry air of significant learning and absurdity, said, ‘Oh Lord! is there no *court* in England but the King’s? Sure, there are many more! There is the *Court* of Chancery, the *Court* of Exchequer, the *Court* of King’s Bench,’ &c. Don’t you love her? Lord Lincoln does her daughter (Lady Sophia Fermor). He is come over, and met her the other night. He turned pale, spoke to her several times in the evening, but not long, and sighed to me at going away. He came over all alive. And not only his uncle duke (the Duke of Newcastle), but even Majesty is fallen in love with him. He talked to the King at his levée, without being spoken to. That was always thought high treason; but I don’t know how the gruff gentleman liked it. And then he was told that Lord Lincoln designed to make the campaign if we had gone to war. In short, he says, *Lord Lincoln is the handsomest man in England.*”

Horace Walpole, no doubt, was in the confidence of Lord Lincoln, in whose company, as well as in that of Joseph Spence, author of “Spence’s Anecdotes,” he had travelled on his way home in 1740; and henceforth all Lord Lincoln’s despondency, and Lady Sophia’s coldness seem to have been among the great points of his observation. In Florence the fastidious Horace had for once been contented; he was fond of Florence to a degree, crept on there from day to day, found it the most agreeable place he had seen since he left London; “which, you know,” he adds, “one loves, right or wrong, as one does one’s nurse.” “Our little Arno was not,” he wrote, “loaded and swelling like the Thames, but vastly pretty. Then one’s unwilling to leave the gallery, and, — but, in short, one’s unwilling to get into a post-chaise. I am as surfeited with mountains and inns as if I had eat them.”

All this delight at Florence, this sore feeling against Lady Pomfret, the sympathy, so unlike his scoffing habit and his abhorrence of sentiment, with Lord Lincoln looks very like pique, and is the language of an unsuccessful admirer. Yet a tradition exists in the family that Lady Juliana, the youngest of the lovely sisters, was the object of Horace Walpole's perhaps untold admiration.

It is in 1742 that Lord Carteret, the successful rival of poor Lord Lincoln, first appears conspicuous in Walpole's letters,—those annals to which we must look, in the absence of less partial sources, for the occurrences of the day.

Lord Carteret, then Secretary of State, was carrying all with a high hand, treating all the other ministers as cyphers. Of the three levées in Arlington Street—Lord Orford's, Mr. Pelham's, and Lord Carteret's,—the greatest was at Lord Orford's (Sir R. Walpole's). "Lord Carteret," Horace wrote, "was never sober; his rants amazing,—so are his parts and spirits."

Two years afterwards Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Horace Mann, thus announces the sacrifice of the Lady Sophia to a man old enough to be her father.

"I will not talk any more politically, but turn to hymeneals with as much indifference as if I were a first minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor? Only my Lord Carteret! this very week. A drawing-room conquest! Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family! Her own ambition, vanity and resentment,—love she never had any—the politic management and pedantry of the mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart. Figure the instructions she will give her daughter. Lincoln is quite indifferent, and laughs. My Lord Chesterfield says, 'Tis only another of Carteret's vigorous measures.' I am really glad of it, for her beauty and cleverness did deserve a better fate than she was on the point of having determined for

for ever.* How graceful, how charming, and how haughtily condescending she will be: how, if Lincoln should ever hint past history, she will

‘ Stare upon the strange man’s face,
As one she ne’er had known.’ ”

The marriage soon followed, and, of six and thirty weddings, was the most notable. Our “great Quixote,” as Horace Walpole styles Lord Carteret, just on the eve of matrimony, fell ill of the gout, whilst she was attacked by the scarlet fever: yet he sent word to his bride-elect that “if she was well he *would* be so.” They corresponded daily, and Carteret plagued the Cabinet Council by reading her letters to them. They were married on the 14th of April, 1744, the inauspicious union taking place at Lady Pomfret’s. The custom of hurrying away from the scene of supposed felicity had not then been introduced; and Lady Carteret, — or, as Horace Walpole delights to call her, Juno, — went at once to her husband’s house. On the ensuing day she was presented; and Lord Lincoln, who went into waiting on that very morning, had the office of announcing her. Lord Carteret having been a widower, his young wife became at once a grandmother, and stood godmother, with the King (George II.) to the child of Lady Dysart, formerly Lady Grace Carteret the minister’s daughter. The young Venetian ambassador exclaimed: “So the old secretary is going to be married.” She was told that he was only fifty-four. “Fifty-four!” she exclaimed; “why my husband is but two and forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world!”

Lord Carteret, when he selected the Lady Sophia for his bride, announced to the world that, whilst he married the daughter, he had no intention of marrying the mother also. Great balls were made for “Juno,” who began to look ill and

* This refers, it appears, probably to another suitor, Mr. Dashwood. See Horace Walpole’s Letters.

who was grown thin, but still the finest figure in the world. Incense on all sides was offered; and she was, what Horace Walpole expected, "*très grande dame*, and full of herself, yet not with an air of happiness."

"I see them seldom," Horace wrote to Horace Mann, "but am in favour, so I conclude, for my Lady Pomfret told me the other night that I said better things than anybody. I was with them at a subscription ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness, walk together, and stop every five minutes, to kiss. Madame de Craon is a cipher to her for grandeur. The ball was on an excessively hot night, yet she was dressed in a magnificent brocade, because it was new that day for the inauguration day. I did the honours of all her dress. 'How charming your Ladyship's cross is! I am sure the design was your own!' 'No, indeed; my lord sent it to me just as it is.' 'How fine your ear-rings are!' 'Oh, but they are very heavy.' Then as much to the mother, Lady Pomfret. Do you wonder that I say better things than anybody?"

Ranelagh was at that time in its zenith. No one went anywhere else. Lord Chesterfield had even ordered his letters to be addressed there. "The floor," Horace wrote, "was all of 'beaten princes.' You could not set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or a Duke of Cumberland. The company was of all grades, from the Duke of Grafton down to the children out of the Foundling Hospital; from my Lady Townshend to her kitten; from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin and sincere friend."

Many will remember the exquisite portrait of Lady Sophia at Strawberry Hill, with her soft brown hair somewhat drawn back from her forehead, and her features, delicate but ele-

vated, shown in all perfection. Yet she was not always contented with that simple style. Horace Walpole met her at Knapton's, who was a pupil of Richardson's, but whose portraits were chiefly in crayons. Lady Carteret and Lady Pomfret little thought that the following observations were going on when they permitted Horace to remain to watch the progress of her picture. "Juno," he wrote, "was drawn crowned with corn like the goddess of plenty, with a mild dove in her arms like Mrs. Venus. We had much of *my lord* and *my lord*. The countess mother (Lady Pomfret) was glad *my lord* was not there; he was never satisfied with her eyes. She was afraid he would have them drawn bigger than the cheeks. I made your compliments abundantly; and cried down the charms of the picture as politically as if you yourself had been there in ministerial person."

For a time all the worthless splendour which surrounded Lady Carteret continued; she dressed more extravagantly than ever, and appeared leaning on the arm of one of her ancient daughters-in-law. But there was a canker under the fair exterior. Lord Lincoln who, it appears from hints thrown out, had retreated from the marriage with Lady Sophia, was now engaged to Miss Pelham, whom he subsequently married. He was walking with her at Ranelagh one night in company with a Spanish Marquis, one of the "Carteret court," and a refugee. "The marquis," Horace Walpole relates, "not being perfect in the *carte du pays*, told my lady that Lord Lincoln had promised him to make Miss Pelham a very good husband. Lady Carteret, with an accent of energy, said: *J'espère qu'il tiendra sa promesse.*"

But whilst the fascinations of all this splendour were dazzling the beautiful Sophia, dark clouds were lowering in the distance.

The prospect of an heir was at hand, and was joyously welcomed; for though Lord Carteret had a son, he was insane, and

in confinement — although eventually, in 1776, he succeeded to the title. Lady Carteret was now in the honeymoon of her grandeur, and went about with “fair-wigged old gallants” — the Duke of Bolton, who had married Lavinia Fenton, and other ancient lords — she “all over knots, and small hoods, and ribbons.” Lord Lempster, who had, it seems, an unfortunate lisp, remarking to the spiteful Horace: “Indeed I think my thister doesth countenanth Ranelagh too muth.” Lord Pomfret, Lady Carteret’s father, was called “King Stanislaus,” in allusion to the father-in-law of Louis XV.

On the death of Lord Carteret’s father, Earl Granville, the young Countess gave a party, in which the “whole blood” of Fermor was collected. Her assemblies agitated the Pelhams far more than any political crisis could do, and continued after the resignation of Lord Granville. Her house was magnificent, and she had every attraction that her beauty and the Earl’s talent and eccentricity could form. It was the fashion in those parties to send cards to ladies only, and to say that the gentlemen were “welcome without being asked.” Horace could not but allow that my Lady Granville shone in doing honours, and was “made for it.” Lord Granville had furnished his mother’s apartments afresh for her, and had given her a new set of dressing plate. “He is very fond of her,” Horace allows, “and she as fond of his being so.”

One of the beautiful Sophia’s last appearances in the world was at the Prince of Wales’s. Lady Lincoln and all of the Pelham faction were expressly left out by the Prince. Poor Lady Granville came late, dressed like Imoinda. The Prince asked why she would not dance? “Indeed, Sir, I was afraid I could not have come at all, for I had a fainting fit after dinner.” Horace Walpole, however, at the instigation of Lord Granville, who was anxious to propitiate the Walpoles, asked her to dance, and did walk down a country dance with her. This appears to have been almost the last time that he saw her. He really seemed shocked, if not afflicted, when a fever, six

weeks before her expected confinement, carried off the stately, beautiful creature. She had been pronounced out of danger by her physician, when one of those sudden sinkings during fever — which seem inexplicable — came on. Her mother and her sister, Lady Charlotte, were sitting at her bedside, unconscious of her danger, when she said, sighing: "I feel death come very fast upon me." She repeated the same words frequently, remained very calm and sensible, and died that night at eleven o'clock. Her mother and sister, Horace adds, "sat by her till she was cold." And thus this bright, this flattered, and yet hollow existence, was closed.

Lady Pomfret was, however, still the mother of five fair daughters, who made suitable alliances. Her eldest daughter, Lady Henrietta, had been married two years, when Lady Granville died, to John Conyers, Esq., of Copt House, Essex. Her third daughter, Lady Charlotte, married William Finch, Esq., and lived until 1813. She had apartments in St. James's, and held the office of governess to the daughter of George III. Lady Juliana espoused the Hon. T. Penn, of Stoke Park, Buckinghamshire; Lady Louisa, Sir Thomas Clayton, Baronet; Lady Anne, Thomas, first Viscount Cremorne.

On the death of the Earl of Pomfret, in 1753, at the age of fifty-five, Lord Lempster, whom Horace Walpole delights to satirise, succeeded to the earldom. In 1758, Lady Pomfret made her famous present to the University of Oxford. Her motive for bestowing the Arundel Marbles, as they were then called, on Oxford, is believed to have been enmity to her son rather than any concern for the public good. One is sorry to ascribe such a sentiment to her, but it is generally believed to have been the instigating cause of her munificent gift. The marbles consist of a hundred and thirty-five pieces — statues, basso-relievos, and busts: but they were, and probably still are, deposited in the Logic and Moral Philosophy Schools, where they are wholly lost, as far as a good light is concerned. These mar-

bles were purchased by Sir William Fermor from Thomas Earl of Arundel. They had become the property of Lady Pomfret in the following manner:—Having quarrelled with her eldest son, who was forced to sell the furniture of his seat at Easton Norton, she bought the statues. It is to be regretted that she did not bequeath them to the next heir. We have too few such collections in the houses of our nobility; and when we reflect that the country houses of England are the wonder of foreigners for their appointments, their studs, their parks, their hospitality, we would gladly see their stateliness enhanced by noble collections such as those of Wilton and Chatsworth.

Lady Pomfret died on her way to Bath, on the 17th of December, 1761. She expressed her desire to be buried at Oxford. Whether from a partiality to that fine old city, or to be near her marbles, or to cast a slight on her son, one cannot decide. There was a trait of old Judge Jeffreys in her thus carrying her resentment beyond the grave. But Horace Walpole laughs at it as a piece of pedantry. "It is," he wrote, "of a piece with her life. I dare say she had treasured up some idea of the Countess Matilda that gave St. Peter his patrimony. How your ghost (writing to Sir Horace Mann) and mine will laugh at hers when posterity begins to consecrate her learning." He has given her, nevertheless, a place in his royal and noble authors, where she appears in no mean form. She had begun a life of Vandyck, translated Froissart, and written her travels, and her letters have the great merit of authenticity and closeness of description. On the whole, whilst we regard her as a worldly, assuming woman, we must accord to Lady Pomfret the merit of possessing refined tastes. There is a purity and respectability in her letters that present a great contrast with others of the same period; and a respect for religion that was far from being in vogue in those times. At all events, if she did not escape the contamination of a court in its worldliness, she escaped

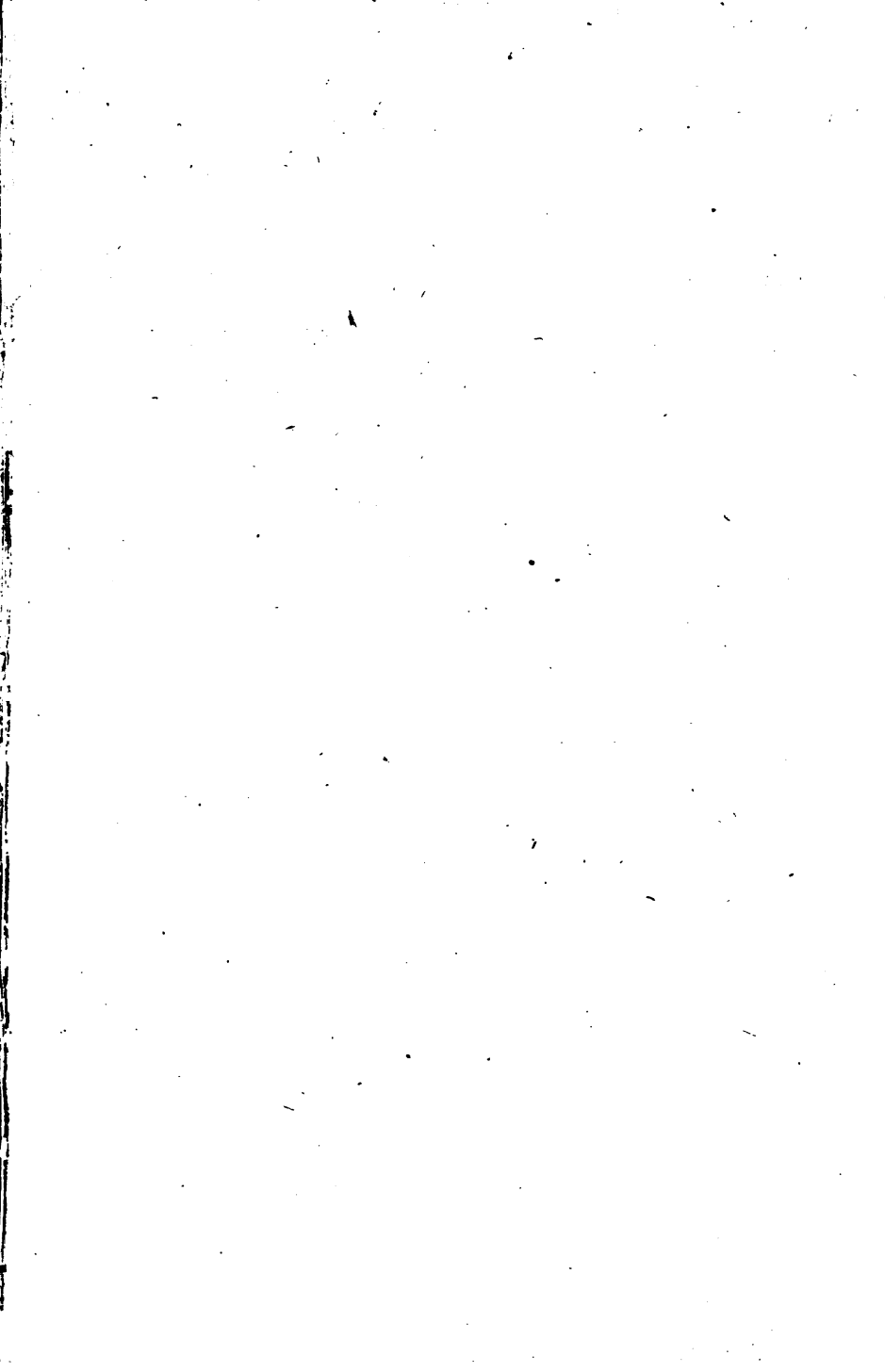
its grosser pollutions. To her and to Lady Hertford belong the praise of introducing those literary pursuits which, in the later period of Mrs. Montagu and Miss Elizabeth Carter, may have produced the *bas-blue*, but with that character brought into fashion study, reflection, poetry, and the arts; exacted rigid decorum in conduct, and decreed that whilst latitude in religious belief should be tolerated, religion and virtue should have the highest place in worldly estimation.

THE END.

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